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FROM

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

THE OLD LAW.
THE MAYOR OF QUEENBOROUGH.
BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE.
THE PHŒNIX.
MICHAELMAS TERM.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
46 St. Martin's Lane.

[redacted]

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
46 St. Martin's Lane.

Vera Effigies
Tho: Middletoni Gent

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Now first collected,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES,

BY

THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE.

1840.

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1842, Dec. 30.
A Donation fund of 1842.

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TO

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

These Volumes

ARE INSCRIBED

BY

HIS VERY SINCERE FRIEND,

ALEXANDER DYCE.

PREFACE.

ALL the surviving works of Middleton are comprehended in the present volumes; and though, perhaps, to a certain class of readers, a selection from his writings might have been more acceptable, I am confident that the entire series is requisite to satisfy the lovers of our early literature.

So rare are some of the pieces now reprinted, that they were not to be obtained without considerable difficulty. The original quartos of *The Triumphs of Integrity*, and *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry*, are nowhere to be found but in the dramatic library of the Duke of Devonshire; and I beg leave respectfully to express my sense of his Grace's liberality and kindness, in granting me permission to transcribe them.

An obligation, for which I am truly grateful, has been conferred upon me by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, whose intimate acquaintance with the

genealogical collections of the British Museum enabled him to point out to me a most important document, which had escaped my notice—the pedigree of Middleton in one of the Harleian MSS.

To Charles George Young, Esq., York Herald, who readily assisted my researches at the College of Arms; and to Henry Woodthorpe, Esq., town-clerk of London, who with equal good will rendered me the same services at Guildhall, I have to return my sincere thanks.

To Sir Harris Nicolas, John Payne Collier, Esq., the Rev. John Mitford, and the Rev. Stephen Reay, sub-librarian of the Bodleian Library, I have to acknowledge myself indebted for a variety of useful communications.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

GRAY'S INN,
December 1839.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MIDDLETON AND HIS WORKS.

THOMAS MIDDLETON[a] is seldom mentioned by his contemporaries; and to the scanty materials for his biography already collected by the curiosity of antiquarian writers, the facts which I have been enabled to add, though important, are unfortunately few.

His father was William Middleton; concerning whom I have found no earlier notice than is contained in the following document, which affords unquestionable evidence that he was a gentleman by birth:

"To all and singuler as well Noblez and gentlemen as others to whome these presentz shall coome I Sir Gilberte Dethicke knyghte alias Garter principall kinge of armes sende greatinge in owre Lord god euerlasting, Forasmuche as annciently from the begynninge the valiant and vertius actes of wourthie parsons haue ben commended to the world and

[a] Or *Midleton*.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
46 St. Martin's Lane.

[redacted]

Raigne of our moste gracius soueraigne Ladie Elizabeth by the grace of godd of England France and Ireland Quene Defender of the fayth &c Anno 1560 [1568]."[c]

William Middleton appears to have settled in the metropolis.[d] He married[e] Anne, daughter of William Snow, of London; and by her had two children,—Thomas, the subject of the present memoir; and Avicia,[f] who first became the wife of John Empson, of London, and afterwards of Alan Waterer, of the same city.

[c] *Dethicks Guifts, Vincent* 162, fol. 215, Coll. Arms.

[d] Of the various persons named William Middleton whose wills are extant, I cannot identify one with the father of the poet.

[e] "WILLIMUS MIDLETON de London = ANNA filia Will. Snow de London

EDWARDUS MORBECK = BARBARA fil. Will. Palmer de co. Warr.

THOMAS MIDLETON de Newington in com. Surrey chronographus ciuitatis London 1623. = MARIA fil. et cohær. Edv. Morbeck de London unus 6. Clericorum Cancellariæ

Avicia uxor Johis Empson de London renupta Alano Waterer de London

EDWARDUS MIDLETON fil. et hæres ætatis 19 annoque 1623."

C 2. *Vis. Surrey*, 1623, p. 328, Coll. Arms.—This pedigree (translated) is also in *Harl. MS.* 1046, fol. 209.

[f] "Amy" in *Harl. MS.*

The date of the poet's birth, which is matter of conjecture,[g] I am inclined to fix not earlier than 1570.

It was probably about 1603 that he married Maria,[h] daughter of Edward Morbeck,[i] of London, one of the Six Clerks of Chancery, by Barbara, daughter of William Palmer, of Warwickshire. A son, named Edward, the only issue of this marriage, was alive in 1623, aged nineteen. If there be no error in the MS. from which the above information has been derived, and if the entry among the City Records, which is cited in another part of this memoir, be also correct, Middleton must have married a second time, either during 1623 or subsequently to that year, for, according to the latter authority, the name of his widow was Magdalen.

A "Tho. Middleton" was admitted member of Gray's Inn in 1593, a second in 1596, and a third in 1606.[j] Of these individuals, the first is more likely than either of the others to have been the dramatist.

[g] Mr. Campbell observes, that some verses, which will be afterwards cited, "allude to the poet's white locks, so that he was probably born as early as the middle of the 16th century." —*Spec. of the Brit. Poets*, vol. iii. p. 118. The verses in question I believe to be a forgery of Chetwood.

[h] "Mary" in *Harl. MS.*

[i] "Marbecke" in *Harl. MS.*,—rightly perhaps. I can find no mention of him elsewhere.

[j] *Harl. MS.* 1912, fol. 52.—No record of their admission is preserved in Gray's Inn.

The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased, Written by Thomas Middleton, 1597, has generally been assigned to our author; and since no other poet of the same name is known to have existed in those days,[j] I have thought myself obliged, notwithstanding its length and tediousness, to reprint it entire. *Micro-cynicon, Six Snarling Satires*, 1599, has also been attributed to him, because the prefatory verses are subscribed "T. M. Gent.;" and as it possesses at least the doubtful merit of shortness, I have not rejected it from the present collection.[k]

[j] In the Library of the Edinburgh University is a unique copy of *Epigrams and Satires: Made by Richard Middleton of Yorke Gentleman, London*, 1608. 4to. The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed "To the Gentleman of condigne desert William Bellasses." The Epigrams end on p. 19; the Satires, entitled *Times Metamorphoses*, occupy the remainder of the work, which extends in all to 39 pages. The author is a wretched scribbler, and sometimes uses the grossest language.

[k] *The Silkewormes, and their Flies: Liuely described in verse, by T. M.*, &c. *London*, 1599. 4to, is certainly not by Middleton: according to some authorities, the writer's name was Moffat.

In *England's Parnassus, or The Choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets*, &c. 1600, 8vo, the following quotations are found:

"These two parts belong
Vnto true knowledge, words and teares haue force
To mooue compassion in the sauage mindes
Of brutish people reason-wanting kindes.
Tho. Middleton." (p. 281, under "Teares.")

But of whatever kind were his earliest (and perhaps unsuccessful) efforts to attract the notice of the public, it is evident that Middleton devoted the maturity of his powers almost exclusively to dramatic composition, though the period at which he commenced a writer for the stage cannot be determined. There are grounds for believing that *The*

"There neuer shall bee any age so cleere,
But in her smoothe face shall some faults appeare.
Th. Middl." (p. 321, under "World.")

But the compiler has given them to our author by mistake: both are taken from *The Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester*, written by CHRISTOPHER Middleton; see the reprint of that poem in the tenth vol. of *The Harleian Miscellany*, p. 170 and p. 182. ed. Park.

Corona Minervæ. Or a Masque Presented before Prince Charles his Highnesse, The Duke of Yorke his Brother, and the Lady Mary his Sister, the 27th of February, at the Colledge of the Mvseum Minervæ. London, 1635. 4to, has been ascribed to Middleton by those who were not aware that he was dead at that period.

Lowndes (*Bibliog. Manual*) attributes to Middleton *The pleasant comodie of Patient Grissell*, 1607, and a short tract called *Sir Robert Sherley sent Ambassadour, in the name of the King of Persia, to Sigismond the Third*, &c. &c. 1609. 4to. The former piece was written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton (see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 323); the latter (which is reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v.) has no author's name, and, as far as I can discover, contains nothing to indicate that it is by Middleton.

Old Law was first produced in 1599.[1] Of that play, a portion only is by him—a portion is by William Rowley; and subsequently it received improvements from the pen of Massinger, who when it was originally acted had not completed his fifteenth year. The reader ought to remember, that dramas which bear on their title-pages the names of more than one author were not necessarily written by those authors in conjunction: that popular playwrights were often employed to alter and to add to pieces which had ceased to be attractive, is a fact sufficiently established by the valuable memoranda of Henslowe. We are not, however, to conclude that the other dramas of which Middleton was only in part the

[1] In act iii. scene 1. (vol. i. p. 48), the Clerk having read from the church-book "*Agatha, the daughter of Pollux—born in an.* 1540," adds, "and NOW 'TIS 99." Similar notices have served to ascertain the periods at which several other old dramas were first brought upon the stage; but they are not always to be relied on as evidence to that effect. In our author's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*, act iii. scene 1. (vol. v. p. 87), Weatherwise says, "If I, that have proceeded in five-and-twenty such books of astronomy, should not be able to put down a scholar *now in one thousand six hundred thirty and eight*, the dominical letter being G, I stood for a goose." That Middleton wrote this play there cannot, I think, be any doubt; but as he had been dead about ten years before 1638, that date must have been inserted by the actors when the piece was revived.

author were wrought into their present form by such a process.

It is unnecessary to enumerate all the various pieces with which, during a long series of years, he continued to enrich the stage; nor would it be possible to ascertain the exact order in which they were produced. Henslowe's papers supply the following notices of two which perhaps were never printed, and are no longer extant:

"May 1602. Two Harpies, by Dekker, Drayton, Middleton, Webster, and Mundy."[m]

"Oct. 1602. Randall, earl of Chester, by T. Middleton."[n]

And among the MS. plays which belonged to Warburton the Somerset Herald, and which, according to his own cool statement, "were unluckely burnd or put under Pye-bottoms," there was one entitled

[m] Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 327.

[n] *Id. ibid.* There can be no question that this is the piece which, according to Mr. Collier, in a part of Henslowe's Diary not cited by Malone, is called *The Chester Tragedy*. *Hist. of Engl. Dram Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 102. When Malone (*ubi supra*) observed, that *Randall Earl of Chester* "was probably *The Mayor of Queenborough*," he must have utterly forgotten the subject of the latter play.

Weber erroneously states that Middleton "wrote in combination with Ford." Introd. to *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xliv.

"The Puritan Maid, the Modest Wife, and the Wanton Widow, by Tho. Middleton."[o]

Two tracts, which issued separately from the press in 1604, *The Black Book*, and *Father Hubburd's Tales, or The Ant and the Nightingale*, I assign, with little hesitation, to Middleton: in both the Epistle to the Reader is subscribed "T. M.," and in both are found expressions which remind us strongly of his dramatic dialogue. They are coarse but humorous attacks on the vices and follies of the time; and are peculiarly interesting on account of the passages which relate to Thomas Nash,[p] of

[o] *Lansdown MS.* 807.—This play was entered on the Stationers' Books Sept. 9, 1653.

[p] In vol. v. p. 527 and p. 562, I followed Mr. Collier's statement (*Bridgewater House Catalogue*, p. 200), that Nash died during 1604, because in *The Black Book* he is described as alive, and in *Father Hubburd's Tales* he is spoken of as dead, both these pieces having been published in 1604. But Nash must have died earlier; for, in *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606, which internal evidence proves to have been written before the decease of Elizabeth, he is mentioned as being "in his mournefull chest," sig. B 3; and the *Black Book*, though perhaps not printed, must have been composed, anterior to 1604. Whatever may have been the date of Nash's death, Malone (see note vol. v. p. 561) was assuredly mistaken in interpreting the expression "humorous theft," to mean that Rowlands had stolen *The letting of humours blood in the head vaine*, &c. from Nash: that piece is much too weak and spiritless to have been the production of the former.

whose admirable prose-satires they may be considered as no unhappy imitations. The verses interwoven with *Father Hubburd's Tales* are occasionally very graceful.

The Inner Temple Masque, written, I apprehend, in 1618, and *The World tost at Tennis*, first produced as a royal entertainment, and afterwards brought out with alterations, probably in 1620, are the only pieces of the kind which we possess from our author's pen; but it appears, by an entry in the City Records, that he had been called on at an earlier date to compose a masque, of which the title alone remains:

"Martis xviii die Januarii 1613 Anno R.Rs Jacobi Angliæ &c. undecimo.

Middleton Mayor. Rep. No. 31. (Part Sec.) fol. 239.[b]

Item: it is ordered by this Court that Thomas Middleton Gent. shalbe forthwith allowed upon his Bill of particulers such recompence and chardges as the Committees lately appointed for the ordering of the late Solempnities at Marchauntailors Hall shall thinck meete for all his disbursements and paynes taken by him and others in the

last *Mask of Cupid* and other Shewes lately made at the aforesaid Hall by the said Mr Middleton."

The "solempnities" in question had been occasioned by the recent nuptials of that infamous pair the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and are thus described by Howes: "Vpon Tewsday the 4. of January [1613-14], the Bride and Bridegroome, being accompanied with the duke of Lenox, the Lord priuie Seale, the lord Chamberlayne, the earles of Worcester. Pembroke, Mountgomery, and others, [illegible] honorable Barons, knights, and gentlemen of qualitie, came to marchant-taylers hall, where the Lord Maior and Aldermenne of London, in their Scarlet robes, entertayned them with hearty welcome, and feasted them with all magnificence: at their first entrance into the hall, they were receiued with ingenious speeches and pleasant melody: [illegible]rincely feast all the meate was serued to the [illegible]y choyse cittizens of comeliest personage, in their gownes of rich Foynes, selected out of the 12. honorable companies: after supper, and being risen from the Table, these noble guests were entertayned with a Wassaile, 2. seuerall pleasant maskes, and a play, and with other pleasant dances, all which being ended, then the Bride and Bridegroome with all the

rest were inuited to a princely banquet, and about 3. a clock in the morning they returned to whitehall."[q]

Middleton's earliest[r] pageant was produced in 1613; and his ingenuity was again taxed to devise fantastic shows for the amusement of the populace in 1616, 1617, and 1619.

Among the expenses of the pageant for 1617, *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry*,[s] which have been printed from the accounts of the Wardens of the Grocers' Company, are the following entries:

	£.	s.	d.
"Payde to Thomas Middleton, gent. for the ordering, over seeing and writyng of the whole devyse, for the making of the Pageant of Nations, the Iland, the Indian Chariot, the Castle of Fame, trymming the Shipp, with all the several beastes which drew them, and for all the carpenter's work, paynting, guylding and garnyshing of them, with all other things necessary for the apparelling and finding of all the personages in the sayd shewes,			

[q] Continuation of Stow's *Annales*, p. 928, ed. 1615.

[r] He had previously (in 1603) written a copy of verses for Dekker's *Entertainment to King James*, &c.: see vol. v. p. 203.

[s] This pageant is placed as an Appendix to vol. v.

	£.	s.	d.
and for all the portage and carryage, both by land and by water, for the lighters for the shew by water, for paynting of a banner of the Lord Mayor's armes, and also in full for the greenmen, dyvells and fyer works with all thinges thereunto belonging according to his agreement, the some of	282	0	0
" Payde to Nicholas Oaks, stationer, for the printyng of 500 bookes, the some of	4	0	0"[t]

Partly, perhaps, in consequence of the satisfaction afforded by these and other performances, he was appointed, in 1620, Chronologer to the City of

[t] Heath's *Account of the Worshipful Company of Grocers*, p. 331. London, 1829 (privately printed). In the same document are these entries:

" Benevolences and Rewards to Officers and others which took paines about the sayde busynesse, with other particuler charges as followeth,

	£.	s.	d.
Payde and given in benevolence to Anthony Monday, gent[n], for his paynes in drawing a project for this busynesse which was offered to the Comyttee . . .	5	0	0
Payde and given to Mr. Deckar for the like .	4	0	0"

p. 335.

London, and Inventor of its "honourable entertainments." Such, at least, is the date of his election according to the authority cited below[u] by Oldys; and in the extracts from the City Records with which I have been furnished, I find no mention of his having held the office anterior to that year:

"Martis vicesimo tertio die Januarii 1620 Annoque R.R. Jacobi Angliæ &c decimo octavo.

Jhones Mayor. Rep. No. 35. f. 76.

Item: this day uppon consideracion taken by this Court of the peticion of Thomas Middleton Gent[n] this Court is well pleased to order that his yeare-

[u] "There are two MSS. of this Author's [Middleton's] in being which have never been taken notice of in any Acco[t]. of him. They were sold in an Auction of Books at the Apollo Coffee House in Fleet Street ab[t] the year 1735 by Edw Lewis but puffd up to a great price, bought back, & coud not afterw[ds] be recoverd. They are entitled I. *Annales:* or a Continuation of Chronologie; conteyninge Passages and Occurrences proper to the Honno[ble] Citty of London: Beginninge in the Yeare of our Lorde 1620. By Thomas Midleton then received by their Honno[ble] Senate as Chronologer for the Cittye. There are in it, these Articles under the year 1621.—On Good Fryday in the Morn died John (King) Lord Bp. of London.—28 May Fra. L[d] Verulam committed to the Tower. (Seal taken from him the

ly fee of sixe poundes thirteene shillings and foure pence payable out of the Chamber of London shall from henceforth be encreased to Tenne poundes per annum duringe the pleasure of this Court And the first quarters payment to be made at our Ladye daye next."

"Martis decimo septimo die Aprilis 1621 Annoque Regni Regis Jacobi Angliæ &c decimo nono.

Jhones Mayor. Rep. No. 35. f. 148.

Item: this day uppon the humble peticion of Thomas Middleton Chronologer and Inventor of the ho^ble entertainments of this Citty this Court is pleased

last day of April).—27 Decr. Sr Edwd Coke Committed to the Tower.—Decr. The Fortune Play House, situate between White Cross Street and Golding Lane, burnt, &c. II. *Middleton's Farrago:* In which there is—The Earl of Essex his Charge ag^t Visc^t. Wimbleton, & the Visc^ts. Answ^r.—The Treaty and Articles of Marriage between Pr. Cha: & Hen: Maria.—Parliamentary Matters, 1625-26.—Habeas Corpus 1627 &c." *MS. note by Oldys* on Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 370. (British Museum.)

for and towardes his expences in the performances thereof to graunt unto him the nominacion and benefitt of one persone to be made free of this Citty by redempcion, the same persone beinge first presented and allowed of by this Court, and to be one of the nomber of ten to be now made free at this Easter and payinge to Mr. Chamberlen to the Cities use the some of sixe shillings and eight pence."

"Martis decimo septimo die Septembris 1622 Annoque R. Regis Jacobi &c vicesimo.

Barkham Mayor. Rep. No. 36. f. 249.

Item: this day uppon the humble peticion of Thomas Middleton the Cittyes Chronologer This Courte is pleased for his better incouragement to order that Mr. Chamberlen shall pay unto him the some of fifteene poundes as of the guifte of this Courte."

"Jovis sexto die Februarii 1622 Annoque R.Rs Jacobi Angliæ &c vicesimo.

Proby Mayor. Rep. No. 37. f. 95.

Item: this day uppon the humble peticion of Thomas Middleton the Citties Chronologer this Court is pleased to take into their consideracion the services of the saide peticioner expressed in his peticion and thereupon to order that Mr. Chamberlen shall pay unto him the some of Twenty poundes as of the guifte of this Court."

"Jovis vicesimo quarto die Aprilis 1623 Annoque R.Rs Jacobi Angliæ &c vicesimo primo.

Proby Mayor. Rep. N. 37. f. 151.b

Item: this daye upon the humble peticion of Thomas Middleton the Citties Chronologer and for his better incouragement to doe his best service to this Cittye this Court of theire especial favour doth graunt unto him the nomina-

cion and benefit of one person to bee made free of this Cittie by redempcion the same beinge first presented and allowed of by this Court and payinge to Mr. Chamberlen to the Cities use the some of vis. viiid.

"Martis secundo die Septembris 1623 Annoque R.Rs Jacobi Angliæ &c xxi°.

Proby Mayor. Rep. No. 37. f. 240.

Item: this daie upon the humble peticion of Thomas Middleton gent. the Cities Chronologer this Court vouchsaved to order that Mr. Chamberlen shall paie unto him the some of Twentie Markes of the guifte of this Court for and towardes the charges of the service latelie performed by him att the shuting at Bunhill before the Lord Maior and Aldermen and for his service to be performed att the Conduitt heades."

With the representation of *A Game at Chess* in 1624 is connected the most memorable incident of our poet's history. In this singular drama he ventured to bring upon the stage both the English and the Spanish court; much of the satire being levelled at Gondomar, who is unmercifully held up to ridicule not only for his political intrigues, but even for his bodily infirmities. "Prince Charles," says Mr. Collier, "returned from Spain, after the breaking off the match with the Infanta, late in the autumn of 1623; and to take advantage of the popular feeling upon this question, Middleton's play was probably written in the succeeding spring, and certainly acted at the Globe in the summer."[v] *A Game at Chess* could hardly fail to prove attractive; and it had already been performed (as the 4tos state) "for nine days together," when the exhibition was suddenly prohibited by a royal mandate, and both the author and the actors were cited before the Privy Council. A detail of the proceedings in this curious affair is supplied by the following letters.

Mr. Secretary Conway to the Privy Council:

"May it please your Lordships,—His Majesty hath received information from the Spanish Ambas-

[v] *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 453.

sador of a very scandalous comedy acted publickly by the King's players, wherein they take the boldness and presumption, in a rude and dishonourable fashion, to represent on the stage the persons of his Majesty, the King of Spain, the Conde de Gondomar, the Bishop of Spalato, &c. His Majesty remembers well there was a commandment and restraint given against the representing of any modern Christian kings in those stage-plays; and wonders much both at the boldness now taken by that company, and also that it hath been permitted to be so acted, and that the first notice thereof should be brought to him by a foreign ambassador, while so many ministers of his own are thereabouts, and cannot but have heard of it. His Majesty's pleasure is, that your Lordships presently call before you as well the poet that made the comedy as the comedians that acted it: And upon examination of them to commit them, or such of them as you shall find most faulty, unto prison, if you find cause, or otherwise take security for their forthcoming; and then certify his Majesty what you find that comedy to be, in what points it is most offensive, by whom it was made, by whom licensed, and what course you think fittest to be held for the examplary and severe punishment of the present offenders, and to restrain such insolent and licentious presumption for the future. This is

the charge I have received from his Majesty, and with it I make bold to offer to your Lordships the humble service of, &c. From Rufford, August 12th, 1624."

The Privy Council to Mr. Secretary Conway:

"After our hearty commendations, &c.—According to his Majesty's pleasure signified to this board by your letter of the 12th August, touching the suppressing of a scandalous comedy acted by the King's players, we have called before us some of the principal actors and demanded of them by what license and authority they have presumed to act the same; in answer whereto they produced a book being an original and perfect copy thereof (as they affirmed) seen and allowed by Sir Henry Herbert Knt, Master of the Revels, under his own hand, and subscribed in the last page of the said book: We demanding further, whether there were not other parts or passages represented on the stage than those expressly contained in the book, they confidently protested, they added or varied from the same nothing at all. The poet, they tell us, is one Middleton, who shifting out of the way, and not attending the board with the rest, as was expected, we have given warrant to a messenger for the apprehending of him. To those that were before us we gave a sound and sharp reproof, making them

sensible of his Majesty's high displeasure herein, giving them straight charge and commands that they presumed not to act the said comedy any more, nor that they suffered any play or interlude whatsoever to be acted by them or any of their company until his Majesty's pleasure be further known. We have caused them likewise to enter into bond for their attendance upon the board whensoever they shall be called. As for our certifying to his Majesty (as was intimated by your letter) what passages in the said comedy we should find to be offensive and scandalous; We have thought it our duties for his Majesty's clearer information to send herewithal the book itself subscribed as aforesaid by the Master of the Revels, that so either yourself or some other whom his Majesty shall appoint to peruse the same, may see the passages themselves out of the original, and call Sir Henry Herbert before you to know a reason of his licensing thereof, who (as we are given to understand) is now attending at court; So having done as much as we conceived agreeable with our duties in conformity to his Majesty's royal commandments, and that which we hope shall give him full satisfaction, we shall continue our humble prayers to Almighty God for his health and safety; and bid you very heartily farewell. [Dated the 21st of August, 1624.]"

Mr. Secretary Conway to the Privy Council:

"Right Honourable,—His Majesty having received satisfaction in your Lordships' endeavours, and in the signification thereof to him by yours of the 21st of this present, hath commanded me to signify the same to you. And to add further, that his pleasure is, that your Lordships examine by whose direction and application the personating of Gondomar and others was done; and that being found out, the party or parties to be severely punished, his Majesty being unwilling for one's sake and only fault to punish the innocent or utterly to ruin the company. The discovery on what party his Majesty's justice is properly and duly to fall, and your execution of it and the account to be returned thereof, his Majesty leaves to your Lordships' wisdoms and care. And this being that I have in charge, continuing the humble offer of my service and duty to the attendance of your commandments, &c. From Woodstock, the 27th August, 1624."

The preceding correspondence was originally printed by the late George Chalmers:[w] the following "Letter to the Lords of the Counsell from my Lord Chamberlain about the Players," indorsed

[w] *Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare-Papers*, p. 497, sqq.

"27 August 1624," is now for the first time published.[x]

"To the right hon^ble my very good Lord, the Lord Viscount Maundeville, Lord President of his Majesty's most hon^ble Privy Counsell, theis.

My very good Lord

Complaynt being made unto his Majesty against the Company of his Comedians, for acting publiquely a Play knowne by the name of a Game at Chesse, contayning some passages in it reflecting in matter of scorne and ignominy upon the King of Spaine, some of his Ministers and others of good note and quality, his Majesty out of the tender regard hee had of that King's honor and those of his Ministers who were conceived to bee wounded thereby, caused his letters to bee addressed to my Lords and the rest of his most hon^ble Privy Council, thereby requiring them to convent those his Comedians before them, and to take such course with them for this offence as might give best satisfaction to the Spanish Ambassador and to their owne Honnors. After examination that hon^ble Board thought fitt not onely to interdict them playing of that play, but of any other also, untill his Majesty should give way unto them. And for their obedience hereunto

[x] The original is in the State Paper Office: for the transcript I am indebted to Mr. J. P. Collier.

they weare bound in 300^{li} bondes. Which punishment when they had suffered (as his Majesty conceives) a competent tyme, upon their petition delivered heere unto him, it pleased his Majesty to comaund mee to lett your Lordship understand (which I pray your Lordship to impart to the rest of that hon^{ble} Board) that his Majesty now conceives the punishment, if not satisfactory for that their insolency, yet such as since it stopps the current of their poore livelyhood and mainteanance, without much prejudice they cannot longer undergoe. In consideration therefore of those his poore servants, his Majesty would have their Lordships connive at any common play lycensed by authority, that they shall act as before. As for this of the Game at Chesse, that it bee not onely antiquated and sylenced, but the Players bound as formerly they weare, and in that point onely never to act it agayne. Yet nothwithstanding that my Lords proceed in their disquisition to fynd out the originall roote of this offence, whether it sprang from the Poet, Players, or both, and to certefy his Majesty accordingly. And so desireing your Lordship to take this into your consideration, and them into your care, I rest

Yo^{r} Lo^{ps} most affectionate
Cousin to serve you,
PEMBROKE."

An entry in the Council-register of the 30th August, 1624, declares: "This day Edward [Thomas] Middleton of London, gent. being formerly sent for by warrant from this board, tendred his appearance, wherefor his indemnitie is here entered into the register of counceil causes: nevertheless he is enjoyned to attend the board till he be discharged by order of their Lordships."[y]

A copy of *A Game at Chess*, which formerly belonged to Major Pearson, contains, in an old hand, the following memorandum:[z]

"After nyne dayse wherein I have heard some of the acters say they tooke fiveteene hundred Pounde the spanish faction being prevalent gott it supprest the chiefe actors and the Poett Mr. Thomas Middleton that writt it committed to prisson where hee lay some Tyme and at last gott oute upon this petition presented to King James

A harmles game: coynd only for delight
was playd betwixt the black house and the white
the white house wan: yet still the black doth bragg
they had the power to put mee in the bagge
use but your royall hand. Twill set mee free
Tis but removing of a man thats mee."

The writer is doubtless mistaken as to the amount

[y] Chalmers's *Apology for the Believers*, &c. p. 500.

[z] Capell's *Notes on Shakespeare*, vol. iii. p. 31. (*School of Sh.*)

of money received at the doors of the theatre.[a] What he states concerning the imprisonment of Middleton, &c. seems to be disproved by the authentic documents already given; and Mr. Collier (who has not noticed the latter part of the memorandum)

[a] "According to this statement," says Malone, "they received above 166*l.* 12*s.* on each performance. The foregoing extracts [from Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book] show, that there is not even a semblance of truth in this story. In the year 1685, when the London theatres were much enlarged, and the prices of admission greatly increased, Shadwell received by his third day on the representation of The Squire of Alsatia, only 130*l.*, which Downes the prompter says was the greatest receipt had been ever taken at Drury-lane playhouse at single prices. *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 41. The use of Arabick figures has often occasioned very gross errors to pass current in the world. I suppose the utmost receipt from the performance of Middleton's play for nine days (if it was performed so often), could not amount to more than one hundred and fifty pounds. To the sum of 150*l.* which perhaps this old actor had seen as the profit made by this play, his fancy or his negligence added a cipher, and thus made fifteen hundred pounds. The play of Holland's Leaguer [by Marmyon] was acted six days successively at Salisbury Court, in December 1631, and yet Sir Henry Herbert received on account of the six representations but *one pound nineteen shillings*, in virtue of the *ninth* share which he possessed as one of the proprietors of that house. Supposing there were twenty-one shares divided among the actors, the piece, though performed with such extraordinary success, did not produce more than *six pounds ten shillings* each night, exclusive of the occasional nightly charges already mentioned." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 177.

remarks, that "the reason why no punishment [except the interdiction from acting] was inflicted, either upon the players or poet, was perhaps that they had acted the piece under the authority of the Master of the Revels."[b]

In a letter by Howel from Madrid, addressed to Sir John North, there is an evident allusion to Middleton's notorious drama: "I am sorry to hear how other Nations do much tax the English of their Incivility to public Ministers of State; and what Ballads and Pasquils and Fopperies and Plays were made against Gondamar for doing his Masters business."[c] And in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, acted 1625, may be found a humorous but rather gross passage about Gondomar and "the poor English play was writ of him."[d]

[b] *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 451.

[c] *Letters*, p. 123, ed. 1678. The letter is dated "Aug. 15, 1623;" and the last Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, after citing the passage, says, "This remark was made in the August of the year preceding the calling of Middleton before the Privy Council, and must therefore allude to some other play than the *Game of* [*at*] *Chess*," vol. v. p. 279. Let us hear Oldys: "The first edition [of Howel's *Letters*] in Q° 1645 is in Six Parts or Sections; but no dates to any of the Letters: *Hence so many Errors when he did date them.*" *MS. note on* Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 279. (British Museum.)

[d] Act iii. scene 1,—*Works*, by Gifford, vol. v. p. 247.

The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity, 1626, was the last piece composed by Middleton for the entertainment of the city; and it was also, perhaps, the last effort of his pen.

That in 1623 he resided at Newington Butts,[e] has been already shewn; and that there he died, is proved by an entry which I now cite from the Register of the parish-church;

"In Julye 1627
Mr. Thomas Middleton was buried the .... 4th."

The following lines have been frequently adduced as a testimony that our author was far advanced in years at the time of his decease; but I have little doubt that they are the invention of Chetwood, who on other occasions is known to have been a most expert and impudent forger:

"Tom Middleton his numerous issue brings,
And his last Muse delights us when she sings;
His halting age a pleasure doth impart,
And his white locks shew Master of his Art."[f]

Middleton appears to have left no will; nor is it likely that he had any property to bequeath, since,

[e] P. xii.

[f] Written, we are told, by Sir William Lower, on Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*. They are given by Chetwood in "An Account of the Author," prefixed to a reprint of *Blurt Master Constable*, which forms part of a small volume entitled *A Select Collection of Old Plays*, Dublin, 1750. Middleton, as Chet-

some months after his death, a petition for pecuniary assistance was addressed by his widow to the City:

"Jovis septimo die Februarii 1627 [-8] Anno RRs Caroli Angliæ &c. tertio.

Hamersly Mayor. Rep. No. 42. f. 89. Item: this daie upon the humble peticion of Magdalen[g] Middleton Widdowe late Wife of Thomas Middleton deceased late Chronologer of this Cittie it is ordered by this Court that Mr. Chamberlen shall paie unto her as of the guifte of this Court the some of Twentie Nobles."[h]

wood previously informs us, "lived to a very great age .... We may judge of his longævity by his works; since his first play was acted in 1601, and his last in 1665 [!] .... That he was much esteem'd by his brother poets, we may judge by four lines of sir William Lower upon his comedy call'd *A Michaelmas Term*, 1663"! Now, *Michaelmas Term* was certainly not produced in Middleton's "halting age," having been licensed the 15th May, 1607, and printed during the same year; see vol. i. p. 413; there is no edition of it bearing date 1663; and, moreover, *Sir William Lower died in* 1662. The lines are cited indeed by Oldys, in a MS. note on Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 373 (British Museum); but he doubtless copied them from Chetwood's volume, of which he has transcribed the title, p. 371.

[g] See p. xiii.

[h] The following extracts from the same Records shew the

The Register above cited contains an entry which in all probability refers to her:

"July 1628
"Mrs. Midelton buried the . . . xviii day."

Concerning the poet's son Edward, who, as we

various persons who succeeded Middleton in the office of City Chronologer till it was finally abolished.

"Martis Secundo die Septembris 1628 Annoque RRs Caroli Angliæ &c quarto.

Hamersly Mayor. Rep. No. 42. f. 271. Item: this daie Beniamyn Johnson* Gent is by this Court admitted to be the Citties Chronologer in place of Mr. Thomas Middleton deceased, to have hold exercise and enioye the same place and to have and receive for that his service out of the Chamber of London the some of one hundred Nobles per Annum to contynue duringe the pleasure of this Court and the First quarters payment to begin att Michaelmas next."

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* Gifford (*Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, p. clxii.) mentions that "the city, from whom he [Jonson] had been accustomed to receive an annual sum by way of securing his services when occasion called for them, seem to have watched the moment of declining favour, and withdrawn their bounty;" but does not appear to have known either that Jonson had been officially appointed Chronologer, or that his pension (see the fourth entry) was afterwards restored.

have seen,[1] was aged nineteen in 1623, I have not succeeded in obtaining any further particulars.

[1] P. xiii.

" Jovis decimo die Novembris 1631 Annoque Regni Regis Caroli Angliæ &c septimo.

Whitmore Mayor. Rep. N. 46. f. 8. Item: it is ordered by this Court that Mr. Chamberlen shall forbeare to pay any more fee or wages unto Beniamine Johnson the Citties Chronologer until he shall haue presented unto this Court some fruits of his labours in that his place."

" Martis xxvij° die Augusti 1633 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliæ &c nono.

Raynton Mayor. Rep. N. 47. f. 336. Item: this day upon the humble peticion of Edward Hewes sometimes the Citties Chronologer this Court in consideration of his bye and good services formerly performed in his said place doth order that Mr Chamberlen shall pay unto him as of the guift of this Court the summe of xx^li^."

" Jovis xviij° die Septembris 1634 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliæ &c decimo.

Mowlson Mayor. Rep. N. 48. f. 433. Item: this day Mr Recorder and Sir James Hamersley Knight and Alderman declared unto this Court His Majesty's pleasure signified unto them by the right hono^ble^ the Earle of Dorsett for and in the behalfe of Beniamine Johnson the Cittyes Chro-

The portrait of Middleton (without the engraver's name) prefixed to *Two New Playes*, 1657, and copied for the present work, is the only one

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nologer, Whereupon it is ordered by this Court that his yearely pencion of one hundred nobles out of the Chamber of London shalbe continued and that Mr Chamberlen shall satisfie and pay unto him his arrerages thereof."

"Martis quarto die Februarii 1639 Annoque RRs Caroli Angliæ &c xv^to^.

Garway Mayor. Rep. N. 54. f. 86.[b] Item: this day att the request of the right ho^ble^ the Earle of Dorsett signified unto this Court by his letter this Court is pleased to retaine and admitt Francis Quarles Gent to bee the Cities Chronologer to have hold and enioy the same place with a fee of one hundred Nobles per annum, for and during the pleasure of this Court and this payment to begin from Christmas last."

"Martis primo die Octobri 1644 Annoque RRs Caroli Angliæ &c vicesimo.

Wollaston Mayor. Rep. N. 57. f. 219.[b] Item: this day Gualter Frost Esquire Swordbearer of this Citty is by this Court admitted the Cities Chronologer to have hold exercise and enioy the same place with the fee thereunto appointed soe long as hee shall well demeane himselfe therein and present once a yeare yearely something of his labours in this behalfe."

extant; but whether it conveys a true idea of his personal appearance, cannot be determined.

Malone informs us, that "Drayton has commended Middleton;"[j] and though I have searched

[j] *Life of Shakespeare* (1821), p. 225. Drayton made great alterations in new editions of his poems: the "commendation" of Middleton may perhaps be found in the first impression of one of his numerous pieces, which I have not seen. The *Life of Drayton*, by Robert Bell, Esq., in a recently published volume of Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, is a tissue of the most absurd mistakes.

"Jovis xxviij° die Februarii 1660 Annoque Caroli Secundi Angliæ &c xiij°.

Browne Mayor. Rep. N. 67. f. 208.

This day John Burroughs Esqr. is by this Court admitted the Cities Chronologer (the same place being now void and having soe beene for severall yeares past) To have hold exercise and enjoy the same place and to have and receive for his service to bee performed therein out of the Chamber of London the summe of one hundred Nobles per annum to continue during the pleasure of this Court, And the first quarters payment to bee made at Lady day next."

"Commune Consil. tent. in Camera Guihaldi Civitatis London die Lune vicesimo tertio die Novembris Anno Domini 1668 Annoque RRs Caroli Secundi vicesimo.

Turner Mayor. Jour. No. 46. f. 251.

At this Court the Committee appointed to consider the State of the Chamber

in vain for the eulogy to which he alludes, it may nevertheless exist. I shall here throw together the

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did deliver their report in writeing under their hands of their proceedings hitherto in that affair the Tenor whereof followeth viz.

To the Right honorable the Lord Major and to the Right worshipfull the Aldermen and Commons of the Citty of London in Common Council assembled.

It is humbly represented by the Committee appointed by order of this Honorable Court of the xii[th] of February last to consider the State of the Chamber &c. inter alia,

That the yearly payment of one hundred Nobles to one —— Bradshaw called the Cities Chronologer be discontinued with the place there appearing no occasion for such an Officer."

" Comune Consil. tent. in Camera Guihaldi Civitatis London die Jovis vicesimo quarto die Februarii Anno Domini 1669 Annoque Regni Regis Caroli Secundi &c xxii°.

Starling Mayor. Jour. N. 47. f. 26.[b]

Upon the peticion of Cornewall Bradshaw Gent late the Cities Chronologer for some recompence for his Sallary of thirty three pounds six shillings and eightpence payable out of the Chamber of London which hath been taken from him by vote of the Court—It is ordered that upon

few notices of our author by his contemporaries which I have been able to collect.

In Howes's Continuation of Stow's *Annales*, 1615, he is included in a list of the Elizabethan poets, which, because I do not remember to have seen it formerly quoted, I subjoin entire:

"Our moderne and present excellent Poets which

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resigning of his said place to the Court of Aldermen M[r] Chamberlen shall pay him one hundred pounds in full of all Claimes for his said place."

"Jovis xvii° die Martii 1669 Annoque R.R's Caroli Secundi Angliæ &c xxii°.

Starling Mayor. Rep. N. 75. f. 136[b]. This day Cornewall Bradshawe who in the time of the Mayoralty of Sir Thomas Bludworth Knight and Alderman was admitted the Citties Chronologer during the pleasure of this Court here present did freely surrender upp unto this Court the said place and all his right and interest therein, of which surrender this Court did accept and allowe."

Ibid. f. 139. "This day at the humble desire of —— Bradshaw late Chronologer of this Citty this Court doth grant unto him the nominacion and benefitt of making one person free of this Citty by redempcion paying to Mr. Chamberlen the summe of five pounds."

worthely florish in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge liued togeather in this Queenes raigne, according to their priorities as neere as I could, I haue orderly set downe (viz.) George Gascoigne Esquire, Thomas Church-yard Esquire, sir Edward Dyer knight, Edmond Spencer Esquire, sir Philip Sidney knight, Sir John Harrington knight, Sir Thomas Challoner knight, Sir Frauncis Bacon knight, and Sir John Dauie[s] knight, Master John Lillie gentleman, Maister George Chapman gentleman, M. W. Warner gentleman, M. Willi. Shakespeare gentleman, Samuell Daniell Esquire, Michaell Draiton Esquire, of the bath, M. Christopher Marlo gen. M. Beniamine Johnson gentleman, John Marston Esquier, M. Abraham Frauncis [Fraunce] gen. master Frauncis Meers gentle. master Josua Siluester gentle. master Thomas Deckers gentleman, M. John Flecher gentle. M. John Webster gentleman, M. Thomas Heywood gentleman, M. Thomas Middelton gentleman, M. George Withers. These following were Latine Poets. Master Gaulter Hadon gentleman, Master Nicholas Carr gentleman, M. Christopher Ocland gentle. Mathew Gwynn doctor of Phisicke, Thomas Lodge doctor of phisike, M. Tho. Watson gentle. Thomas Campion doctor of Phisicke, Richard Lateware doctor of diuinitie, M. Brunswerd

gentleman, Master doctor Haruie, and master Willey gentleman."[k]

In the record of Jonson's "Conversations at Hawthornden in 1619," our poet is thus contemptuously mentioned: "That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, *i. e. Poets*, and but a base fellow. That such were Day and Middleton."[l] There can be no doubt that Ben was strongly possessed by the humour of dis-

[k] P. 811.

[l] *Extracts from the Hawthornden Manuscripts, &c.*, by Mr. D. Laing, p. 86—a very interesting series of papers, which originally appeared in the *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. Parts i. and ii.

In an address "To the Readers" prefixed to the 4to of *Sejanus*, 1605, Ben Jonson says, "Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation." On this passage Gifford remarks, "Why might not Chapman or Middleton be intended here? they, like Shakspeare [who, according to the commentators, was the person alluded to], were living in habits of kindness with the poet: they wrote in conjunction with him; they were both men of learning; and no great violation seems offered to language (at least no greater than courtesy would excuse) in terming them *happy geniuses*." Gifford, however, concludes that Fletcher was the person actually meant. See B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii. pp. 6, 7, 8.

paraging, when he chose to couple Middleton with writers so inferior.

In *The Praise of Hempseed*, 1620, by Taylor the water-poet, these lines occur:

" And many there are liuing at this day
Which doe in paper their true worth display:
As Danis, Drayton, and the learned Dun,
Johnson, and Chapman, Marston, Middleton,
With Rowley, Fletcher, Withers, Massinger,
Heywood, and all the rest where e're they are,
Must say their lines but for the paper sheete
Had scarcely ground whereon to set their foete."[m]

In *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angels*, 1635, by Heywood, there is a curious passage concerning the disrespectful curtailment of the baptismal names of modern poets, which will probably be new to many readers:

" Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
Degree of Master, yet could neuer gaine
To be call'd more than Robin: who had he
Profest ought saue the Muse, serv'd, and been free
After a seuen-yeares Prentiseship, might haue
(With credit too) gone Robert to his graue.
Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit;
Although his Hero and Leander did
Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson, though he wrote
Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote

[m] P. 72—*Workes*, 1630.

Vpon his Muse, for all that he could striue,
Yet neuer could to his full name arriue.
Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.
Excellent Bewmont, in the formost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was neuer more than Franck.
Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose inchanting Quill
Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but Will.
And famous Johnson, though his learned Pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but Jacke.
Decker's but Tom; nor May, nor Middleton.
And hee's now but Jacke Foord that once were [was] John."[n]

I may add, that in a work of later date, *Wit's Recreations*, is the following "epigram:"[o]

"TO MR. THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Facetious Middleton, thy witty Muse
Hath pleased all that books or men peruse.
If any thee dispise, he doth but show
Antipathy to wit in daring so:
Thy fam's above his malice, and 'twill be
Dispraise enough for him to censure thee."

[n] P. 206.

[o] P. 12. reprint, 1817. There are several editions of *Wit's Recreations*. Octavius Gilchrist (note on Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. p. 281, last ed.) cites these lines from ed. 1641; but they are not to be found in a copy of that impression which is now before me.

Three of our author's pieces are recorded to have been performed after the Restoration, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, *The Widow*, and *The Changeling*; but at the commencement of the eighteenth century his writings may be considered as forgotten.

The publication of Dodsley's *Old Plays*[p] in 1744 had some effect in reviving the faded reputation of Middleton; and in 1778 his name was made still more familiar to the literary world, when copies of *The Witch*, printed from a MS. in the possession of Major Pearson,[q] were circulated by Isaac Reed. Besides the less important discovery that D'Avenant had availed himself of this drama in his alteration

[p] This collection included *The First Part of the Honest Whore*—not then known to be partly written by Middleton (vol. iii.), *A Mad World, my Masters* (vol. v.), *The Widow* (vol. vi.), *The Mayor of Queenborough* (vol. xi.). In an unpublished letter from Bishop Warburton to Dodsley is the following passage: "But why would you give us such stuff as *Fuimus Troes*, *Grim the Collier*, and *Microcosmus*, rather than three other good comedies (if there be so many) of Middleton's?" *Blurt Master Constable* was reprinted in a volume edited by Chetwood, and entitled *A Select Collection of Old Plays*, Dublin, 1750. In the second edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1780, Reed inserted *The Second Part of the Honest Whore* (vol. iii.) and *The Roaring Girl* (vol. vi.).

[q] Pearson had purchased it from the collection of Griffin the player: it is now among the books and MSS. which were bequeathed by Malone to the Bodleian Library.

of *Macbeth*,[r] it was evident that the resemblance between the scenes of enchantment in *The Witch*,

[r] See notes, vol. iii. p. 303 and p. 328. It is entitled *Macbeth, A Tragœdy. With all the Alterations, Amendments, Additions, and New Songs. As it's now Acted at the Dukes Theatre*, 1674. 4to. Of this wretched piece (which probably few readers have seen) I subjoin a specimen.

"*An Heath.*

Enter Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant.

La. Macd. Art sure this is the place my Lord appointed
Us to meet him?

Serv. This is the entrance o' th' Heath; and here
He order'd me *to attend him with the Chariot.*"

Presently the Witches are heard singing a great deal of nonsense: part of it runs thus,—

"Ill deeds are seldom slow;
Nor single: following crimes on former wait,
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too." &c. &c.

"*Macd.* I am glad you are not affraid.

La. Macd. I would not willingly to fear submit:
None can fear ill, but those that merit it.

Macd. Am I made bold by her? how strong a guard
Is innocence! if any one would be
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;
Vertue both courage is and safety too. [*A dance of witches.*

Enter two [*three*] *Witches.*

Macd. These seem foul spirits; I'll speak to 'em.
If you can any thing by more than nature know,

and those in Shakespeare's tragedy as originally written, must have been more than accidental. Steevens maintained that Shakespeare was the imitator. Malone at first coincided in that opinion; but receding from it at a later period of life, he endeavoured to establish by a lengthy dissertation that the performance of *Macbeth* (which he fixes in 1606[s]), was anterior to that of *The Witch;* and though his reasoning appears to me very far from convincing, I am by no means disposed to assert that the conclusion at which he has so laboriously arrived is not the right one.[t] Gifford, indeed, has unhesitatingly pronounced that Shakespeare was the copyist;[u] but, notwithstanding the respect which I

You may in those prodigious times fore-tell
Some ill we may avoid.

1 *Witch.* Saving thy blood will cause it to be shed.

2 *Witch.* He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou first hast bled.

3 *Witch.* Thy wife shall shunning danger, dangers find,
And fatal be to whom she most is kind. [*Ex. witches.*"
Act ii. last scene.

[s] Perhaps 1610 was its earliest season: see Collier's *New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare*, p. 24.

[t] See *Life of Shakespeare* (1821), p. 420 sqq.

[u] "The former [Middleton] was a man of considerable powers, who has lately been the object of much discussion, on account of the liberal use which Shakspeare is ascertained to have made of his recently discovered tragi-comedy, *The Witch*." Introd. to Massinger's *Works*, vol. i. p. liv. ed. 1813.

"Yet the spleen of Davies is more tolerable than the tedious

entertain for that critic, his incidental remarks on the present question have little weight with me: he has assigned no grounds for his decision; he had not, I apprehend, considered the subject with much attention; and on two occasions at least, he appears to have alluded to it chiefly for the sake of giving additional force to the blows which he happened to be aiming at the luckless "commentators." As Shakespeare undoubtedly possessed the creative power in its utmost perfection, and as no satisfactory evidence has been adduced to shew that *The*

absurdity of the other commentators, who labour to justify our great poet's pronunciation of this word [Hecate] from a mass of contemporary authorities, as if it was not a matter of the utmost indifference, and determined, in every case, by the measure of the verse. Shakspeare gave the word as he found it in Middleton, without caring whether it were a dissyllable or a trisyllable," &c. Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 282.

"The production of this Masque [*The Masque of Queens*] has subjected Jonson to a world of unmerited obloquy from the commentators. It was written, it seems, 'on account of the success of Shakspeare's Witches, which alarmed the jealousy of a man, who fancied himself his rival, or rather his superior.' And this is repeated through a thousand mouths. Not to observe, that if Jonson was moved by any such passion, it must be by Middleton's Witches, not Shakspeare's (for the latter is but a copyist himself, in this case)," &c. Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 115. I ought to mention, that when Gifford threw out these remarks, Malone had not declared his ultimate opinion on the subject.

Witch was acted at an earlier period than *Macbeth*, he must not be hastily accused of imitation. Yet since he is known to have frequently remodelled the works of other writers, it may be urged, that when he had to introduce witches into his tragedy, he would hardly scruple to borrow from our author's play[v] as much as suited his immediate purpose. But, after all, there is an essential difference[w] between the hags of Shakespeare and of Middleton; and whichever of the two may have been the copyist, he owes so little to his brother-poet, that the debt will not materially affect his claim to originality. Concerning the tragi-comedy *The Witch*, I have only to add, that its merit consists entirely in the highly imaginative pictures of the preternatural agents, in their incantations, and their moonlight revelry: the rest of it rises little above mediocrity.

In the estimation of an anonymous critic, *Women beware Women* is "Middleton's finest play,"[x] and perhaps he has judged rightly. It is indeed remarkable for the masterly conception and delineation of the chief characters, and for the life and reality

[v] Middleton, as I have shewn in my notes on *The Witch*, had carefully consulted the celebrated work of Reginald Scot.

[w] See the excellent remarks of Lamb, cited in vol. iii. p. 329.

[x] *Retrospective Review*, vol. viii. p. 135.

infused into many of the scenes; though the dramatis personæ are almost all repulsive from their extreme depravity, and the catastrophe is rather forced and unnatural. In this tragedy, says Hazlitt, there is "a rich marrowy vein of internal sentiment, with fine occasional insight into human nature, and cool cutting irony of expression."[7] To his subsequent observation, that "the interest decreases, instead of increasing, as we read on," I by no means assent.

The Changeling affords another specimen of Middleton's tragic powers. If on the whole inferior to the piece last mentioned, it displays, I think, in several places, a depth of passion unequalled throughout the present volumes. According to the title-page, William Rowley, who was frequently his literary associate, had a share in the composition; but I feel convinced that the terribly impressive passages of this tragedy, as well as those serious portions of *A Fair Quarrel* which Lamb has deservedly praised, and the pleasing characters of Clara and Constanza in *The Spanish Gipsy*, are beyond the ability of Rowley.

Among our author's works there are few more original and ingenious than *A Game at Chess*. By

[7] *Lectures on Dram. Literature*, p. 79.

touches of sweet fancy, by quaint humour, and by poignant satire, he redeems the startling absurdities in which the plan of the drama had necessarily involved him.

Middleton's "principal efforts," says an accomplished writer, "were in comedy, where he deals profusely in grossness and buffoonery. The cheats and debaucheries of the town are his favourite sources of comic intrigue."[1] *A Mad World, my Masters*, and *A Trick to catch the Old One*, are the most perfect of the numerous comedies which Mr. Campbell has dismissed with so slight and unfavourable a notice; and next to them may be ranked *The Roaring Girl*,[2] *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *Michaelmas Term*, and *No Wit, no Help like a Woman's*. The dialogue of these pieces is generally spirited; the characters, though their peculiarities may be sometimes exaggerated, are drawn with breadth and discrimination; and the crowded incidents afford so much amusement, that the reader is willing to overlook the occasional violation of probability. As they faithfully

[1] Campbell's *Specimens of the Brit. Poets*, vol. iii. p. 118.

[2] Of *The Roaring Girl* I believe that Middleton wrote by far the greater portion; but of the two other plays which he produced in conjunction with Dekker—*The First and Second Parts of the Honest Whore*—I have no doubt that his share is comparatively small.

reflect the manners and customs of the age, even the worst of Middleton's comedies[b] are not without their value.

A critic, whom I have already quoted, after observing that "it is difficult to assign Middleton any precise station among the remarkable men who were his contemporaries,"[c] proceeds to compare him with Webster and Ford, who were assuredly poets of a higher order. The dramatists with whom, in my opinion, Middleton ought properly to be classed —though superior to him in some respects and inferior in others—are Dekker, Heywood, Marston, and Chapman: nor perhaps does William Rowley fall so much below them that he should be excluded from the list.

[b] See *Your Five Gallants* and *The Family of Love*.
[c] *Retrospective Review*, vol. viii. p. 126.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

In the first volume, and in the greater part of the second volume, I marked the deviations from the old editions with a minuteness which I afterwards saw to be unnecessary; and throughout the remainder of the work I accordingly abandoned that system of annotation.

THE OLD LAW.

Vol. i. p. 23, line 2.

" *Not* fainting,"

Read

" *Nor* fainting."

Vol. i. p. 28, l. 4.

pan'd hose] Are, I believe, more correctly described by Gifford as "breeches composed of small squares or pannels." Note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 485, ed. 1813. "A kind of trunk-breeches, formed of stripes of various-coloured cloth, occasionally intermixed with slips of silk or velvet, stitched together." Introd. to Ford's *Works*, p. clxxvii.

Vol. i. p. 50, l. 11.

Scirophorion . . . Hecatombaion] When I reprinted Gifford's note on these words, which he calls "a miserable osten-

tation of Greek literature," I forgot to observe, that the "Grecian Moneths" were formerly not unfamiliar to the vulgar; see, for instance, the last page of Pond's *Almanack*, 1610.

BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE.

Vol. i. p. 235, l. 18.

kerry merry buff] So Nash, "Yea, without *kerry merry buffe* be it spoken," &c. *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, 1596, sig. F 4; and Kempe, "One hath written Kemps farewell to the tune of *Kery, mery, Buffe*." Dedication of the *Nine daies Wonder*, 1600.

Vol. i. p. 236, l. 12.

Cornelius' dry-fats] Compare Taylor, the water-poet: "She [the bawd] will harbour no ventred commodity in her warehouse, and if the Informer or Constable doe light vpon one of her conceal'd *dryfats*, Punchions, fardels," &c. *A Bawd*, p. 103—*Workes*, 1630.

Vol. i. p. 242, l. 19.

"*Enter* Doyt and Dandyprat."

Read

"*Re-enter* Doyt," &c.

Vol. i. p. 282, last line but one.

"*I'll* keep time just to a minute, I."

Read, for the metre,

"*I will* keep," &c.

Vol. i. p. 283, l. 16.

lantern and candle-light] "Was anciently accounted one

of the cries of London, being the usual words of the bellman :" see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Vol. i. p. 290, l. 23.

" marry, Blurt master-constable."

Read

" marry, Blurt, master constable!"

a proverbial expression : see p. 225 of the same vol.

Vol. i. p. 292, l. 18.

" *Enter* Blurt and all his Watch."

Read

" *Re-enter* Blurt," &c.

Vol. i. p. 295.

Dele the note " *sheaths*] Qy. ' sheathed' ?"

Vol. i. p. 298.

Dele the note " *pickst*] Qy. ' prickst' ?"

Vol. i. p. 306, l. 19.

" at *his* foot I'll lie
That dares touch her."

For " his" of old ed. the sense requires that we should read " this,"—an alteration which I intended, but by some oversight neglected, to make in the text. As to my note, " *lie*] i. e. lay —for the sake of the rhyme"—the word, I believe, is rightly explained ; but I find that Brathwait has used " lies" for " lays," even in the middle of a line :

" The proudest Peeres he to subiection brings,
And prostrate *lies* the Diadems of Kings."
Strappado for the Diuell, 1615, p. 229 [213].

THE PHŒNIX.

Vol. i. p. 336, l. 28.

steaks] That this is the right reading, appears from a passage in *Your Five Gallants:* see vol. ii. p. 287.

Vol. i. p. 351, l. 4.

Without thee] I was wrong in supposing that the earlier part of the line had dropt out: see notes on imperfect couplets, vol. i. p. 424, vol. ii. pp. 7, 307, &c.

MICHAELMAS TERM.

Vol. i. p. 428, l. 17.

scurvy murrey kersey] So in *The Two Merry Milke-Maids*, 1620; "foolish, *scuruy*, *course-kersie*, durty-tayl'd, dangling dug-cow." Sig. c 3.

Vol. i. p. 455, l. 20.

i' th' wold of Kent] I ought not to have altered "wild" into "wold:" compare *The Marriage-Broaker by M. W.*; "Ride to my Farm *i' th' wild*," p. 27 — *Gratiæ Theatrales*, 1662.

Vol. i. p. 473, l. 17.

a warning-piece] The text is quite right: so Dekker, "Ther's *a warning peece*. Away." *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, sig. c. iv.; and S. Rowley,

> "He makes his love to us *a warning-peece*
> To arme ourselves against we come to court."
> *Noble Spanish Souldier*, 1634, sig. H.

Vol. i. p. 475, l. 26.

the row] Perhaps I ought to have printed "row" with a

capital letter,—i. e. Goldsmiths'-Row in Cheapside: see Stow's *Survey*, b. iii. p. 198, ed. 1720; and Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 93.

A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE.

Vol. ii. p. 3.

We learn from Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus* that this play was one of the early dramas revived between 1662 and 1665, p. 36, ed. Waldron.

Vol. ii. p. 5, l. 10.

Longacre] The editor of 1816 is mistaken: this word was used for an estate in general; compare *Lady Alimony*, 1659, "It will run like Quicksilver over all their Husbands Demains: and in very short time make a quick dispatch of all his *Long acre*." Sig. B 3.

A passage of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which stands thus in the various editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*,

"Tome Tannkard's cow (be gog's bones) she set me up her sail,
And flynging about his *halse aker*, fysking with her taile,"
&c.

has drawn forth the following extraordinary note from Steevens: "I believe we should read *halse anchor*, or *anker*, as it was anciently spelt; a naval phrase. The *halse* or *halser* was a particular kind of cable," &c., vol. ii. p. 11, last ed.—If Steevens, or the other editors, had only taken the trouble to look at the 4to of 1575, they would have found the true reading—"*halfe aker*," i. e. small bit of ground.

THE FAMILY OF LOVE.

Vol. ii. p. 106, l. 32.

Weber remarks, &c.] The mistake of Weber may be traced to Langbaine, who says, "This Play is mentioned by Sir Thomas Bornwel in *The Lady of Pleasure*, Act 1. Sc. 1." *Acc. of English Dram. Poets*, p. 372.

Vol. ii. p. 118, note.

Read

" a corruption of *will*."

" a corruption of *wilt*."

Vol. ii. p. 125, l. 1.

We saw Samson bear the town-gates on his neck from the lower to the upper stage, with that life and admirable accord, that it shall never be equalled, unless the whole new livery of porters set [*to*] *their shoulders*] Middleton seems to have had in his recollection a passage of Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*: " Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter." Act i. sc. 2.

Vol. ii. p. 148, l. 28.

familiar] i. e. attendant demon.

Vol. ii. p. 178, l. 21.

Europa's sea-form] Probably " sea-form" is used in the sense of sea-seat, — the bull on which she sat.

Vol. ii. p. 194, l. 8.

play Ambidexter] I was wrong, I believe, in saying that this expression has an allusion to Preston's *Cambises*: it is by no means uncommon.

YOUR FIVE GALLANTS.

Vol. ii. p. 255, l. 16.

"*Hist!* a supply."

Read, with old ed.,

"*Pist!* a supply."

See notes, vol. ii. pp. 460, 468.

Vol. ii. p. 264, l. 20.

E'en where his fear lies most, there will I meet him.

After this line insert "*Exit;*" and in the note, for "and thrown a scarf over his face (see what follows), the audience," &c., read "and having made his exit at one door, had re-entered at the other with a scarf thrown over his face, the audience," &c.

Vol. ii. p. 268, l. 27.

"Master, *hist*, master!"

Read, with old ed.,

"Master, *pist*, master!"

See notes, vol. ii. pp. 460, 468.

Vol. ii. p. 290, l. 7.

PUR. *Thy father gave the ram's head, boy?*

BOY. *No, you're deceived; my mother gave that, sir.*

The boy means that she made his father a cuckold: compare Dekker's *Owles Almanacke*, 1618; "Men whose wiues haue light heeles, are called *Ramme-headed Cuckolds*," p. 10.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

Vol. ii. p. 333, l. 25.

the glory of his complement] I doubt if Steevens's expla-

nation of this passage be the right one, or if *complement* mean here any thing more than courtly address.

Vol. ii. p. 369, note [a].

Steevens's remark, cited here by Reed, that a horse was sometimes denominated a *footcloth*, is certainly wrong. "Sir Bounteous," observes Nares (*Gloss.* in v.), "is said to [be] alight[ed] from his *footcloth*, as one might say, alighted from his saddle."

THE ROARING GIRL.

Vol. ii. p. 466, last line.

the high German's size] This person is probably alluded to in the following passage of Dekker's *Newes from Hell*, &c. 1606: "As for Rapier and dagger, the Germane may be his journeyman." Sig. B. See also Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle—Works*, vol. i. p. 215, ed. Weber; and Shirley's *Opportunity—Works*, vol. iii. p. 407, where Gifford observes, that "he seems to have been 'a master of fence,' or common challenger."

Vol. ii. p. 511, l. 27.

"'Twas like a *sigh* of his."

Since writing the note on this passage, I have met with the following lines in *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers*, &c. (by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins), 1607;

"Pray Turke, let thy heart *sigth* and thine eyes weepe."
Sig. B 3.

"To whose continuall kneelings, teares, and *sighthes*."
Sig. B 4.

Vol. ii. p. 530, note [r].

I am told that a gentleman in London possesses an edition of the *Life of Long Meg of Westminster*, printed in 1582.

Vol. ii. p. 541, l. 1.

"Peck, pennam, *lay*, or popler."

I ought to have substituted "lap" for "lay," as Reed (see note) suggests.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Vol. iii. p. 9, l. 16.

Curs'd be that day for ever, &c.] In a note on Shakespeare's *King John*, act iii. sc. 1, Henderson has pointed out the resemblance between this speech of Hippolito and that of Constance which begins,

"A wicked day, and not a holy day!" &c.

Vol. iii. p. 42, l. 20.

"Cas. Please you be here, my lord? [*Offers tobacco.*"

This appears to have been the customary expression on such an occasion: in *Wine, Beere, Ale, and Tobacco, Contending for Superiority, a Dialogue*, we read,

"*Enter Tobaco.*

Tobaco. Be your leaue gentlemen—wilt *please you be here*, sir?" Sig. c 4. ed. 1630.

Vol. iii. p. 60, last line.

ningle] I have observed, in my note, that all the eds. except that of 1605 have "mingle." Nares (who had not seen that rare edition), citing this passage, gives *Mingle* in his *Gloss.* as

a legitimate word; but I do not recollect to have met with such a form.

Vol. iii. p. 80, l. 26.

turn Turk] "Was," says Gifford, "a figurative expression for a change of condition, or opinion." Note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 222, ed. 1813.

Vol. iii. p. 83, l. 9.

orangado] Should be "oringado" or "eringado:" *oringo* was an old form of *eringo*.

Vol. iii. p. 91, l. 7.

"*A sister's thread*, i'faith, had been enough."

In Ford's *Lady's Trial* is the same expression:

"A flake, no bigger than *a sister's thread*,"

which Gifford too hastily altered to "a *spider's* thread," *Works*, vol. ii. p. 306.—That "sister's" is not a misprint, there can be no doubt: it seems to be a form of *sewster's*.

"At euery twisted *thrid* my rock let fly
Unto the *sewster*."

B. Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*—*Works*, vol. vi. p. 282, ed. Giff.

Vol. iii. p. 108, l. 25.

We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net] An allusion to the proverbial saying, "You dance in a net, and think nobody sees you." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 5, ed. 1768.

Vol. iii. p. 115, l. 21.

Bow a little] i. e. bend your hand a little: so in *The Spanish Gipsy*, Alvarez, while telling the fortune of Louis, says to him, "Bend your hand thus:" see vol. iv. p. 149.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST WHORE.

Vol. iii. p. 152, l. 12.

I'll fly high, wench, hang toss!] In this passage, says Gifford, "*toss* is used in a way that would induce one to think it meant low play, or a hazard of petty sums." Note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 160, ed. 1813.

Vol. iii. p. 197, l. 9.

a cob] "A [silver] *Cob* of Ireland, or a Peece of Eight, is worth four shilling eight pence. It is a Spanish Coin, not round but cornered, or nuke shotten, and passith according to its weight for more or less." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, b. iii. c. ii. p. 30.

Vol. iii. p. 199, l. 3.

Must I be fed with chippings? you're best get a clapdish, and say you're proctor to some spittle-house] "It was once," says Gifford, "the practice for beadles and other inferior parish officers, to go from door to door with a clap-dish, soliciting charity for those unhappy sufferers, who are now better relieved by voluntary subscriptions." Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 44.

Vol. iii. p. 200, l. 3.

old Cole] Is the name of the sculler in the puppet-show of *Hero and Leander*, introduced into B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, act v. sc. 3: see *Works*, vol. iv. p. 509 (note), and p. 520, ed. Gifford.

THE WIDOW.

Vol. iii. p. 354, l. 3.

improv'd] Is right; meaning, as it frequently does, proved.

Vol. iii. p. 373, l. 22.

And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital] "*Hospital*" ought to have been printed with a capital letter: for though the scene of the play is laid in Italy, yet the allusion (as Gifford observes, note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 41), is to Christ's Hospital, whither, when it was first established, the foundlings taken up in the city were sent for maintenance and education.

Vol. iii. p. 383, l. 19.

Come, my dainty doxies?] I neglected to notice that this song is found entire in our author's *More Dissemblers besides Women:* see p. 606 of the same volume.

A FAIR QUARREL.

Vol. iii. p. 510, l. 11.

from the six windmills to Islington] "The third great Field from Moorgate, next to *the six Windmills.*" Stow's *Survey*, b. iii. p. 70, ed. 1720.

Vol. iii. p. 514, l. 17.

a quadrangular plumation] Compare Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, &c., 1571, where, treating of "tentes, lyntes, and bolsters" for wounds, he tells us that "some [*bolsters*] *bene quadrate;*" and a little after, "some moreouer vse *bolsters made of fethers*," fol. cxiii.

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE.

Vol. iv. p. 5, last line.

board] The spelling of the old ed. is right—"*bord*," i. e. size. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*;

"underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty *bord*."

Act iii. sc. 2—*Works*, vol. i. p. 214, ed. Weber.

where, says M. Mason, "*bord* means rim or circumference."

Vol. iv. p. 32, l. 4.

corps] So the word is used as a plural in *Epigrams and Satyres*, by Richard Middleton, 1608;

"the Tyrants brazen bull
Of Agrigentine, which being crammed full
Of humane *corps*, did roare with such a maine," &c.
p. 34.

Vol. iv. p. 66, note, read

"' *Rider's Dictionary*] *A Dict. Engl. and Lat. and Lat. and Engl.*, by John Rider, first printed at Oxford, 1589, was a work once in great repute."

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

Vol. iv. p. 145, last line but one.

"this she, trow;"

Read

"this she, trow?"

A GAME AT CHESS.

Vol. iv. p. 310, l. 1.

Roch, Main, and Petronill, itch and ague curers] Compare Taylor the water-poet: "he must be content with his office,

as . . . Saint Roch with scabbes and scurfes . . . . Saint Petronella the Ague or any Feuer." *A Bawd*, p. 93—*Workes*, 1630.

Vol. iv. p. 407, l. 6.

Epistle to Nicholas the first, &c.] Since writing the note on these words, I have found in the Κειμηλια *Literaria* of Colomesius what he calls a confirmation of the absurd story of the six thousand infants' heads. "Simile quid narratur a Joscelino, in Episcoporum Cantuariensium Vitis, p. 210. editionis Hanovianæ. *Anno* 1309, inquit, *Radulphus Bourn Augustinensis Ecclesiæ Abbas electus, cum ad Papam Avinioni agentem confirmandus accessisset, reversus domum, testatur se vidisse in itinere piscinam in quadam Monialium Abbatia, quæ* PROVINES *dicebatur; in qua, cum educta aqua luto purgaretur, multa parvulorum ossa, ipsaque corpora adhuc integra reperiebantur. Unde ad criminalia judicia subeunda viginti septem Moniales Parisios ductæ et carceribus mancipatæ fuerunt, de quibus quid actum fuerit, nescivit.*" Col. *Opera*, p. 301, ed. Fabr.

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

Vol. iv. p. 489, l. 25.

the new prophet, the astrological tailor] Perhaps Ball, who is thus mentioned by Osborn: "And, if common Fame did not outstrip Truth, King James was by Fear led into this extreme; finding his Son Henry not only averse to any Popish Match, but saluted by the Puritans as one prefigured in the Apocalyps for Rome's destruction. And to parallel this, one Ball, a Taylor, was inspired with a like Lunacy, tho' something more chargeable; for not only he, but Ramsay his Majesty's Watch-maker, put out Money and Clocks, to be paid (but with small Advantage, considering the Improbability) when King James should be crowned in the Pope's chair." *Trad. Memor. on the Reign of K. James—Works*, vol. ii. p. 153, ed. 1722; see also B. Jonson's *Works* by Gifford, vol. v. p. 242.

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

Vol. iv. p. 520, l. 20.

To take out] i. e. to copy—a not uncommon expression in our old writers.

NO WIT, NO HELP LIKE A WOMAN'S.

Vol. v. p. 23, l. 30.

the widow's notch shall lie open to you] This passage is, I think, explained by the following line in our author's *Triumphs of Truth*:

"The very *nooks* where beldams hide their gold."
p. 229 of the same vol.

Vol. v. p. 77, last line.

"To bid a *slander* welcome than a truth."

I did quite right in substituting "*slander*" for "slave." These words were frequently confounded by the old printers.

"Revenge and Death
Like *slander* [read *slaves*] attend the sword of Calymath."
The Travailes of The Three English Brothers (by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins), 1607, sig. c 4.

Vol. v. p. 131, l. 3.

I from the baker's ditch] So in Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, 1640, "Sheart, Coulter, we be vallen into *the Bakers ditch*." Sig. K 3. The ancient way of punishing bakers, who did not give full weight, was by the cucking-stool (see Grey's note on *Hudibras*, P. iii. C. iii. v. 609); qy. is that punishment alluded to in the above passages?

THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

Vol. v. p. 148, l. 5.

Ill May-Day] i. e. Evil May-day—so called from the rising of the London apprentices against the foreigners, on the first of May, 1517: see *The Story of Ill May-Day, &c.*, and the editor's illustrations, in Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 76, ed. 1810.

Vol. v. p. 148, l. 9.

Midsummer-Eve, that watches warmest] Perhaps this is an allusion to the setting out of the Midsummer watch: see Herbert's *Hist. of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London*, vol. i. p. 196, sqq.

Vol. v. p. 149, note *.

" i. e. wife."

Read

" i. e. city wife."

THE TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY.

Vol. v. p. 310, l. 1.

" pegmes."

Read

" pegms."

THE BLACK BOOK.

Vol. v. p. 543, l. 15.

ketlers] This word occurs in Kemp's *Nine daies wonder*, 1600; "Those that haue shewne themselues honest men, I wil set before them this Caracter, H. for honesty; before the other Bench-whistlers shal stand K. for *ketlers* and keistrels, that wil driue a good companion without need in them to contend for his owne."

THE OLD LAW.

The Excellent Comedy, called The Old Law, or A new way to please you.

By { *Phil. Massinger.*
Tho. Middleton.
William Rowley.

Acted before the King and Queene at Salisbury House, and at severall other places, with great Applause. Together with an exact and perfect Catalogue of all the Playes, with the Authors Names, and what are Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Pastoralls, Masks, Interludes, more exactly Printed then ever before. London, Printed for Edward Archer, at the signe of the Adam and Eve, in Little Britaine. 1656. 4to.

Steevens (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 425.) remarks, that this drama was acted in 1599, founding the statement most probably on a passage in Act iii. Sc. 1., where the Clerk having read from the church-book, "*Agatha, the daughter of Pollux — born in an.* 1540," adds, "and *now 'tis* 99." From similar notices in several other old dramas, the periods at which they were first produced have been clearly ascertained; and Gifford (*Introd.* to Massinger, p. lv. 2d ed.) inclines to believe that *The Old Law* was really first acted in 1599, and that Massinger (who was then only in the fifteenth year of his age) was employed, at a subsequent period, to alter or to add a few scenes to the play. What portion of it was written by Middleton cannot be determined.

The 4to. abounds in the grossest typographical errors. I have followed, except in some trifling particulars, the text of Gifford, who published *The Old Law* in the ivth vol. of his Massinger.

"There is an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike any thing in the dramas which Massinger wrote alone. The pathos is of a subtler edge. Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate." — LAMB, *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 453.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EVANDER, *duke of Epire.*
CRATILUS, *the executioner.*
CREON, *father to* SIMONIDES.
SIMONIDES, CLEANTHES, } *young courtiers.*
LYSANDER, *husband to* EUGENIA, *and uncle to* CLEANTHES.
LEONIDES, *father to* CLEANTHES.
GNOTHO, *the clown.*
Lawyers.
Courtiers.
Dancing-master.
Butler,
Bailiff,
Tailor,
Coachman,
Footman,
Cook, } *Servants to* CREON.
Clerk.
Drawer.

ANTIGONA, *wife to* CREON.
HIPPOLITA, *wife to* CLEANTHES.
EUGENIA, *wife to* LYSANDER, *and mother to* PARTHENIA.
PARTHENIA.
AGATHA, *wife to* GNOTHO.
Old women, wives to CREON'S *servants.*
Courtezan.

Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, &c.

SCENE, EPIRE.

THE OLD LAW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in CREON'S *House.*

Enter SIMONIDES *and two* LAWYERS.

SIM. Is the law firm, sir?
FIRST LAW. The law! what more firm, sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?
SIM. By my troth, sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,
You have indirectly answered my question.
I did not doubt the fundamental grounds
Of law in general, for the most solid;
But this particular law that me concerns,
Now, at the present, if that be firm and strong,
And powerful, and forcible, and permanent?
I am a young man that has an old father.
SECOND LAW. Nothing more strong, sir.
It is — *Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum cum voce senatus,*[a] *et voce reipublicæ;* nay, *consummatum et exemplificatum.*
Is it not in force,
When divers have already tasted it,
And paid their lives for penalty?

[a] *senatus*] Old ed. "senatum."

SIM. 'Tis true.
My father must be next; this day completes
Full fourscore years upon him.
SECOND LAW. He is[b] here, then,
Sub pœna statuti: hence I can tell him,
Truer than all the physicians in the world,
He cannot live out to-morrow; this
Is the most certain climacterical year—
'Tis past all danger, for there is[c] no 'scaping it.
What age is your mother, sir?
SIM. Faith, near her days too;
Wants some two of threescore.[d]
FIRST LAW. So! she'll drop away
One of these days too: here's a good age now
For those that have old parents and rich inheritance!
SIM. And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices,
That younger men would walk lustily in?
Churchmen, that even the second infancy
Hath silenc'd, yet have[e] spun out their lives so long,
That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languish'd in their hop'd reversions,
And died upon the thought? and, by your leave, sir,
Have you not places fill'd up in the law
By some grave senators, that you imagine

[b] *He is*] Old ed. "Hees."
[c] *there is*] Old ed. "ther's."
[d] *Wants some* two *of threescore.*] "Sim.'s impatience of his mother's death leads him into an error here: it appears, p. 17, that she wanted *five* of that number."—GIFFORD.
[e] *have*] Old ed. "hath."

Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,
Were they remov'd, would leap into their dignities?

FIRST LAW. *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*[f]

SIM. But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:
Is't not a sound and necessary law,
This, by the duke enacted?

FIRST LAW. Never did Greece,
Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,
'Mongst all her *nomothetæ*[g] and lawgivers,
Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,
Whose living memory can never die,
Produce a law more grave and necessary.

SIM. I'm of that mind too.

SECOND LAW. I will maintain, sir,
Draco's oligarchy, that the government
Of community reduced into few,
Fram'd a fair state; Solon's *chreokopia*,[h]
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,
Was good and charitable, but not full allow'd;[i]
His *seisactheia*[j] did reform that error,
His honourable senate of Areopagitæ.
Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free
And licentious reins unto his discipline;
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,

[f] *Dic quibus*, &c.] Virgil, *Ecl.* iii. 104.

[g] *nomothetæ*] Old ed. "nomotheta."

[h] *chreokopia*] Old ed. "Crecopedi."—"Χρεωκοπια signifies the cutting off that part of the debt which arose from the interest of the sum lent."—M. MASON.

[i] *full allow'd*] i. e. fully approved.

[j] *seisactheia*] Old ed. "Sisaithie."—"Σεισαχθεια, i. e. a shaking off a burthen, metaphorically an abolition of debt."—GIFFORD.

Might choose her able friend to propagate;
That so the commonwealth might be supplied
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,
And so did Aristotle, [in] allowing
Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws:
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law
That all our predecessive students
Have miss'd, unto their shame.

Enter CLEANTHES.

SIM. Forbear the praise, sir,
'Tis in itself most pleasing.—Cleanthes!
O lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down kept the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.
CLEAN. Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms, among those trees
Which we had shelter from?
SIM. Yes, from our growth,
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is[k] thy father?
CLEAN. Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year with me.
SIM. Prithee, how old's thy father? then I can tell thee.
CLEAN. I know not how to answer you, Simonides;
He is[l] too old, being now exposed
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;
And yet not old enough by many years,
'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.

[k] *old is*] Old ed. "old's."
[l] *He is*] Old ed. "Hees."

SIM. These very passions[m] I speak to my father.
Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may speak
Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,
And shall be counsellors shortly.
CLEAN. They shall be now, sir,
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.
FIRST LAW. O sir, we must undertake of both parts;
But the good we have most good in.
CLEAN. Pray you, say,
How do you allow[n] of this strange edict?
FIRST LAW. *Secundum justitiam;* by my faith, sir,
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.
CLEAN. What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot be,
It is no rule in justice there to punish.
FIRST LAW. O sir,
You understand a conscience, but not law.
CLEAN. Why, sir, is there so main a difference?
FIRST LAW. You'll never be good lawyer if you understand not that.
CLEAN. I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad one.
FIRST LAW. Why, sir, the very letter and the sense both do[o] overthrow you in this statute, which[p] speaks, that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then be cut off, as fruitless to the republic, and law shall finish what nature linger'd at.

[m] *passions*] "i. e. pathetic speeches."—GIFFORD.
[n] *allow*] i. e. approve.
[o] *both do*] Old ed. "*both do* both."
[p] *which*] Old ed. "*which* that."

CLEAN. And this suit shall soon be despatch'd in law?

FIRST LAW. It is so plain it can have no demur;
The church-book overthrows it.

CLEAN. And so it does;[q]
The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.

FIRST LAW. Still, you run from the law into error:
You say it takes the lives of innocents;
I say no, and so says common reason;
What man lives to fourscore, and woman[r] to three,
That can die innocent?

CLEAN. A fine law[s] evasion!
Good sir, rehearse the full statute to me.

SIM. Fie! that's too tedious; you have already
The full sum in the brief relation.

CLEAN. Sir,
'Mongst many words may be found contradictions;
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,
If they can pick a quarrel with some error.

SECOND LAW. Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for you:

[q] CLEAN. *And so it does;*
The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.] "Cleanthes and the lawyer are at cross purposes. The latter observes, that the church-book (by which he means the register of births kept there) overthrows all demur; to which the former replies, that it really does so, taking the holy Scriptures for the church-book.

"To observe upon the utter confusion of all time and place, of all customs and manners, in this drama, would be superfluous; they must be obvious to the most careless observer."
—GIFFORD.

[r] *woman*] Old ed. "women."

[s] *law*] Old ed. "lawfull."

Anno primo Evandri, Be it for the care and good of the commonwealth, (for divers necessary reasons that we shall urge,) thus peremptorily enacted,—

CLEAN. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not!

SECOND LAW. *That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, shall on the same day be instantly put to death, by those means and instruments that a former proclamation, had to this purpose, through our said territories dispersed.*

CLEAN. There was no woman in this senate, certain.

FIRST LAW. *That these men, being past their bearing arms to aid and defend their country; past their manhood and likelihood*[t] *to propagate any further issue to their posterity; and as well past their councils (whose*[u] *overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their country; to whom, in common reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious*[v] *to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the good of their country, yet wanting the means to maintain it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary use, [be condemned to die]: for the women,*[w] *for that they never were defence to their country; never by counsel admitted to the assist[ance] of [the] government of their country; only necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now, at the age of threescore, past*[x] *that good, and all their goodness: it*

[t] *likelihood*] Old ed. "livelihood."
[u] *whose*] Old ed. "which."
[v] *as they may be supposed tedious*] Old ed. "*as* it *may be supposed* is *tedious*."
[w] *for the women*] Old ed. "*for* the which are *the women*."
[x] *past*] Old ed. "to be *past*."

is thought fit, then, (a quarter abated from the more worthy member) they[y] *be put to death, as is before recited: provided that, for the just and impartial execution of this our statute, the example shall first begin in and about our court, which ourself will see carefully performed; and not, for a full month*[z] *following, extend any further into our dominions. Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace Royal in Epire.*[a]

CLEAN. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded!
And is there no scruple in all these words
To demur the law upon occasion?

SIM. Pox! 'tis an unnecessary inquisition;
Prithee, set him not about it.

SECOND LAW. Troth, none, sir:
It is so evident and plain a case,
There is no succour for the defendant.

CLEAN. Possible! can nothing help in a good case?

FIRST LAW. Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,
Which would protract—delay, if not remedy.

CLEAN. Why, there 's some comfort in that: good sir, speak it.

FIRST LAW. Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.

[y] *they*] Old ed. "to."

[z] *and not for a full month*, &c.] "The reader will see the necessity and the motive of this provision in the act towards the conclusion of the play."—GIFFORD.

[a] "Had acts of parliament, in Massinger's days, been somewhat like what they are in ours, we might not unreasonably have supposed that this was wickedly meant as a ridicule on them; for a more prolix, tautological, confused piece of formality, human wit, or rather human dulness, could not easily have produced. As it stands in the old copy and in Coxeter, it is absolutely incomprehensible."—*Id.*

SIM. Prithee, do not;
It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,
That may die after it.
CLEAN. Come, sir, I know
How to make you speak:—will this do it?[b]
[*Gives him his purse.*
FIRST LAW. I will afford you my opinion, sir.
CLEAN. Pray you, repeat the literal words expressly,
The time of death.
SIM. 'Tis an unnecessary question; prithee, let it alone.
SECOND LAW. Hear his opinion; 'twill be fruitless, sir.
That man at the age of fourscore, and woman[c] *at threescore, shall the same day be put to death.*
FIRST LAW. Thus I help the man to twenty-one years more.
CLEAN. That were a fair addition.
FIRST LAW. Mark it, sir; we say, man is not at age
Till he be one-and-twenty; before, 'tis[d] infancy,
And adolescency; now,[e] by that addition,
Fourscore he cannot be till a hundred and one.
SIM. O poor evasion!
He's fourscore years old, sir.
FIRST LAW. That helps more, sir;
He begins to be old at fifty, so, at fourscore
He's but thirty years old; so, believe it, sir,
He may be twenty years in declination;
And so long may a man linger and live by't.
SIM. The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard!
Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.

[b] *do it*] Old ed. "doot."
[c] *woman*] Old ed. "women."
[d] *'tis*] Old ed. "his."
[e] *now*] Old ed. "nor."

FIRST LAW. There's no law for restitution of fees, sir.

CLEAN. No, no, sir; I meant it lost when 'twas given.

Enter CREON *and* ANTIGONA.

SIM. No more, good sir!
Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.

FIRST LAW. I have spoke out my fee, and I have done, sir.

SIM. O my dear father!

CREON. Tush! meet me not in exclaims;
I understand the worst, and hope no better.
A fine law! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,
And many watchmen's places will be vacant;[f]
Forty of 'em I know my seniors,
That did due deeds of darkness too:—their country
Has watch'd 'em a good turn for't,
And ta'en 'em napping now:
The fewer hospitals will serve too, many
May be us'd for stews and brothels; and those people
Will never trouble 'em to fourscore.

ANT. Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?

CREON. Sorrow! for what, Antigona? for my life?
My sorrow[g] is I have kept it so long well,
With bringing it up unto so ill an end:

[f] ——— *if this hold, white heads will be cheap,*
And many watchmen's places will be vacant;] "The authors could not forbear, even at this serious moment, to indulge a smile at the venerable guardians of the night, who in their time, as well as in ours, seem to have been very ancient and quiet."—GIFFORD.

[g] *sorrow is*] Old ed. "sorrowes."

I might have gently lost it in my cradle,
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong,
To bind it faster to me.
SIM. For mine own sake,
I should have been sorry for that.
CREON. In my youth
I was a soldier, no coward in my age;
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Dangers on horse,[h] on foot, [by land,] by water,
I have 'scap'd to this day; and yet this day,
Without all help of casual accidents,
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers
Fourscore years to me. Where is[i] the fault now?
I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,
Nor aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves
Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.
He that has been a soldier all his days,
And stood in personal opposition
'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat
And pinching cold, has treacherously at home,
In 's secure quiet,[j] by a villain's hand
Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance:—
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.
FIRST LAW. O say not so, sir; it is by the law.
CREON. And what's that, sir, but the sword of tyranny,
When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?

[h] *horse*] Old ed. "horseback."
[i] *where is*] Old ed. "wheres."
[j] *In's secure quiet*, &c.] So Gifford. The old ed. has,

"*In* his secured *quiet by a villaines hand*
Am *basely lost in* my *starrs ignorance*."

I'm now upon my deathbed, sir; and 'tis fit
I should unbosom my free conscience,
And shew the faith I die in:—I do believe
'Tis tyranny that takes my life.

SIM. Would it were gone,
By one means or other! what a long day
Will this be ere night! [*Aside.*

CREON. Simonides.

SIM. Here, sir,[k]—weeping.[l]

CREON. Wherefore dost thou weep?

CLEAN. 'Cause you make no more haste to your end. [*Aside.*

SIM. How can you question nature so unjustly?
I had a grandfather, and then had not you
True filial tears for him?

CLEAN. Hypocrite!
A disease of drought dry up all pity from him,
That can dissemble pity with wet eyes! [*Aside.*

CREON. Be good unto your mother, Simonides;
She must be now your care.

ANT. To what end, sir?
The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,
As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,
With one hour's stay, to go along with you.

CREON. Thou must not, woman; there are years behind,
Before thou canst set forward in this voyage;
And nature, sure, will now be kind to all:
She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law
Seeks to prevent[m] her, she will[n] therefore fight in't,

[k] *sir*] Old ed. "sit."

[l] *weeping*] "This is given by the modern editors as a marginal note; but the old copy makes it, and rightly, a part of the text."—GIFFORD.

[m] *to prevent her*] "i.e. to anticipate the period she had allotted to life."—*Id.*

[n] *she will*] Old ed. "sheel."

And draw out life even to her longest thread:
Thou art scarce fifty-five.
ANT. So many morrows!
Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,
To hours, or minutes, for thy company.
'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,
Should walk together arm in arm.
SIM. I hope
They'll go together; I would they would, i'faith—
Then would her thirds be sav'd too.— [*Aside.*
The day goes away, sir.
CREON. Why, wouldst thou have me gone, Simonides?
SIM. O my heart! Would you have me gone before you, sir,
You give me such a deadly wound?
CLEAN. Fine rascal! [*Aside.*
SIM. Blemish my duty so with such a question?
Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy:
He that's above the law may mitigate
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning
May be corrupted by [a] misconstruction!
CREON. Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think thou mean'st so.
CLEAN. You were in the more error. [*Aside.*
SIM. The words wounded me.
CLEAN. 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't. [*Aside.*
SIM. I have been ransacking the helps of law,
Conferring with these learned advocates:
If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense
Could have been found out to preserve your life,
It had been bought, though with your full estate,
Your life's so precious to me;—but there's[o] none.

[o] *there's*] Old ed. "there is."

FIRST LAW. Sir, we have canvass'd her[p] from top to toe,
Turn'd her[q] upside down, thrown[r] her on her side,
Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails,
Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hop'd,
But the duke's mercy.

SIM. I know the hope of that;
He did not make the law for that purpose.

CREON. Then to his hopeless mercy last I go;
I have so many precedents before me,
I must call it hopeless: Antigona,
See me deliver'd up unto my deathsman,
And then we'll part;—five years hence I'll look for thee.

SIM. I hope she will[s] not stay so long behind you. [*Aside.*

CREON. Do not bate him an hour by grief and sorrow,
Since there's a day prefix'd, haste[n] it not.
Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now;
Any disease thou wilt may be my end;
Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.
[*Exeunt* CREON *and* ANTIGONA.

SIM. Cleanthes, if you want money, to-morrow use me;
I'll trust you while[t] your father's dead.
[*Exit with the* LAWYERS.

CLEAN. Why, here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!
Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
In parent distribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,

[p] *her*] Old ed. "it."
[q] *her*] Old ed. "it."
[r] *thrown*] Old ed. "threw."
[s] *she will*] Old ed. "sheel."
[t] *while*] i. e. until.

Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen;
And must not gratitude descend again,
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?
Improvident, [or] at least partial nature!
(Weak woman in this kind), who, in thy last teeming,
Forgetest still[u] the former, ever making
The burthen of thy last throes the dearest darling!
O yet in noble man reform [reform] it,
And make us better than those vegetives
Whose souls die with[v] 'em. Nature, as thou art old,
If love and justice be not dead in thee,
Make some the pattern of thy piety;
Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,
And thou be blam'd for our oblivious

Enter LEONIDES *and* HIPPOLITA.

And brutish reluctations! Ay, here's the ground
Whereon my filial faculties must build
An edifice of honour, or of shame,
To all mankind.

HIP. You must avoid it, sir,
If there be any love within yourself:
This is far more than fate of a lost game,
That another venture may restore again;
It is your life, which you should not subject
To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.

CLEAN. O dearest woman, thou hast doubled now[w]
A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!—

[u] *Forgetest still*] Old ed. "*Still* forgets."
[v] *with*] Old ed. "within."
[w] *doubled now*] Old ed. "*now doubled.*"

Why, she whose love is but deriv'd from me,
Is got before me in my debted duty.
HIP. Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?
CLEAN. Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee
To be so forward in so good a cause?
HIP. Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,
And then your love and power did both command me.
CLEAN. They were all blessed angels to direct thee;
And take their counsel. How do you fare, sir?
LEON. Cleanthes, never better:[x] I have conceiv'd
Such a new joy within this old bosom,
As I did never think would there have enter'd.
CLEAN. Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.
LEON. Death! what's that, Cleanthes? I thought not on't,
I was in contemplation of this woman:
'Tis all thy comfort, son; thou hast in her
A treasure unvaluable, keep her safe.
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,
For I will die with wonder of her virtues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.
CLEAN. 'Twere much better, sir,
Could you prevent their malice.
LEON. I'll prevent 'em,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men
Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.

[x] *Cleanthes, never better*] Old ed. "*Never better, Cleanthes.*"

That the strong[y] tie of wedlock should do more
Than nature in her nearest ligaments
Of blood and propagation! I should ne'er
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,
Were there more such children.

CLEAN. This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety: think of that, sir.

LEON. Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour
In the search of means to save my forfeit life,
And knew the wise and [the] sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder, in your love to her.

CLEAN. The thought,
The very thought, claims all that [love] from me,
And she is now possest of't:[z] but, good sir,
If you have aught receiv'd from her advice,
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,
And take the surest course.

LEON. I'll tell thee one;
She counsels me to fly my severe country;
[To] turn all into treasure, and there build up
My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.

CLEAN. And, sir,
I apprehend it as a safest course,
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us be all most expeditious.
Every country where we breathe will be our own,
Or better soil; heaven is the roof of all;
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.

HIP. O then avoid it, sir; these sad events
Follow those black predictions.

[y] *strong*] Old ed. "stronger."
[z] *she is . . . . of't*] Old ed. "shees . . . . of it."

LEON. I prithee, peace;
I do allow[a] thy love, Hippolita,
But must not follow it as counsel, child;
I must not shame my country for the law.
This country here hath bred me, brought me up,
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I'm in my second infancy, and children
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle
As in their natural mother's.
HIP. Ay, but, sir,
She is unnatural; then the stepmother's[b]
To be preferr'd before her.
LEON. Tush! she shall
Allow it me despite of her entráils.
Why, do you think how far from judgment 'tis,
That I should travel forth to seek a grave
That is already digg'd for me at home,
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it?—
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?
For your dear loves, how have I banish'd you
From your country ever? With my base attempt,
How have I beggar'd you, in wasting that
Which only for your sakes I bred together;
Buried my name in Epire,[c] which I built
Upon this frame, to live for ever in?
What a base coward shall I be, to fly from
That enemy which every minute meets me,
And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me
Before this hour of battle! Fly my death!

[a] *allow*] i. e. approve. [b] *'s*] Old ed. "is."

[c] *Buried my name in Epire*, &c.] "This is obscure. Perhaps Leonides means, that he had so conducted himself in his native country (i. e. so raised his reputation there), that his memory would always live in the recollection of the people, unless he now quitted them for a residence elsewhere. The conclusion of this speech I do not understand."—GIFFORD.

I will not be so false unto your states,
Not fainting to the man that's yet in me:
I'll meet him bravely; I cannot (this knowing) fear
That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.
Come, I have days of preparation left.
CLEAN. Good sir, hear me:
I have a genius that has prompted me,
And I have almost form'd it into words—
'Tis done, pray you observe 'em; I can conceal you;
And yet not leave your country.
LEON. Tush! it cannot be,
Without a certain peril on us[d] all.
CLEAN. Danger must be hazarded, rather than accept
A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,
So far remote from way of passengers,
That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't;[e]
And yet[f] so sweetly situate with thickets,
Built with such cunning labyrinths within,
As if the provident heavens, foreseeing cruelty,
Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.
LEON. Fie, fie! 'tis dangerous—and treason too,
To abuse the law.
HIP. 'Tis holy care, sir,
Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,
But not your own to lose, either in will
Or negligence.
CLEAN. Call you it treason, sir?
I had been then a traitor unto you,
Had I forgot this; beseech you, accept of it;
It is secure, and a duty to yourself.
LEON. What a coward will you make me!

[d] *on us*] Old ed. "ons."
[e] *with't*] Old ed. "with it." [f] *yet*] Old ed. "yes."

CLEAN. You mistake;
'Tis noble courage; now you fight with death,
And yield not to him till you stoop under him.
LEON. This must needs open to discovery,
And then what torture follows!
CLEAN. By what means, sir?
Why, there is[g] but one body in all this counsel,
Which cannot betray itself: we two are one,
One soul, one body, one heart, that think one[h] thought;
And yet we two are not completely one,
But as [I] have deriv'd myself from you.—
Who shall betray us where there is no second?
HIP. You must not mistrust my faith, though my sex plead
Weak[ness] and frailty for me.
LEON. O I dare not!
But where's the means that must make answer for me?
I cannot be lost without a full account,
And what must pay that reckoning?
CLEAN. O sir, we will
Keep solemn obits for your funeral;
We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,
That death so gently has prevented you
The law's sharp rigour; and this no mortal ear shall
Participate the knowledge of.
LEON. Ha, ha, ha!
This will be a sportive fine demur,
If the error be not found.
CLEAN. Pray doubt of none.
Your company and best provision,

[g] *there is*] Old ed. "theres."
[h] *one*] Old ed. "all *one*."

Must be no further furnish'd than by us;
And, in the interim, your solitude may
Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare
[For that] which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you.
LEON. Still, there are some doubts
Of the discovery; yet I do allow't.
HIP. Will you not mention now the cost and charge
Which will be in your keeping!
LEON. That will be somewhat,
Which you might save too.
CLEAN. With his will against him,
What foe is more to man than man himself?
Are you resolved, sir?
LEON. I am, Cleanthes:
If by this means I do get a reprieve,
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come
Armed in his own power to give the blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter EVANDER, *three* COURTIERS, *and* CRATILUS.

EVAN. Executioner!
CRAT. My lord.
EVAN. How did old Diocles take his death?
CRAT. As weeping brides receive their joys at night;[1]
With trembling, yet with patience.
EVAN. Why, 'twas well.

[1] *at night*] Old ed. "*at night*, my lord."

FIRST COURT. Nay, I knew my father would do well, my lord,
Whene'er he came to die; I'd that opinion of him,
Which made me the more willing to part from him;
He was not fit to live i'the world, indeed
Any time these ten years, my lord,
But I would not say so much.
EVAN. No! you did not well in't,
For he that's all spent is ripe for death at all hours,
And does but trifle time out.
FIRST COURT. Troth, my lord,
I would I had known your mind nine years ago.
EVAN. Our law is fourscore years, because we judge
Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness
In women at threescore; marry, if the son
Can, within compass, bring good solid proofs
Of his own father's weakness, and unfitness
To live, or sway the living, though he want five
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
He dies when he deserves; for every act
Is in effect then, when the cause is ripe.
SECOND COURT. An admirable prince! how rarely he talks!
O that we'd known this, lads! What a time did we endure
In two-penny commons, and in boots twice vamp'd!
FIRST COURT. Now we have two pair a week, and yet not thankful;
'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come after us.
SECOND COURT. Ay, and[1] they knew't.
FIRST[J] COURT. Peace, let them never know't.

[1] *and*] i. e. if. [J] Old ed. "2."

THIRD COURT. A pox, there be young heirs will soon smell't out.
SECOND COURT. 'Twill come to 'em by instinct, man. May your grace
Never be old, you stand so well for youth!
EVAN. Why now, methinks, our court looks like a spring,
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds are gone.
FIRST COURT. 'Tis as a court should be:
Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for merit;
And herein your law proves a provident act,[k]
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,
Nor colour in their cheeks.
EVAN. But women,
By that law, should live long, for they're ne'er past it.
FIRST COURT. It will have heats though, when they see the painting
Go an inch deep i'the wrinkle, and take up
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my lord,
That should be the sole bravery of a palace,
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;
With clothes as if they sat on[l] their backs on purpose
To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile;
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!
Now ours lie downward, here, close to the flank;
Right spending pockets, as a son's should be

[k] *act*] Old ed. "*act*, my lord."
[l] *on*] Old ed. "upon."

That lives i'the fashion: where[m] our diseas'd fathers,
Wood[n] with the sciatica and aches,
Brought up your pan'd hose[o] first, which ladies laugh'd at,
Giving no reverence to the place lies ruined:
They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,
And sits so close makes a man groan again,
And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those
That carry sway and worth: prick'd up in clothes,
Why should we fear our rising?

EVAN. You but wrong
Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't.
Has not our law made you rich before your time?
Our countenance then can make you honourable.

FIRST COURT. We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear worthy.

EVAN. Why, you're i'the noble way then, for the most
Are but appearers; worth itself is lost,
And bravery[p] stands for't.

Enter CREON, ANTIGONA, *and* SIMONIDES.

FIRST COURT. Look, look, who comes here!
I smell death, and another courtier,
Simonides.

[m] *where*] i. e. whereas.

[n] *Wood*] i. e. mad, raging: so M. Mason reads, for "Would" of the old ed. Gifford gives "Worried," to perfect, as he says, the metre: but he forgot (what he elsewhere notices) that "aches" was formerly a dissyllable, and pronounced *aitches*.

[o] *pan'd hose*] i. e. breeches (generally made full and bombasted) having *panes* or openings in the cloth, where other colours were inserted in silk, and drawn through.

[p] *bravery*] "i.e. ostentatious finery of apparel."—GIFFORD.

SECOND COURT. Sim!
SIM. Push![q] I'm not for you yet,
Your company's too costly; after the old man's
Despatch'd, I shall have time to talk with you;
I shall come into the fashion, ye shall see too,
After a day or two; in the mean time,
I am not for your company.
EVAN. Old Creon, you have been expected long;
Sure you're above fourscore.
SIM. Upon my life,
Not four-and-twenty hours, my lord; I search'd
The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think
I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?
'Twere pity a' my life then! no, your act
Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him,
While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,
I know he would no[t] offer't:—here he stands.
CREON. 'Tis just
I die, indeed, my lord; for I confess
I'm troublesome to life now, and the state
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counsel; I've a' late
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully
Can never serve a worldly prince well after;
'Tis clean another way.
ANT. O, give not confidence
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.
His preparation only for the next world

[q] *Push*] This exclamation (which Gifford alters to *Pish*) is several times used by Middleton, as well as by other authors of his time: so Chapman;

> "And lest some Momus here might now crie *push*,
> Say our pageant is not worth a rush."
> *Gentleman Usher*, 1606, sig. c 4.

Makes him talk wildly, to his wrong, of this;
He is not lost in judgment.
SIM. She spoils all again. [*Aside.*
ANT. Deserving any way for state employment.
SIM. Mother——
ANT. His very household laws prescrib'd at home by him
Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,
They are so wise and virtuous.
SIM. Mother, I say——
ANT. I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,
But to unnecessary years; and, my lord,
His are not such; though they shew white, they're worthy,
Judicious, able, and religious.
SIM. I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen, mother.
ANT. Away, unnatural!
SIM. Then I am no fool, I'm sure,
For to be natural at such a time
Were a fool's part indeed.
ANT. Your grace's pity, sir,
And 'tis but fit and just.
CREON. The law, my lord,
And that's the justest way.
SIM. Well said, father, i'faith!
Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.
EVAN. Come hither, sir.
SIM. My lord.
EVAN. What are those orders?
ANT. Worth observation, sir,
So please you hear them read.
SIM. The woman speaks she knows not what, my lord.
He make a law, poor man! he bought a table, indeed,

Only to learn to die by't, there's the business, now;
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too,
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd upon't:
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,
And keep a better table[r] than that, I trow.
EVAN. And is that all, sir?
SIM. All, I vow, my lord;
Save a few running admonitions
Upon cheese-trenchers,[s] as——
Take heed of whoring, shun it;
'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.
And such calves' maws of wit and admonition,
Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs;
They're not so easily caught.
EVAN. Agent for death!
CRAT. Your will, my lord?
EVAN. Take hence that pile of years,
Forfeit before[t] with unprofitable age,
And, with the rest, from the high promontory,
Cast him into the sea.

[r] *And keep a better table than that, I trow.*] "This wretched fellow is punning upon the word *table*, which, as applied to his father, meant a large sheet of paper, where precepts for the due regulation of life were set down in distinct lines; and as applied to himself—that he would keep a better house, i. e. live more sumptuously, than his father."—GIFFORD.

[s] *cheese-trenchers*] "Before the general introduction of books, our ancestors were careful to dole out instruction in many ways: hangings, pictures, *trenchers*, knives, wearing apparel, every thing, in a word, that was capable of containing a short sentence, was turned to account. . . . . Saltonstall observes of one of his characters, that 'for talke hee commonly uses some proverbial verses, gathered perhaps from *cheese-trenchers*.' *Pictures*, by W. S."—*Id.* See also my edition of Webster's *Works*, III. 191, and note there.

[t] *Forfeit before*] So Gifford: but I am not quite satisfied with his reading. Old ed. "*Before* surfet."

CREON. 'Tis noble justice!
[*Exit* CRATILUS *with* CREON.
ANT. 'Tis cursed tyranny!
SIM. Peace! take heed, mother;
You've[u] but a short time to be cast down yourself;
And let a young courtier do't, and[v] you be wise,
In the mean time.
ANT. Hence, slave!
SIM. Well, seven-and-fifty,[w]
You've but three years to scold, then comes your payment. [*Exit* ANTIGONA.
FIRST COURT. Simonides.
SIM. Push,[x] I'm[y] not brave enough to hold you talk yet;
Give a man time; I have a suit a making.
SECOND COURT. We love thy form first; brave clothes will come, man.
SIM. I'll make 'em come else, with a mischief to 'em,
As other gallants do, that have less left 'em.
[*Recorders within.*
EVAN. Hark! whence those sounds? what's that?
FIRST COURT. Some funeral,
It seems, my lord; and young Cleanthes follows.

Enter a funeral procession; the hearse followed by CLEANTHES *and* HIPPOLITA *gaily dressed.*[z]

EVAN. Cleanthes!
SECOND COURT. 'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.

[u] *You've*] Old ed. "You have." [v] *and*] i. e. if.
[w] *seven-and-fifty*] "See p. 6."—GIFFORD.
[x] *Push*] See note, p. 29. [y] *I'm*] Old ed. "*I* am."
[z] *Enter*, &c.] The stage-direction in the old ed. is, "*Enter Cleanthes and Hipolita with a hears.*"

EVAN. Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark it;
He comes all the way smiling, do you observ't?
I never saw a corse so joyfully follow'd:
Light colours and light cheeks! who should this be?
'Tis a thing worth resolving.
SIM. One, belike,
That doth participate this[a] our present joy.
EVAN. Cleanthes.
CLEAN. O my lord!
EVAN. He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay, profess'd openly?
FIRST COURT. I ha' known a widow laugh closely, my lord,
Under her handkercher, when t'other part
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine;
But all the face to laugh apparently,
Was never seen yet.
SIM. Yes, mine did once.
CLEAN. 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.
EVAN. How can that be?
CLEAN. I joy to make it plain,—my father's dead.
EVAN. Dead!
SECOND COURT. Old Leonides!
CLEAN. In his last month dead:
He beguil'd cruel law the sweetliest
That ever age was blest to.——
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
Will work it out, I see: when his poor heart broke,
I did not [do] so much: but leap'd for joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,

[a] *this*] Old ed. "in *this*."

But chose a colour orient like my mind;
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't; it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
That's only fac'd with sables for a show,
But gawdy-hearted. When I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me,
I could not choose but be entirely merry,
And yet to see now!—of a sudden,
Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,
That's never constant to one passion long.
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smil'd
In the production on't! sorrow's a thief,
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've[b] perform'd
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.

EVAN. Well, perform it;
The law is satisfied; they can but die:
And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well,
A rich and fair revenue.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* DUKE, COURTIERS, *&c.*

SIM. I would I had e'en
Another father, condition[c] he did the like.

CLEAN. I have past it bravely now; how blest was I
To have the duke in sight![d] now 'tis confirm'd,

[b] *I've*] Old ed. "*I* have."

[c] *condition*] "i. e. on condition."—GIFFORD.

[d] *the duke in sight*] Old ed. "*the* dim *sight*."—"The variation in the text is from a conjecture of Mr. M. Mason. I suppose the manuscript had only the initial letter of duke, and the printer not knowing what to make of *d. in* sight, corrected

Past fear or doubts confirm'd: on, on, I say,
Him[e] that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

[*Exit funeral procession, followed by* CLEANTHES *and* HIPPOLITA.

SIM. I'm rapt now in a contemplation,
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse;
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now
To live, and follow some seven uncles thus,
As many cousin-germans, and such people,
That will leave legacies; a pox! I'd see 'em hang'd else,
Ere I'd follow one of them, and[f] they could find the way.
Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.

Enter BUTLER, TAILOR, BAILIFF,[g] COOK, COACHMAN, *and* FOOTMAN.

BUT. We come to know your worship's pleasure, sir,
Having long serv'd your father, how your good will
Stands towards our entertainment.

SIM. Not a jot, i'faith:
My father wore cheap garments, he might do't;
I shall have all my clothes come home to-morrow;
They will eat up all you, and[h] there were more of you, sirs.
To keep you six at livery, and still munching!

TAIL. Why, I'm a tailor; you've most need of me, sir.

it into *dim sight*. These abbreviations are the source of innumerable errors."—*Id.*

[e] *Him.*] Old ed. "He."
[f] *and*] i. e. if.
[g] *Bailiff.*] Old ed. "Bayly."
[h] *and*] i. e. if.

Sim. Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I confess;
But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at?
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that when
I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my doublet
Lie upon my buttocks, a sweet sight!

But. I a butler.

Sim. There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

But. But a cup of small beer will do well next morning, sir.

Sim. I grant you; but what need I keep so big a knave for a cup of small beer?

Cook. Butler, you have your answer. Marry, sir, a cook
I know your mastership cannot be without.

Sim. The more ass art thou to think so; for what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my house?—the banishing the butler might have been a warning for thee, unless thou meanest to choke me.

Cook. I' the mean time you have chok'd me, methinks.

Bail. These are superfluous vanities, indeed,
And so accounted of in these days, sir;
But then, your bailiff to receive your rents——

Sim. I prithee, hold thy tongue, fellow; I shall take a course to spend 'em faster than thou canst reckon 'em; 'tis not the rents must serve my turn, unless I mean to be laughed at; if a man should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is your business?

Coach. Your good mastership.

SIM. You have stood silent all this while, like men
That know their strengths: i'these-days, none of you
Can want employment; you can win me wagers,
Footman, in running races.

FOOT. I dare boast it, sir.

SIM. And when my bets are all come in, and store,
Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.

COACH. I'll firk 'em into foam else.

SIM. Speaks brave matter:
And I'll firk some too, or't shall cost hot water.

[*Exeunt* SIMONIDES, COACHMAN, *and* FOOTMAN.

COOK. Why, here's an age to make a cook a ruffian,
And scald the devil indeed! do strange mad things,
Make mutton-pasties of dog's flesh,
Bake snakes for lamprey-pies, and cats for conies.

BUT. Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice once? for we must make up our fortunes somewhere now, as the case stands: let's e'en, therefore, go seek out widows of nine and fifty, and[1] we can, that's within a year of their deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of 'em; for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a wife, for any man living.

COOK. Oracle butler! oracle butler! he puts down all the doctors a' the name.[k] [*Exeunt.*

[1] *and*] i. e. if.

[k] *doctors a'the name.*] "He alludes to Dr. W. Butler, a very celebrated physician of Elizabeth's days. The oddity of his manners, the singularity of his practice, and the extraordinary cures which he performed, raised many strange opinions of him. 'He never' (says Dr. Wittie) 'kept any apprentices

SCENE II.

A Room in CREON'S *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *and* PARTHENIA.

EUG. Parthenia.
PARTH. Mother.
EUG. I shall be troubled
This six months with an old clog; would the law
Had been cut one year shorter!
PARTH. Did you call, forsooth?
EUG. Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for your father,
And warm three nightcaps for him. [*Exit Parthenia.*]
Out upon't!
The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.
His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,
And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,
When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?
Alas! I should[1] be tumbling in cold baths now,
Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,
To screw out whiteness when I list——
And some seven of the properest men i'the dukedom
Making a banquet ready i'the next room for me;

for his business, nor any maid but a fool, and yet his reputation thirty-five years after his death was still so great, that many empiricks got credit among the vulgar by claiming relation to him, as having served him, and learned much from him.' He died at an advanced age in 1618."—GIFFORD.

[1] *should*] Old ed. "shall."

Where he that gets the first kiss is enviéd,
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
This is a life for nineteen! 'tis but justice:
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,
And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
A woman young enough for their desire;
And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Do never think old men are old enough,
That we may soon be rid on 'em; there's our quittance.
I've[m] waited for the happy hour this two year,
And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,[n]
All that time I have[o] lost.

Enter COURTIERS.

FIRST COURT. Young lady!
SECOND COURT. O sweet precious bud of beauty!
Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.
FIRST COURT. The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to her——
It does exceed you only in the prickle,
But that it shall not long, if you'll be rul'd, lady.
EUG. What means this sudden visitation, gentlemen?
So passing well perfumed[p] too! who's your milliner?
FIRST COURT. Love, and thy beauty, widow.
EUG. Widow, sir!

[m] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[n] *to let him live still*] Old. ed. "*still to let him live.*"
[o] *have*] So Gifford. Old ed. "am," which perhaps is right.
[p] *perfum'd*] So Gifford. Old ed. "perform'd," which may be right, in the sense of drest to perfection.

First Court. 'Tis sure, and that's as good: in troth, we're suitors;
We come a wooing, wench; plain dealing's best.
Eug. A wooing! what, before my husband's dead?
Second Court. Let's lose no time; six months will have an end, you know;
I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.
Eug. That's a sure knowledge; but it holds not here, sir.
First Court. Do not we know the craft of you young[q] tumblers?
That [when] you wed an old man, you think upon
Another husband as you are marrying of him;—
We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see you.

Enter Simonides *richly drest, and* Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks! 'twas my thought, indeed.
Sim. By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants?
Eug. Widow, again! 'tis a comfort to be call'd so.
First Court. Who's this? Simonides?
Second Court. Brave Sim, i'faith!
Sim. Coachman!
Coach. Sir.
Sim. Have an especial care of my new mares.
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well,
Must needs love a widow well.—When dies thy husband?
Is't not July next?
Eug. O, you're too hot, sir!
Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.

[q] *we know . . . . you young*] Old ed. "you *know* . . . . your *young*."

SIM. September! O, I was but two bows wide.
FIRST COURT. Simonides.[r]
SIM. I can entreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

Enter LYSANDER.

LYS. Ha! whence this herd of folly? what are you?
SIM. Well-willers to your wife: pray, 'tend your book, sir;
We've[s] nothing to say to you, you may go die,
For here be those in place that can supply.
LYS. What's thy wild business here?
SIM. Old man, I'll tell thee;
I come to beg the reversion of thy wife:
I think these gallants be of my mind too.—
But thou art but a dead man, therefore what should a man do talking with thee? Come, widow, stand to your tackling.
LYS. Impious blood-hounds!
SIM. Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.
LYS. Shames of nature!
SIM. Alas, poor ghost! consider what the man is.
LYS. Monsters unnatural! you that have been covetous
Of your own fathers' deaths, gape ye for mine now?
Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon
E'en all the hours he has to live, live quiet,
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themselves,
But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd

[r] *Simonides.*] Old ed. "Mr. *Simonides.*"
[s] *We've*] Old ed. "we have."

For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty,
It will not give an old man leave to die,
And leave a widow first, but will make one,
The husband looking on? May your destructions
Come all in hasty figures to your souls!
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake
Your honesties, that died when you were infants!
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,
Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseas'd
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery!
And may you never know what leisure is,
But at repentance!—I am too uncharitable,
Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.
These are the plagues of fondness to old men,
We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.
[*Exit.*

SIM. So, so!
The ghost is vanish'd: now, your answer, lady.

EUG. Excuse me, gentlemen; 'twere as much impudence
In me to give you a kind answer yet,
As madness to produce a churlish one.
I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,
Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed;
But I say no such thing: I set no time,
Nor is it mannerly to deny any.
I'll carry an even hand to all the world:
Let other women make what haste they will,
What's that to me? but I profess unfeignedly,
I'll have my husband dead before I marry;
Ne'er look for other answer at my hands, gentlemen.

SIM. Would he were hanged, for my part, looks for other!

Eug. I'm at a word.
Sim. And I am[t] at a blow then;
I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you. [*Kisses her.*
First Court. Well struck, Sim.
Sim. He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.
First Court. He would betray himself to be a botcher,[u]
That goes about to mend it.
Eug. Gentlemen,
You know my mind; I bar you not my house:
But if you choose out hours more seasonably,
You may have entertainment.

Re-enter Parthenia.

Sim. What will she do hereafter, when she's a widow,
Keeps open house already?
[*Exeunt* Simonides *and* Courtiers.
Eug. How now, girl!
Parth. Those feather'd fools that hither took their flight
Have griev'd my father much.
Eug. Speak well of youth, wench,
While thou'st a day to live; 'tis youth must make thee,
And when youth fails, wise women will make it;
But always take age first, to make thee rich:
That was my counsel ever, and then youth
Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.
'Tis [the] time's policy, wench; what is't to bide
A little hardness for a pair of years, or so?

[t] *I am*] Old ed. "I'me."
[u] *botcher*] Old ed. "brother."

A man whose only strength lies in his breath,
Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow,
A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheezing[v] matter;
Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after?
PARTH. Every one to their liking; but I say
An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.
Yonder's my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITA.

EUG. Art, I must use thee now;
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue,
That ever women had; it saves their credit oft.[w]
HIP. How now, cousin!
What, weeping?
EUG. Can you blame me, when the time
Of my dear love and husband now draws on?
I study funeral tears against the day
I must be a sad widow.
HIP. In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too;
But, when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so quited:[x]—yet more sobbing?
EUG. Oh!
The greatest part of your affliction's past,
The worst of mine's to come; I have one to die;
Your husband's father is dead, and fix'd in his
Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.
HIP. You must use patience, coz.
EUG. Tell me of patience!
HIP. You have example for't, in me and many.
EUG. Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband:
O, for a woman that could love, and live

[v] *wheezing*] Old ed. "wheening."
[w] *oft*] Old ed. "often." [x] *quited*] i. e. requited.

With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin;
So quietly he lies by one, so still!
Hip. Alas! I have a secret lodg'd within me,
Which now will out in pity:—I can't hold. [*Aside.*
Eug. One that will not disturb me in my sleep
For[x] a whole month together, 'less it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As aches,[y] coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows,
Against his will too:—he's the quietest man,
Especially in bed.
Hip. Be comforted.
Eug. How can I, lady?
None know[z] the terror of an husband's loss,
But they that fear to lose him.
Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be;
She is my kinswoman, and I'm pitiful.
I must impart a good, if I know't once,
To them that stand in need on't; I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,
My friends must partake too. [*Aside.*]—Prithee, cease, cousin;
If your love be so boundless, which is rare,
In a young woman, in these days, I tell you,
To one so much past service as your husband,
There is a way to beguile law, and help you;
My husband found it out first.
Eug. O sweet cousin!
Hip. You may conceal him, and give out his death
Within the time; order his funeral too;
We had it so for ours, I praise heaven for't,
And he's alive and safe.

[x] *For*] Old ed. "After."
[y] *aches*] See note, p. 28.
[z] *know*] Old ed. "knowes."

Eug. O blessed coz,
How thou revivest me!
Hip. We daily see
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,
That ever life yet shew'd me.
Eug. So should I think,
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well!
Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily blessing;
And we two live so lovingly upon't,
His son and I, and so contentedly,
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.
Eug. No, I warrant you. O loving cousin,
What a great sorrow hast thou eas'd me of!
A thousand thanks go with thee!
Hip. I have a suit to you,
I must not have you weep when I am gone. [*Exit.*
Eug. No, if I do, ne'er trust me. Easy fool,
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever;
Take heed of angering of me. I conceal!
I feign a funeral! I keep my husband!
'Las! I've[a] been thinking any time these two years,
I have kept him too long already.—
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,
And prick the man down; I ha' six months to do't,
But could despatch't[b] in one, were I put to't.
[*Exit.*

[a] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[b] *despatch't*] Old ed. "*dispatch* him."

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Church.

Enter GNOTHO *and* CLERK.

GNOTH. You have searched o'er the parish-chronicle, sir?

CLERK. Yes, sir; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.

GNOTH. Pray you, be covered, sir.

CLERK. When you have shewed me the way, sir.

GNOTH. O sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.

CLERK. A small clerk, sir.

GNOTH. Likely to be the wiser man, sir; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

CLERK. You are a great man in the parish, sir.

GNOTH. I understand myself so much the better, sir; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

CLERK. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my head.

GNOTH. Mine is a capcase: now to our business in[c] hand. Good luck, I hope; I long to be resolved.

CLERK. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:
This is the dial that goes ever true;
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,
And it is[d] good in law too.

GNOTH. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

[c] *in*] Old ed. "*in* your." [d] *it is*] Old ed. "'tis."

CLERK. Mark, sir.—*Agatha, the daughter of Pollux*, (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father,) *born*——

GNOTH. Whose daughter, say you?

CLERK. The daughter of Pollux.

GNOTH. I take it his name was Bollux.

CLERK. Pollux the orthography I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

GNOTH. Well, on, sir,—of Pollux; now come on, Castor.

CLERK. *Born in an.* 1540, and now 'tis 99. By this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she is now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

GNOTH. I am sorry she wants so much.

CLERK. Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many——

GNOTH. Do not deduct it to days,* 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by hourglasses were intolerable.

CLERK. Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

GNOTH. O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loath to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me; for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? 'T must needs be a grief to us both.

CLERK. I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!

GNOTH. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say

* *deduct it to days*] "A Latinism, *deducere*, bring it down, or, reduce it to days. This absurdity of consulting the church-book for the age, &c. may be kept in countenance by Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 6th, p. 248. Indeed there are several passages in this play that resemble some in the *Queen of Corinth*."—GIFFORD.

but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

CLERK. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might do you a pleasure.

GNOTH. There is, first, something above your duty: [*Gives him money*] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

CLERK. I will speak to the sexton;[f] but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

GNOTH. O, neighbour, you do not conceit me; not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial, I mean.—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

CLERK. Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

GNOTH. I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure's this?

CLERK. Four with a cipher, that's forty.

GNOTH. So! forty; what's this now?

CLERK. The cipher is turned into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

GNOTH. Very well understood; what is't now?

CLERK. The 4 is turned into 3; 'tis now thirty-nine.

GNOTH. Very well understood; and can you do this again?

CLERK. O, easily, sir.

[f] *sexton*] Old ed. "*sexton* for that."

GNOTH. A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

CLERK. Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

GNOTH. Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

CLERK. A match with you.

GNOTH. Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

CLERK. A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see — *Scirophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the 11.[8] If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by the law.

GNOTH. That's all one, sir; either do it, or pay me my wager.

CLERK. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

GNOTH. A man may get two wives before half so much money by 'em; will you do't?

CLERK. I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

GNOTH. Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laughed at for my labour, if it should be known.

CLERK. Well, sir, there! —'tis done; as perfect [a] 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

GNOTH. Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

[8] *Scirophorion . . . . Hecatombaion*] Old ed. "Scirophon . . . . Hecatomcaon."—"Scirophorion, Hecatombaion, *and, soon after*, December; what a medley! This miserable ostentation of Greek literature is, I believe, from the pen of Middleton, who was 'a piece' of a scholar."—GIFFORD.

Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, *and* Butler.

Clerk. Lock close, here comes company; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

Cook. O Gnotho,[h] how is't? here's a trick[i] of discarded cards of us! we were ranked with coats, as long as our old master lived.

Gnoth. And is this then the end of serving-men?

Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

Gnoth. 'Twas well spoke[k] of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

Tail. And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

But. And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let 'em neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail. I do so, so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay cracked in the whole piece.

Bail. Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that

[h] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothos."

[i] *here's a trick*, &c.] "This alludes to those games, in which the low cards were thrown out; *coats* were what we call court cards. *The end of serving-men*, which occurs in the next speech, is the title of an old ballad."—Gifford.

[k] *spoke*] Old ed. "spak."

claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

Gnoth. Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one [as] if you say, I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

Cook. Troth, he says true: well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho,[1] you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk. With me, sir? any thing that I can.

But. Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tail. The truth is, every man has laid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old [enough], 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the town-stock; if you can but name 'em, I can tell their ages to [a] day.

All. We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. O, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

But. The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

Tail. Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of

[1] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothos."

priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

BAIL. I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

CLERK. I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

GNOTH. I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest.

BAIL. So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

GNOTH. Alack! no, sir; I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

BAIL. What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

GNOTH. 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

BAIL. Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

GNOTH. Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.

BAIL. Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

GNOTH. A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

BAIL. A match.

COOK. I shall be fitted bravely; fifty-eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

BUT. Hey, boys! I am made sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honeymoon.

TAIL. I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

GNOTH. This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

BAIL. Now comes my turn, I hope, goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it*. Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you. Good luck, I beseech thee!

CLERK. Amen, sir.

BAIL. That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

CLERK. Amen, sir.

COOK. How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

GNOTH. You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

BUT. I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

GNOTH. There's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

BUT. A bargain.

COOK. Nay, then we'll be all merchants: give me.

TAIL. And me.

BUT. What has the bailiff sped?

BAIL. I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

CLERK. As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

BAIL. O, clerk, you are to speak last always.

CLERK. I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

Enter AGATHA.

ALL. For this time, honest register.

CLERK. Fare you well then; if you do,[m] I'll cry Amen to't. [*Exit.*

COOK. Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

GNOTH. My first wife, sir.

BUT. Nay, then we have made a good match on't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

TAIL. I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

COOK. We'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

BUT. I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

BAIL. So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[*Exeunt all but* GNOTHO *and* AGATHA.

GNOTH. O wife, wife!

AGA. What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?[n]

GNOTH. 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time? — but the Fates will have it so.

AGA. What's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

GNOTH. Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

AGA. Not that I know of, sure.

[m] *if you do*] "i. e. if you *fare well*."—GIFFORD.

[n] *passionately*] "i. e. plaintively, sorrowfully."—*Id.*

GNOTH. What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

AGA. Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;
I have years good yet of life in the remainder:
I want two yet at least of the full number;
Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless,
And not the able women.

GNOTH. Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick — and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

AGA. Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

GNOTH. I shall but discomfort thee.

AGA. Not at all, man; when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

GNOTH. 1539. Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

AGA. Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score — and° 'twere but five year[s], I would not care? an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

GNOTH. Ay, to be pitied, but not helped; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemished their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

AGA. Marry, the heavens forbid!

GNOTH. There's so many of you, that, when you

° *and*] i. e. if.

are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

AGA. Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

GNOTH. I'faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish 'em: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. O, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with 'em: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

AGA. Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

GNOTH. Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

AGA. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

GNOTH. No, I do not speak to that purpose; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

AGA. I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

GNOTH. No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out; you have but a month to live by the law.

AGA. Out, alas!

GNOTH. Nay, scarce so much.

AGA. O, O, O, my heart! [*Swoons.*

GNOTH. Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

AGA. O my heart, but a month to live!

GNOTH. Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month?—I'll throw her down again—O, woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

AGA. Nay, then I am gone already. [*Swoons.*

GNOTH. I would make haste to the sexton now, but I'm afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

AGA. O, wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

GNOTH. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

AGA. I will not be thus frighted to my death;
I'll search the church-record[s]: a fortnight! 'tis
Too little of conscience, I cannot be so near;
O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year!
[*Exit.*

GNOTH. What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will! I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.

'Tis but a month at most; if that were gone,
My venture comes in with her two for one:
'Tis use enough a' conscience for a broker[p]—if he had a conscience. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in CREON'S *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *at one door,* SIMONIDES *and* COURTIERS *at the other.*

EUG. Gentlemen courtiers.

FIRST COURT. All your vow'd servants,[q] lady.

EUG. O, I shall kill myself with infinite laughter!
Will nobody take my part?

SIM. An't be a laughing business,
Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe;
My father died last too, I have the most cause.

EUG. You ha' pick'd out such a time, sweet gentlemen,
To make your spleen a banquet.

SIM. O the jest!
Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't,
I'll gape half way, and meet it.

[p] *broker*] Old ed. "brother."
[q] *vow'd servants*] Old ed. "*servants vowd.*"

Eug. My old husband,
That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy,
And madness at your coming first to woo me ——
Sim. Well said.
First Court. Go on.
Second Court. On, on.
Eug. Takes counsel with
The secrets of all art, to make himself
Youthful again.
Sim. How? youthful! ha, ha, ha!
Eug. A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,
Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed.
Sim. Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.
Eug. Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,
Nor[r] will you know him when you see him again;
There will be five to one laid upon that.
First Court. How!
Eug. Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there;
I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now,
And deceive law and all.
Sim. Marry, gout forbid!
Eug. You little think he was at fencing-school
At four a'clock this morning.
Sim. How, at fencing-school!
Eug. Else give no trust to woman.
Sim. By this light,
I do not like him, then; he's like to live
Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.
Eug. His dancer now came in as I met you.
First Court. His dancer, too!

[r] *Nor*] Old ed. "Nay."

EUG. They observe turns and hours with him;
The great French rider will be here at ten,
With his curvetting horse.
SECOND COURT. These notwithstanding,
His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.
EUG. I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,
Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty
Within these four days, for nine times an hour[s]
He takes a black-lead comb, and kembs it over:
Three quarters of his beard is under fifty;
There's but a little tuft of fourscore left,
All of one side, which will be black by Monday.

Enter LYSANDER.

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes!
Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.
[*They go aside.*
SIM. Now, by this hand, he's almost black i'the mouth, indeed.
FIRST COURT. He should die shortly, then.
SIM. Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white but a week ago.
FIRST COURT. O, this same coney-white takes an excellent black,
Too soon, a mischief on't!
SECOND COURT. He will beguile[t]
Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.
EUG. Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.
SIM. May be some fairy's child, held forth at midnight,
Has piss'd upon that side.
FIRST COURT. Is this the beard?

[s] *hour*] Old ed. "*hour* at least."
[t] *beguile*] Old ed. "beguild."

Lys. Ah, sirrah? my young boys, I shall be for you:
This little mangy tuft takes up more time
Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing,
And I alive and lusty? you shall find
An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet,
(And[u] I could match my hair to't, there's the fault,[v])
And can do offices of youth yet lightly;
At least, I will do, though it pain me a little.
Shall not a man, for a little foolish age,
Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits
Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live? ha!
I have blood that will not bear't; yet, I confess,
I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer, there!

Enter Dancing-Master.

Mast. Here, sir.

Lys. Come, come, come, one trick a day,
And I shall soon recover all again.

Eug. 'Slight, and[w] you laugh too loud, we are all discover'd.[x]

Sim. And I have a scurvy grinning[y] laugh a' mine own,
Will spoil all, I am afraid.

Eug. Marry, take heed, sir.

Sim. Nay, and[z] I should be hang'd, I cannot[a] leave it;
Pup!—there 'tis. [*Bursts into a laugh.*

[u] *and*] i. e. if.
[v] *fault*] "i. e. misfortune."—Gifford.
[w] *and*] i. e. if.
[x] *discover'd*] Old ed. "*discoverd* gentlemen."
[y] *grinning*] Old ed. "ginny."
[z] *and*] i. e. if.
[a] *cannot*] Old ed. "can't."

Eug. Peace! O, peace!
Lys. Come, I am ready, sir.
I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,
And that shall set me back one[a] twenty years;
There is no little comfort left in that:
And — [then] my three court-codlings, that look parboil'd,
As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house ——
Sim. He means me specially, I hold my life.
Mast. What trick will your old worship learn this morning, sir?
Lys. Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man,
To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.
Mast. That's a hard trick, for an old man specially;
The horse-trick comes the nearest.
Lys. Thou sayst true, i'faith,
They must be hors'd indeed, else there's no keeping on 'em,
And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready.
Mast. Look you, here's your worship's horse-trick,[b] sir. [*Gives a spring.*
Lys. Nay, say not so,
'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man,
If I but offer at it.
Mast. My life for yours, sir.
Lys. Sayst thou me so? [*Springs aloft.*
Mast. Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.

[a] *one*] Old ed. "*one* and."

[b] *horse-trick*] "Some rough curvetting is here meant, but I know not the precise motion. The word occurs in a *Woman killed with Kindness*. 'Though we be but country fellows, it may be, in the way of dancing, we can do the *horse*-trick as well as the serving-men.' A. 1."—Gifford.

Lys. A pox of this horse-trick! 't has play'd
the jade with me,
And given me a wrench i'the back.
Mast. Now here's your inturn, and your trick
above ground.
Lys. Prithee, no more, unless thou hast a mind
To lay me under ground; one of these tricks
Is enough in a morning.
Mast. For your galliard, sir,
You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge
The proudest coxcomb of 'em all, I'll stand to't.
Lys. Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest
too:
I have prepar'd for 'em, if e'er I take
My Gregories here again.
Sim. O, I shall burst,
I can hold out no longer.
Eug. He spoils all. [*They come forward.*
Lys. The devil and his grinners! are you come?
Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play;
All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth,
And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing:
Your own road-ways, you glyster-pipes! I'm old,
you say;
Yes, parlous old, kids, and[b] you mark me well!
This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-
eggs,
Unless such weasels come from court to help us.
We will get our own brats, you lecherous dog-
bolts!

[b] *and*] i. e. if.

Enter a SERVANT *with foils and glasses.*

Well said, down with 'em; now we shall see your spirits.
What! dwindle you already?
SECOND COURT. I have no quality.
SIM. Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd for one.
FIRST COURT. Why, Sim, it shall.
LYS. Come, dare you choose your weapon now?
FIRST COURT. I? dancing, sir, and[d] you will be so hasty.
LYS. We're for you, sir,
SECOND COURT. Fencing, I.
LYS. We'll answer you too.
SIM. I am for drinking; your wet weapon there.
LYS. That wet one has cost many a princox life;
And I will send it through you with a powder!
SIM. Let [it] come, with a pox! I care not, so't be drink.
I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all
A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs.[e]
LYS. Play the first weapon; come, strike, strike, I say.
Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules:
Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I hope. [FIRST COURTIER *dances a galliard.*[f]

[d] *and*] i. e. if.

[e] *trillibubs.*] "This seems to be a cant word for any thing of a trifling nature."—GIFFORD.

[f] FIRST COURTIER *dances a galliard*] The stage-direction in old ed. is "*A Gailliard Laminiard.*"—"A galliard is described by Sir John Davis as a *swift and wandering dance, with lofty turns and capriols in the air;* and so very proper to prove the strength and activity of Lysander. It is still more graphically

So, sir! you've spit your poison; now come I.
Now, forty years go[g] backward and assist me,
Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,
That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't,
Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [*Dances.*
So, I have hit you.

FIRST COURT. You've done well, i'faith, sir.

LYS. If you confess it well, 'tis excellent,
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now:
The second weapon instantly.

SECOND COURT. What, so quick, sir?
Will you not allow yourself a breathing-time?

LYS. I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's musk-cod,
To give your perfum'd worship three vennies:[h]
A sound old man puts his thrust better home
Than a spic'd young man: there I. [*They fence.*

SECOND COURT. Then have at you, fourscore.

LYS. You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall find it.

SIM. I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I ['d] had an eye
Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth
Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.[i]

described, as Mr. Gilchrist observes, in Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*: 'Let them take their pleasures, young men and maides flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired and of comely carriage, dancing *a Greeke Galliarde, and, as their dance required, kept their time, now turning, now tracing, now apart, now altogether, now a curtesie, then a caper, &c.*, that it was a pleasant sight.' Fol. 1632."—GIFFORD.

[g] *go*] Old ed. "ago."

[h] *vennies*] or *venues*, i. e. assaults, bouts, turns.

[i] *a flap-dragon*] Was a raisin, plum, &c., and sometimes even a candle's end, made to float in a shallow dish, or glass, of brandy, or other liquor, from which, when set on fire, it was to be snatched by the mouth and swallowed. Gallants in

Lys. There's two, pentweezle. [*Hits him.*
Mast. Excellently touch'd, sir.
Second Court. Had ever man such luck! speak your opinion, gentlemen.
Sim. Methinks, your luck's good, that your eyes are in still;
Mine would have dropt out, like a pig's half-roasted.
Lys. There wants a third—and there it is[j] again! [*Hits him again.*
Second Court. The devil has steel'd him.
Eug. What a strong fiend is jealousy!
Lys. You're despatch'd, bear-whelp.
Sim. Now comes my weapon in.
Lys. Here, toadstool, here.
'Tis you[k] and I must play these three wet vennies.[l]
Sim. Vennies in Venice glasses! let 'em come,
They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.
Second Court. Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.
Sim. Ay, but that's nothing;
Then they go voluntarily: I do not
Love to have 'em thrust out, whether they will or no.
Lys. Here's your first weapon, duck's-meat.
Sim. How! a Dutch what-you-call-'em,
Stead of a German faulchion! a shrewd weapon,
And, of all things, hard to be taken down:
Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't;
I shall drink double, I think.
First Court. The sooner off, Sim.

former days vied with each other in drinking off flap-dragons to the healths of their mistresses.

[j] *it is*] Old ed. "'tis." [k] *you*] Old ed. "with *you*."
[l] *vennies*] See note, p. 66.

Lys. I'll pay you speedily, —— with a trick[m]
I learnt once amongst drunkards; here's [a] half-pike. [*Drinks.*
Sim. Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-you-call-'em,
They'd never be asunder by their good will.[n]
First Court. Well pull'd of an old fellow!
Lys. O, but your fellows
Pull better at a rope.
First Court. There's a hair, Sim,
In that glass.
Sim. An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;
No hair shall cross me. [*Drinks.*
Lys. I['ll] make you stink worse than your polecats do:
Here's long-sword, your last weapon.
[*Offers him the glass.*
Sim. No more weapons.
First Court. Why, how now, Sim? bear up, thou sham'st us all, else.
Sim. ['S]light, I shall shame you worse, and[o] I stay longer.
I ha' got the scotomy[p] in my head already,
The whimsey: you all turn round — do not you dance, gallants?

[m] —— *with a trick*] "Lysander gives them all harsh names—here he bestows one on Simonides, which the delicacy or fear of the old publisher would not permit him to hazard in print: tant mieux."—Gifford.

[n] "This stuff is not worth explaining; but the reader, if he has any curiosity on the subject, may amply gratify it by a visit to Pantagruel and his companions on the Isle Ennasin. Below, there is a miserable pun upon *hair* — the *crossing* of an *hare* was ominous."—*Id.*

[o] *and*] i. e. if.

[p] *the scotomy*] Old ed. "scotony."—"The *scotomy* (σκοτωμα) is a dizziness or swimming in the head."—*Id.*

SECOND COURT. Pish! what's all this? why, Sim, look, the last venny.[q]
SIM. No more vennies go[r] down here, for these two
Are coming up again.
SECOND COURT. Out! the disgrace of drinkers!
SIM. Yes, 'twill out;
Do you smell nothing yet?
FIRST COURT. Smell!
SIM. Farewell quickly, then;
You[s] will do, if I stay. [*Exit.*
FIRST COURT. A foil go with thee!
LYS. What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues?
Beat folly in her own ground? wondrous much!
Why may not we be held as full sufficient
To love our own wives then, get our own children,
And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd,
For such spring butterflies that are gaudy-wing'd,
But no more substance than those shamble-flies
Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking?
Come but to crush you once, you are[t] but maggots,
For all your beamy outsides!

Enter CLEANTHES.

EUG. Here's Cleanthes;
He comes to chide;—let him alone a little,
Our cause will be reveng'd; look, look, his face
Is set for stormy weather; do but mark
How the clouds gather in 't, 'twill pour down straight.

[q] *venny*] See note, p. 66.
[r] *go*] Old ed. "goes."
[s] *You*] Old ed. "It."
[t] *are*] Old ed. "*are* all."

CLEAN. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grief.
Could you not all be lost? that had been handsome;
But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful.
Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander?
LYS. 'Tis so still, coz.
CLEAN. Judgment, defer thy coming! else this man's miserable.
EUG. I told you there would be a shower anon.
SECOND COURT. We'll in, and hide our noddles.
[*Exeunt* EUGENIA *and* COURTIERS.
CLEAN. What devil brought this colour to your mind,
Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear?
[Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss
Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it,
And change the livery of saints and angels
For this mixt monstrousness; to force a ground
That has been so long hallow'd like a temple,
To bring forth fruits of earth now; and turn back[u]
To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
Of sin in act, lost and long since repented!
Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,
To pull time backward?
See what your wife will do! are your wits perfect?
LYS. My wits!
CLEAN. I like it ten times worse; for't had been safer
Now to be mad,[v] and more excusable:
I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.

[u] *back*] Old ed. "black."
[v] ——— *for't had been safer*
Now to be mad, &c.] "*Minus est insania turpis.* There are many traits of Massinger in this part of the scene."—GIFFORD.

LYS. I must confess I have been put to some, coz.

CLEAN. And yet you are not mad! pray, say not so;
Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad,
That I may think you are at worst; for if
You are not mad, I then must guess you have
The first of some disease was never heard of,
Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful:
You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care
To pray would quickly turn you white again.
I had a father, had he liv'd his month out,
But to ha' seen this most prodigious folly,
There needed not the law to have him cut off;
The sight of this had prov'd his executioner,
And broke his heart: he would have held it equal
Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob
That of her ornament, it is accurst
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.
[*Exit* LYSANDER.
I see't has done him good; blessing go with it,
Such as may make him pure again.

Re-enter EUGENIA.

EUG. 'Twas bravely touch'd, i'faith, sir.

CLEAN. O, you're welcome.

EUG. Exceedingly well handled.

CLEAN. 'Tis to you I come; he fell but i' my way.

EUG. You mark'd his beard, cousin?

CLEAN. Mark me.

Eug. Did you ever see a hair so changed?
Clean. I must be forc'd to wake her loudly too,
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep.—Strumpet!
Eug. Do you call, sir?
Clean. Whore!
Eug. How do you, sir?
Clean. Be I ne'er so well,
I must be sick of thee; thou'rt a disease
That stick'st to th' heart,—as all such women are.
Eug. What ails our kindred?
Clean. Bless me, she sleeps still!
What a dead modesty is i' this woman,
Will never blush again! Look on thy work
But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart
Into a shower of blood, to be the cause
Of that old man's destruction; think upon't,
Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose follies,
Heaven has found him a faint servant lately:
His goodness has gone backward, and engender'd
With his old sins again; has[v] lost his prayers,
And all the tears that were companions with 'em:
And like a blindfold man, (giddy and blinded,)
Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one foot,
And turns to the same place where he set out;
So he, that took his farewell of the world,
And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,
Summ'd up his hours, made even with time and men,
Is now in heart arriv'd at youth again,
All by thy wildness: thy too hasty lust
Has driven him to this strong apostacy.
Immodesty like thine was never equall'd:
I've heard of women, (shall I call 'em so?)

[v] *has*] i. e. he has—an elliptical expression frequent in our early poets.

Have welcom'd suitors ere the corpse were cold;
But thou, thy husband living:—thou'rt[w] too bold.
EUG. Well, have you done now, sir?
CLEAN. Look, look! she smiles yet.
EUG. All this is nothing to a mind resolv'd;
Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much:
You have only shewn a pretty saucy wit,
Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.
You shall hear from me shortly.
CLEAN. Shameless woman!
I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,
And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master:
Bless the sex of thee from thee! that's my prayer.
Were all like thee, so impudently common,
No man would [e'er] be found to wed a woman.
[*Exit.*
EUG. I'll fit you gloriously.
He that attempts to take away my pleasure,
I'll take away his joy; and I can sure.
His conceal'd father pays for't: I'll e'en tell
Him that I mean to make my husband next,
And he shall tell the duke—mass, here he comes.

Re-enter SIMONIDES.

SIM. Has[x] had a bout with me too.
EUG. What! no? since, sir?
SIM. A flirt, a little flirt; he call'd me strange names,
But I ne'er minded him.
EUG. You shall quit him, sir,
When he as little minds you.
SIM. I like that well.

[w] *thou'rt*] Old ed. "thou art." [x] See note, p. 72.

I love to be reveng'd when no one thinks of me;
There's little danger that way.

EUG. This is it then;
He you shall strike, your stroke shall be profound,
And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.

SIM. A' my troth, I love to give such wounds.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before a Tavern.

Enter GNOTHO, BUTLER, BAILIFF, TAILOR, COOK, DRAWER, *and* COURTEZAN.

DRAW. Welcome, gentlemen; will you not draw near? will you drink at door, gentlemen?

BUT. O, the summer air's best.

DRAW. What wine will['t] please you drink, gentlemen?

BUT. De Clare, sirrah. [*Exit* DRAWER.

GNOTH. What, you're all sped already, bullies?

COOK. My widow's a' the spit, and half ready, lad; a turn or two more, and I have done with her.

GNOTH. Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this time.

COOK. And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten her; she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards! she must needs be fly-blown.

GNOTH. Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her; the weather's hot.

COOK. Why, drawer!

Re-enter DRAWER.

DRAW. By and by:—here, gentlemen, here's the quintessence of Greece; the sages never drunk better grape.

COOK. Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before 'em.—Fill, lick-spiggot.

DRAW. *Ad imum*, sir.

GNOTH. My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one; this is she.

COOK. I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee: but shall they be both of a day?

GNOTH. O, best of all, sir; where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral will serve for the wedding.

BUT. How long do you make account to be a widower, sir?

GNOTH. Some half an hour; long enough a' conscience. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no music in the house?

DRAW. Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in the house.

COOK. O, that makes them and you seldom part; you are wine-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

TAIL. And both govern by the pegs too.

GNOTH. And you have pipes in your consort[x] too.

DRAW. And sackbuts too, sir.

[x] *consort*] i. e. company of musicians.

BUT. But the heads of your instruments differ; yours are hogs-heads, their[s] cittern and gittern-heads.

BAIL. All wooden heads; there they meet again.

COOK. Bid 'em strike up, we'll have a dance, Gnotho;[y] come, thou shalt foot[z] it too.

[*Exit* DRAWER.

GNOTH. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

COOK. Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek,[a] man.

GNOTH. Five drachmas of that. I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

COOK. A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.

GNOTH. Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

COOK. 'Tis done.

TAIL. Take heed what you do, Gnotho.[b]

GNOTH. Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?

COOK. That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

GNOTH. As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

TAIL. Why, did she grow shor[t]er when she came to Troy?

[y] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

[z] *foot*] Old ed. "foole."

[a] *we have Siren here . . . . . 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek*] In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Part II. Act ii. Sc. 4., Pistol exclaims, "have we not Hiren here?" and the same (or nearly the same) words occur in several other old plays. They seem to be a quotation from a (now-lost) drama by Peele, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*. See the commentators on the passage of Shakespeare just cited, and my Account of Peele, &c. p. xxxv., prefixed to his *Works*, sec. ed.

[b] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

GNOTH. She grew longer,[c] if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois;[d] she held more, by four ounces, than Cressida.

BAIL. They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

GNOTH. True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaster of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

Re-enter DRAWER.

DRAW. Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up; and here's a consort[e] of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what-you-call-'em, wizards[f] on their faces.

COOK. Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

BUT. If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

DRAW. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen good-fellows, for a strain or two.

Enter old WOMEN *and* AGATHA *in masks.*

COOK. We'll strain ourselves with 'em, say; let 'em come, Gnotho;[g] now for the honour of Epire!

[c] *She grew longer*, &c.] "This miserable trash, which is quite silly enough to be original, has yet the merit of being copied from Shakspeare."—GIFFORD.

[d] *avoirdupois*] Old ed. "haberdepoyse."

[e] *consort*] i. e. company: see note, p. 75.

[f] *wizards*] Old ed. "vizards."

[g] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

GNOTH. No[h] dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A dance by the old* WOMEN *and* AGATHA; *they offer to take the men, all agree except* GNOTHO, *who sits with the* COURTEZAN.[i]

COOK. Ay! so kind! then every one his wench to his several room; Gnotho,[j] we are all provided now, as you are.

[*Exeunt all but* GNOTHO, COURTEZAN, *and* AGATHA.

GNOTH. I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

AGA. What, a mermaid?[k] [*Takes off her mask.*

GNOTH. No, but a maid, horse-face: O old woman! is it you?

AGA. Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

GNOTH. Faith, thus should I do, if thou 'wert dead, old Ag; and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

AGA. Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

GNOTH. No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed

[h] *No*] Old ed. "She;" but compare p. 76.

[i] This stage-direction in old ed. stands thus: "*The Dance of old women maskt, then offer to take the men, they agree all but Gnothoes: he sits with his Wench after they whisper.*"

[j] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

[k] *a mermaid*] "The mermaids of the writer's time had succeeded to the Syrens of the ancients, and possessed all their musical as well as seductive qualities. Mermaid also was one of the thousand cant terms which served to denote a strumpet; and to this, perhaps, Agatha alludes."—GIFFORD.

to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? O old woman, what art thou? must thou find no time to think of thy end?

AGA. O unkind villain!

GNOTH. And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old[l] woman's shall make thee raiments for the working days.

AGA. O rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already too?

GNOTH. Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes; for thou shalt have thine[m] of the new fashion.

AGA. Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

GNOTH. You may hear, she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

AGA. Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

GNOTH. Darest thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice, my two to one!

AGA. No, unkind villain! I'll deceive thee yet;
I have a reprieve for five years of life;
I am with child.

COURT. Cud so, Gnotho,[n] I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

GNOTH. Alas! give the poor woman leave to talk: she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

AGA. The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

[l] *old*] Old ed. "old *old*."
[m] *thine*] Old ed. "nine."
[n] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

GNOTH. I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

AGA. No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

GNOTH. O, you'd be stoned to death, would you? all old women would die a' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the tother way, first.

COURT. Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.[o]

GNOTH. Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is *loath to depart*;[p] she never sung other tune in her life.

COURT. We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

GNOTH. Go, go thy ways, thou old almanac at the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon thy middle finger: your least-considering bawd does[q] so much; be not thou worse, though thou art an old woman, as she is: I am cloyed with old stock-fish; here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half: prithee, die before thy day, if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

AGA. No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it: I

[o] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

[p] *loath to depart*] "There was anciently both a tune and a dance of this name; to the former of which Gnotho alludes." —GIFFORD.

[q] *bawd does*] Old ed. "bawds doe." —Rings with deaths' heads on them used to be worn by procuresses, probably from an affectation of piety: see my ed. of Webster's *Works*, iii. 212. and note there.

said I was with child, thou knewest no other but by sorcery: thou saidst it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

GNOTHO. Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready; we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt* GNOTHO *and* COURTEZAN.

AGA. Nay, I'll follow thee, and shew myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die,[r] that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Country. A Forest.

Enter CLEANTHES.

CLEAN. What's that? O, nothing but the whispering wind
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much [n]ever to fear to lose,
Though[s] it be never lost: and if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst[t] a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,

[r] *And I'll bury some money before I die,* &c.] "This, as every one knows, was an infallible method of causing the person who did it to walk after death."—GIFFORD.

[s] *Though,* &c.] To this line in the old ed. "*Hip.*" is prefixed.

[t] *'gainst*] Old ed. "against."

That prove[u] vexation often more than comfort;
How mighty ought our providence to be,
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make[v] poor man delight to live!
Pshaw! I'm too fearful — fie, fie! who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes
The nerves of confidence: he that hides treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change
The place continually; where'er it keeps,
There will the fear keep still: yonder's the storehouse
Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

Enter HIPPOLITA *from the Wood.*

A dear one to me:—Precious chief of women,
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?
HIP. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to-day—
Much good may't do his health.
CLEAN. A blessing on thee,
Both for thy news and wish!
HIP. His stomach, sir,
Is better'd wondrously since his concealment.
CLEAN. Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come, we're safe here;
I prithee, call him forth; the air's much wholesomer.
HIP. Father!

[u] *prove*] Old ed. "proves."
[v] *make*] Old ed. "makes."

Enter LEONIDES.

LEON. How[w] sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

CLEAN. I hope to see you often and return
Loaden with blessings, still to pour on some;
I find 'em all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands; they're disperst
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.
I find 'em, as angels are found, by legions:
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the chiefest[x] of all temporal blessings;
Next, in yourself, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul
Crown'd with the peace of 'em, th' eternal riches,
Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage!

LEON. Rise; thou art all obedience, love, and goodness.
I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And that's my precious comfort; never son
Was in the way more of celestial rising:
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,
That all the powers of hell can't[y] sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within.*

CLEAN. Ha!

LEON. What was't disturb'd my joy?

[w] *How sweetly*, &c.] In the old ed. this speech, as far as "senses," is given to Hippolita, and the rest to Cleanthes.

[x] *the chiefest*] Old ed. "*the* first and *chiefest*."

[y] *can't*] Old ed. "cannot."

CLEAN. Did you not hear,
As afar off?
LEON. What, my excellent comfort?[z]
CLEAN. Nor you?
HIP. I heard a —— [*A horn.*
CLEAN. Hark, again!
LEON. Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden?
CLEAN. Now? since lately?
LEON. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care, man.
CLEAN. Alas, you do not hear well!
LEON. What was't, daughter?
HIP. I heard a sound twice. [*A horn.*
CLEAN. Hark! louder and nearer:
In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!
Louder and nearer yet! at hand, at hand!
[*Exit* LEONIDES.
A hunting here! 'tis strange: I never knew
Game follow'd in these woods before.

Enter EVANDER, SIMONIDES, COURTIERS, *and* CRATILUS.

HIP. Now let 'em come, and spare not.
CLEAN. Ha! 'tis—is't not the duke?—look sparingly.
HIP. 'Tis he; but what of that? alas, take heed, sir;
Your care will overthrow us.

[z] *comfort*] "The old copy has *consort*, which induced Coxeter to give the speech to Hippolita. I have little doubt but that the mistake is in this word, which should be *comfort*, as it stands in the text: by this term the fond parent frequently addresses his children. In the mouth of Leonides, too, it forms a natural reply to the question of Cleanthes, who then turns to make the same demand of his wife."—GIFFORD.

CLEAN. Come, it shall not:
Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
Though our hearts shake with horror. — Ha, ha, ha!
EVAN. Hark!
CLEAN. Prithee, proceed;
I'm taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's decease; ha!—so they parted? ha, ha, ha!
EVAN. Why, how should I believe this? look, he's merry,
As if he had no such charge: one with that care
Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still (with no difference)
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with;
He laugh'd thus then, you know.
FIRST COURT. Ay, he may laugh, my lord,
That shews but how he glories in his cunning;
And [is], perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
That only he has over-reach'd the law,[a]
Than to express affection to his father.
SIM. He tells you right, my lord; his own cousin-german
Reveal'd it first to me; a free-tongued woman,
And very excellent at telling secrets.
EVAN. If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.
SIM. Troth, my lord,
'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe:
I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.
EVAN. Cleanthes.
CLEAN. My lov'd lord.
EVAN. Not mov'd a whit,

[a] *That only*, &c.] This and the next line are transposed in the old ed.

Constant to lightness[b] still! 'Tis strange to meet you
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir:
This does not fit your passion; you're for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.

CLEAN. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,
For any thing too much is vicious,
I come to these disconsolate walks, of purpose,
Only to dull and take away the edge on't.
I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
A natural propension,[c] I confess, my lord,
Before that cheerful accident fell out—
If I may call a father's funeral cheerful,
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

EVAN. It seems, then, you take pleasure i'these walks, sir.

CLEAN. Contemplative content I do, my lord:
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that, in the parting,
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

EVAN. So, sir!

CLEAN. Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.

EVAN. And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to[d] afford you
The least delight that has a name.

CLEAN. My lord!

SIM. Now it begins to fadge.

FIRST COURT. Peace! thou art so greedy, Sim.

EVAN. In your excess of joy you have express'd

[b] *lightness*] Old ed. "lightning."
[c] *propension*] Old ed. "proportion."
[d] *to afford*] Old ed. "t'afford."

Your rancour and contempt against my law:
Your smiles deserve [a] fining; you've profess'd
Derision openly, e'en to my face,
Which might be death, a little more incensed.
You do not come for any freedom here,
But for a project of your own:—
But all that's known to be contentful to thee,
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,
If ever thy presumption do but lead thee
Into these walks again,—ay, or that woman;
I'll have 'em watch'd a' purpose.

[CLEANTHES *retires from the wood, followed by* HIPPOLITA.

FIRST COURT. Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

SIM. Mark her's too.

HIP. O, who shall bring food to the poor old man, now!
Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever.

CLEAN. O, you did wondrous ill to call me again!
There are not words to help us; if I entreat,
'Tis found; that will betray us worse than silence:
Prithee, let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

FIRST COURT. You've struck 'em dumb, my lord.

SIM. Look how guilt looks!
I would not have that fear upon my flesh,
To save ten fathers.

CLEAN. He is safe still, is he not?

HIP. O, you do ill to doubt it.

CLEAN. Thou art all goodness.

SIM. Now does your grace believe?

EVAN. 'Tis too apparent.
Search, make a speedy search; for the imposture
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

CLEAN. Ha!

SIM. Has[e] the lapwing's cunning, I'm afraid, my lord,
That cries most[f] when she's farthest from the nest.
CLEAN. O, we're betray'd!
HIP. Betray'd, sir!
SIM. See, my lord,
It comes out more and more still.
[SIMONIDES *and* COURTIERS *enter the wood.*
CLEAN. Bloody thief!
Come from that place; 'tis sacred, homicide!
'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.
HIP. O miserable virtue, what distress
Art thou in at this minute!
CLEAN. Help me, thunder,
For my power's lost! angels, shoot plagues, and help me!
Why are these men in health, and I so heart-sick?
Or why should nature have that power in me
To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,
And not one comfort? only make[g] me lie
Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,
Panting with horror,
And have not so much force in all my vengeance,
To shake a villain off me.[h]

Re-enter SIMONIDES *and* COURTIERS *with* LEONIDES.

HIP. Use him gently,
And heaven will love you for 't.
CLEAN. Father! O father! now I see thee full
In thy affliction; thou'rt a man of sorrow,

[e] *Has*] i. e. he has. See note, p. 72.
[f] *That cries most*, &c.] "Our old poets abound in allusions to this stratagem of the lapwing."—GIFFORD.
[g] *make*] Old ed. "makes."
[h] *me*] Old ed. "a *mee*."
[i] *affliction*] Old ed. "affection."

But reverently becom'st it, that's my comfort:
Extremity was never better grac'd
Than with that look of thine; O, let me look still,
For I shall lose it! all my joy and strength
[*Kneels.*
Is e'en eclips'd together. I transgress'd
Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't;
Be once just, sir, and let the offender die:
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.

LEON. Your grace knows, when affection only speaks,
Truth is not always there; his love would draw
An undeserved misery on his youth,
And wrong a peace resolv'd, on both parts sinful.
'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,
And, like a worldly coward, injur'd heaven
With fear to go to't:—now I see my fault,
I am prepar'd with joy to suffer for't.

EVAN. Go, give him quick despatch, let him see death:
And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.

[*Exeunt* EVANDER, COURTIERS, SIMONIDES; *and* CRATILUS *with* LEONIDES.

HIP. He's going! O, he's gone, sir!

CLEAN. Let me rise.

HIP. Why do you not then, and follow?

CLEAN. I strive for't:
Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,
And take this villain from my heart awhile? [*Rises.*

HIP. Alas! he's gone.

CLEAN. A worse supplies his place then,
A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.

HIP. O misery of affliction!

CLEAN. They will stay
Till I can come; they must be so good ever,

Though they be ne'er so cruel:
My last leave must be taken, think a' that,
And his[l] last blessing given; I will not lose
That for a thousand comforts.[j]

HIP. That hope's wretched.

CLEAN. The unutterable stings of fortune!
All griefs are to be borne save this alone;
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns
The frame of nature:
For he that gives us life first, as a father,
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood;
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,[k]
They are incorporate to us.

HIP. Noble sir!

CLEAN. Let me behold thee[l] well.

HIP. Sir!

CLEAN. Thou shouldst be good,
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodg'd
So near the heart of man.

HIP. What means this, dear sir?

CLEAN. To thy trust only was this blessed secret
Kindly committed; 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;
What follows to be thought on't?

HIP. Miserable!
Why, here's th' unhappiness of woman still,
That, having forfeited in old times her[m] trust,
Now makes their faiths suspected that are just.

CLEAN. What shall I say to all my sorrows then,
That look for satisfaction?

[l] *his*] Old ed. "this."

[j] *comforts*] Old ed. "consorts:" see p. 84, and note.

[k] ——— *blood;*
The sorrows, &c.]
Old ed. ——— "*blood*, to
The sorrows that he feels, are our heads."

[l] *thee*] Old ed. "him."

[m] *her*] Old ed. "their."

Enter EUGENIA.

EUG. Ha, ha, ha! cousin.
CLEAN. How ill dost thou become this time!
EUG. Ha, ha, ha!
Why, that's but your opinion; a young wench
Becomes the time at all times.
Now, coz, we're even: and[n] you be remember'd,
You left a *strumpet* and a *whore* at home with me,
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost you
Less than a father.
CLEAN. Is it come that way?
EUG. Had you an uncle,
He should go the same way too.
CLEAN. O eternity!
What monster is this fiend in labour with?
EUG. An ass-colt with two heads, that's she and you:
I will not lose so glorious a revenge,
Not to be understood in't; I betray['d] him;
And now we're even, you'd best keep you so.
CLEAN. Is there not poison yet enough to kill me?
HIP. O sir, forgive me! it was I betray'd him.
CLEAN. How!
HIP. I.
CLEAN. The fellow of my heart! 'twill speed me, then.
HIP. Her tears that never wept, and mine own pity
E'en cozen'd me together, and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have purchas'd.
CLEAN. Nay, then we're at an end; all we are false ones,

[n] *and*] i. e. if.

And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,
In trusting woman; thou wert false to faith,
In uttering of the secret; and thou false
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity:
We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,
And for thy infectious spots ought[st] to die first.
[*Offers to kill* EUGENIA.

EUG. Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your mistress;
I come not so ill friended.—Rescue, servants!

Re-enter SIMONIDES *and* COURTIERS.

CLEAN. Are you so whorishly provided?
SIM. Yes, sir,
She has more weapons at command than one.
EUG. Put forward, man; thou art most sure to have me.
SIM. I shall be surer, if I keep behind, though.
EUG. Now, servants, shew your loves.
SIM. I'll shew my love, too, afar off.
EUG. I love to be so courted; woo me there.
SIM. I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er fought [with].
I'm sharper set within than I am without.
HIP. O gentlemen! Cleanthes!
EUG. Fight! upon him!
CLEAN.° Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now a strumpet.
EUG. 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting;
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

Enter GUARD.

FIRST OFFICER. Forbear, on your allegiance, gentlemen!

° *Clean.*] Old ed. "Hip."

He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him
To answer this contempt against the law.

CLEAN. I obey fate in all things.

HIP. Happy rescue!

SIM. I would you'd seized upon him a minute sooner; 't had saved me a cut finger: I wonder how I came by't, for I never put my hand forth, I'm sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if truth were known; may be the wire in the handle: I have lived these five and twenty years, and never knew what colour my blood was before. I never durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves.

EUG. You have shewn your spirits, gentlemen; but you
Have cut your finger.

SIM. Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't!

COURT. You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, Sim, to have a cut upon your finger before you are married.

SIM. I'll never draw sword again, to have such a jest put upon me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Court of Justice.

Enter SIMONIDES *and* COURTIERS, *sword and mace carried before them.*

SIM. Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly,
And rise before eleven,[p] or when we please;
Shall we not, fellow[q]-judges?

FIRST COURT. 'Tis committed

[p] *eleven*] Old ed. "leaven."
[q] *fellow*] Old ed. "follow."

All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.

SIM. Leave that to us; but, whatsoe'er we do,
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd;
Sleeping or waking, we are resolv'd on that,
Before we sit[r] upon him?

SECOND COURT. Make you question
If not?—Cleanthes! and an[s] enemy!
Nay, a concealer of his father too!
A vild[t] example in these days of youth.

SIM. If they were given to follow such examples;
But sure I think they are not: howsoever,
'Twas wickedly attempted; that's my judgment,
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.
Never by prince were such young judges made;
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,
He must make young or none; for all the old ones,
Their fathers,[u] he hath sent a fishing—and
My father's one, I humbly thank his highness.

Enter EUGENIA.

FIRST COURT. Widow![v]

EUG. You almost hit my name no[w], gentlemen;
You come so wondrous near it, I admire you
For your judgment.

SIM. My wife that must be! She.

EUG. My husband goes upon his last hour now.

FIRST COURT. On his last legs, I am sure.

SIM.[w] September the seventeenth—

[r] *sit*] Old ed. "set." [s] *an*] Old ed. "one."
[t] *vild*] i. e. vile—a form of the word common in our early poetry.
[u] *Their fathers*] Old ed. "Her father."
[v] *Widow*] Old ed. "Widdows."
[w] *Sim.*] So Gifford. The old ed. gives this to Eugenia.

I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow
His latest hour's expir'd.

SECOND COURT. Bring him to judgment;
The jury's panell'd, and the verdict given
Ere[x] he appears; we have ta'en course for that.

SIM. And officers to attach the gray young man,
The youth of fourscore. Be of comfort, lady;
You[y] shall no longer bosom January;
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty April.

EUG. The month that ought, indeed,
To go before May.

FIRST COURT. Do as we have said,
Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.
Lady Eugenia, see this charge perform'd,
That, having his life forfeited by the law,
He may relieve his soul.

EUG. Willingly.
From shaven chins never came better justice
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor.[z] [*Exit.*

SIM. What you do,
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose
To make but a short sessions:—a new business!

Enter HIPPOLITA.

FIRST COURT. The fair Hippolita! now what's your suit?

HIP. Alas! I know not how to style you yet;
To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads and beards shew more antiquity;[a]—

[x] *Ere*] Old ed. "Ever." [y] *You*] Old ed. "We."
[z] *ne'er touch'd by razor*] Old ed. "new *tucht by* reason." The emendation is M. Mason's.
[a] *To call you judges doth not suit your years,*
Nor heads and beards shew more antiquity;—] "Mr. M. Mason reads,

Yet sway yourselves with equity and truth,
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads
Plac'd upon young men's shoulders.
SECOND COURT. Hark! she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous.
HIP. Prove not so;
For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men,
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves[b]
To make you appear angels); but if [you] crimson
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold[c] vice,
Both against heaven and nature, draw your sword,
Make either will or humour turn the soul[d]
Of your created greatness, and in that
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there
You're more than monstrous; in the very act
You change yourselves[e] to devils.
FIRST COURT. She's a witch;
Hark! she begins to conjure.
SIM. Time, you see,
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I
Give her her answer?
SECOND COURT. None upon the bench
More learnedly can do it.

To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads; and brains shew more antiquity.

It is evident that he did not comprehend the sense, which, though ill conceived and harshly expressed, is,—You have not the years of judges, nor do your heads and *beards* (old copy, *brains*) shew more of age."—GIFFORD.

[b] *beauty serves*] Old ed. "beautifeaus."

[c] *bold*] Old ed. "of old."

[d] ——— *turn the soul*] "So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *turn the* scale, which has neither the spirit nor the sense of the original."—GIFFORD.

[e] *yourselves*] Old ed. "yourselfe."

SIM. He, he, hem! then list:
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,
That thou dar'st plead for such a base offender.
Conceal a father past his time to die!
What son and heir would have done this but he?
FIRST COURT. I vow, not I.
HIP. Because ye are parricides;
And how can comfort be deriv'd from such
That pity not their fathers?
SECOND COURT. You are fresh and fair; practise young women's ends;
When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.
SIM. I'll set him forward for thee without fee:[f]
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.
HIP. Times of amazement! what duty, goodness dwell[g]——
I sought for charity, but knock at hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter EUGENIA, *and* GUARD *with* LYSANDER.

SIM. Eugenia come! Command a second guard
To bring Cleanthes in; we'll not sit long;
My stomach strives to dinner.[h]
EUG. Now, servants, may a lady be so bold
To call your power so low?

[f] *forward for thee without fee*] So Gifford. Old ed. has "*forward fee thee*," and gives "*without fee*" as a stage-direction, in the margin.

[g] *Times of amazement! what duty, goodness dwell*—] "Mr. M. Mason takes this for a complete sentence, and would read, *Where do you goodness dwell?* In any case the alteration would be too violent; but none is needed here. Hippolita sees the woman who betrayed her approaching, breaks off her intended speech with an indignant observation, and hastily retires from the court."—GIFFORD.

[h] *My stomach* strives *to dinner.*] "This is sense, and therefore I have not tampered with it: the author probably wrote, *My stomach* strikes *to dinner.*"—*Id.*

Sim. A mistress may;
She can make all things low; then in that language
There can be no offence.
Eug. The time's now come
Of manumissions; take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedom.
Second Court. This the man!
He hath left off [o'] late to feed on snakes;
His beard's turn'd white again.
First Court. Is't possible these gouty legs danc'd lately,
And [s]hatter'd in a galliard?
Eug. Jealousy
And fear of death can work strange prodigies.
Second Court. The nimble fencer this, that made me tear
And traverse 'bout the chamber?
Sim. Ay, and gave me
Those elbow-healths, the hangman take him for't!
They had almost fetch'd my heart out: the Dutch venny[1]
I swallow'd pretty well; but the half-pike
Had almost pepper'd[j] me; but had I took [long-sword],
Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out.

A Flourish.[k] *Enter* Evander *and* Cratilus.

First[l] Court. Peace, the duke!

[1] *Dutch venny*] Compare p. 66, 67. Gifford gives "*Dutch* what-you-call;" and perhaps rightly, as the names of the other two "wet vennies" follow.

[j] *pepper'd*] Old ed. "prepard."

[k] *A Flourish*, &c.] Old ed. "Florish. *Duk.* A flemish. *Enter the Duke.*"

[l] First] Old ed. "2."

EVAN. Nay, back t' your seats:[m] who's that?
SECOND COURT. May't please your highness, it is old Lysander.[n]
EVAN. And brought in by his wife! a worthy precedent
Of one that no way would offend the law,
And should not pass away without remark.
You have been look'd for long.
LYS. But never fit
To die till now, my lord. My sins and I
Have been but newly parted; much ado
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult lesson, how to learn to die.
I never thought there had been such an act,
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:
All studies else[o] are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.
I now can look upon thee, erring woman,
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,
And no way envy their delicious health,
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine own,
And mine must be theirs one day.
EVAN. You have tam'd him.
SIM. And know how to dispose him; that, my liege,

[m] EVAN. *Nay, back t' your seats*] "The old copy reads, *Nay*, bathe *your seats*; out of which Mr. M. Mason formed *keep*; Davis, *take*; and every one may make what he can. I believe the young men were pressing forward to receive the duke, and that his exclamation was, as above, *Nay*, back t' *your seats*."—GIFFORD. This line is given in the old ed. to "2 *Court*."

[n] SECOND COURT. *May't please*, &c.] Old ed.
"*Duk.* May't please your highness.
Sim. 'Tis old Lisander."

[o] *else*] So Gifford. Old ed. "as are."

Hath been before determin'd. You confess
Yourself of full age?
LYS. Yes, and prepar'd to inherit——
EUG. Your place above.[p]
SIM. Of which the hangman's strength
Shall put him in possession.
LYS. 'Tis still car'd[q]
To take me willing and in mind to die;
And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,
Most fit for heaven.
SIM. The court shall make his mittimus,
And send him thither presently: i'th' mean time——
EVAN. Away[r] to death with him.
[*Exit* CRATILUS *with* LYSANDER.

Enter GUARD *with* CLEANTHES, HIPPOLITA *following, weeping.*

SIM. So! see another person brought to the bar.
FIRST COURT. The arch-malefactor.
SECOND COURT. The grand offender,[s] the most refractory
To all good order;[t] 'tis Cleanthes, he——
SIM. That would have sons grave fathers, ere their fathers
Be sent unto their graves.
EVAN. There will be expectation

[p] EUG. *Your place above*] Old ed.
" *Hip.* Your place above—Duke—away to death with him.
Cleanthes Guard."
I have followed Gifford in this scene.
[q] *car'd*] Old ed. " guard." What is now given to Lysander forms part of Simonides's speech in old ed.
[r] EVAN. *Away*, &c.] See note [p] in this page.
[s] *offender*] Old ed. " offenders."
[t] *order*] Old ed. " orders."

In your severe proceedings against him;
His act being so capital.
SIM. Fearful and bloody;
Therefore we charge these women leave the court,
Lest they should swoon[u] to hear it.
EUG. I, in expectation
Of a most happy freedom. [*Exit.*
HIP. I, with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. [*Exit.*
FIRST COURT. We bring him to the bar——
SECOND COURT. Hold up your hand, sir.
CLEAN. More reverence to the place than to the persons:
To the one I offer up a [spreading][v] palm
Of duty and obedience, [a]s to heaven,
Imploring justice, which was never wanting
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,
As threatening vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought shed innocent blood.—
With pardon of[w] your highness, too much passion
Made me forget your presence, and the place
I now am call'd to.
EVAN. All our[x] majesty
And power we have to pardon or condemn
Is now conferr'd on them.
SIM. And these we'll use
Little to thine advantage.
CLEAN. I expect it:

[u] *swoon*] Old ed. "stand."
[v] [*spreading*] *palm*] "I have inserted *spreading*, not merely on account of its completing the verse, but because it contrasts well with *contracted*. Whatever the author's word was, it was shuffled out of its place at the press, and appears as a misprint (*showdu*) in the succeeding line."—GIFFORD.
[w] *of*] Old ed. "to." [x] *our*] Old ed. "one."

And as to these, I look no mercy from [them],
And much less mean[x] to entreat it. I thus now
Submit me [to] the emblems of your power,
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend judges,
Ere you proceed to sentence, (for I know
You have given me lost,) will you resolve me one thing?

FIRST COURT. So it be briefly question'd.

SECOND COURT. Shew your humour;[y]

Day spends itself apace.

CLEAN. My lords, it shall.[z]

Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,
Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,
That should attend your fathers' funeral[s]?
Though the stric[t] law (which I will not accuse,
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,
It doth not bar you[a] to lament their deaths:
Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,
To be the sooner seis'd of their estates.
O, time of age! where's that Æneas now,
Who letting all his jewels to the flames;
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,
Fortunes, and all things, save the name of son,
Which you so much forget, godlike[b] Æneas,

[x] *And much less mean to entreat it*] "For *mean* the old copy has *shown*, which is pure nonsense: it stands, however, in all the editions. I have, I believe, recovered the genuine text by adopting *mean*, which was superfluously inserted in the line immediately below it."—GIFFORD.

[y] *humour*] Old ed. "honour."

[z] *My lords, it shall*] "i. e. it shall *be briefly questioned*. This would not have deserved a note, had not Mr. M. Mason mistaken the meaning, and corrupted the text to, *My lords*, I *shall*."—*Id.*

[a] *you*] Old ed. "them." [b] *godlike*] Old ed. "goe *like*."

Who took his bedrid father on his back,
And with that sacred load (to him no burthen)
Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire, through [arms],
Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,
Only to save a father?

SIM. We've[c] no leisure now
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we're[d] past school,
And all this time thy judges.

SECOND COURT. It is[e] fit
That we proceed to sentence.

FIRST COURT. You are the mouth,
And now 'tis fit to open.

SIM. Justice, indeed,
Should ever be close-ear'd and open-mouth'd;
That is, to hear a[f] little, and speak much.
Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be
A good son and bad[g] subject; for, if princes
Be call'd the people's fathers, then the subjects
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince
Doth disobey his father: there you're[h] gone.

FIRST COURT. And not to be recover'd.

SIM. And again—

SECOND COURT. If he be gone once, call him not again.

SIM. I say again, this act of thine expresses
A double disobedience: as our princes
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too;
And he that doth rebel 'gainst[i] sovereignty

[c] *We've*] Old ed. "We have."
[d] *we're*] Old ed. "wee are."
[e] *It is*] Old ed. "'Tis."
[f] *a*] Old ed. "him."
[g] *bad*] Old ed. "a *bad*."
[h] *you're*] Old ed. "yeare."
[i] *'gainst*] Old ed. "against."

Doth commit treason in the height of degree:
And now thou art quite gone.
FIRST COURT. Our brother in commission
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little; howsoever,
It shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example
Ought to be made example for the fault.
CLEAN. A fault! no longer can I hold myself
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.
A fault! judge, I desire, then,[j] where it lieth,
In those that are my judges, or in me:
Heaven stand[s] on my side, pity, love, and duty.
SIM. Where are they, sir? who sees them but yourself?
CLEAN. Not you; and I am sure
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.
You think [that] you arraign me, but I hope
To sentence you at the bar.
SECOND COURT. That would shew brave.
CLEAN. This were the judgment-seat we [stand at] now![k]
[Of] the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],

[j] *judge, I desire, then*] Old ed. "*judge then, I desire.*"

[k] *This were*, &c.] "i. e. O, that this were, &c. But, indeed, this speech is so strangely printed in the quarto, that it is almost impossible to guess what the writer really meant. The first three lines stand thus:

> CLEAN. *This were the judgment seat, we now*
> *The heaviest crimes that ever made up*
> *Unnaturalness in humanity.*

Whether the genuine, or, indeed, any sense be elicited by the additions which I have been compelled to make, is not mine to say; but certainly some allowance will be made for any temperate endeavour to regulate a text where the words, in too many instances, appear as if they had been shook out of the printer's boxes by the hand of chance."—GIFFORD.

Unnaturalness and inhumanity,
You are found foul and guilty, by a jury
Made of your fathers' curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you; and I, now,
Am forc'd to pronounce judgment on my judges.
The common laws of reason and of nature
Condemn you, *ipso facto;* you are parricides,
And if you marry, will beget the like,[l]
Who, when they're[m] grown to full maturity,
Will hurry you, their fathers, to their graves.
Like traitors, you take council from the living,
Of upright judgment you would rob the bench,
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away
From the earth's face,) turn all into disorder,
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,
And put the sword of justice into the hands
Of boys and madmen.

SIM. Well, well, have you done, sir?

CLEAN. I have spoke my thoughts.

SIM. Then I'll begin and end.

EVAN. 'Tis time I now begin—
Here[n] your commission ends.
Cleanthes, come you[o] from the bar. Because
I know you are[p] severally disposed, I here
Invite you to an object will, no doubt,
Work in you contrary effects.—Music!

Loud Music. Enter LEONIDES, CREON, LYSANDER, *and other old men.*

CLEAN. Pray, heaven, I dream not! sure he moves, talks comfortably,

[l] *like*] Old ed. "lyar."
[m] *they're*] Old ed. "y'are."
[n] *Here*] Old ed. "Where."
[o] *come you*] Old ed. "*you come.*"
[p] *you are*] Old ed. "y'are."

As joy can wish a man. If he be chang'd
(Far above from me), he's[q] not ill entreated;
His face doth promise fulness of content,
And glory hath a part in't.

LEON. O my son!

EVAN. You that can claim acquaintance with these lads,
Talk freely.

SIM. I can see none there that's worth
One hand to you from me.

EVAN. These are thy judges, and by their grave law
I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed:
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.
[*To* CLEANTHES.

FIRST COURT. Here's fine dancing, gentlemen.

SECOND COURT. Is thy father amongst them?

SIM.[r] O, pox![s] I saw him the first thing I look'd on.
Alive again! 'slight, I believe now a father
Hath as many lives as a mother.

CLEAN.[t] 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.
O, bring me back to the same law again!
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, officers,
And bring me to new sentence.

SIM.[u] What's all this?

CLEAN. A fault not to be pardon'd,
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.

[q] *he's*] Old ed. "he is."
[r] SIM.] Old ed. "*Clean.*"
[s] *pox*] Old ed. "a *pox.*"
[t] CLEAN.] Old ed. "*Sim.*"
[u] SIM.] Old ed. "*Clean.*"

SIM. I am glad of that; I hope the case may alter,
And I turn judge again.
EVAN. Name your offence.
CLEAN. That I should be so vild[v]
As once to think you cruel.
EVAN. Is that all?
'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.[w]
CREON.[x] I should have one amongst them, had he had grace
To have retain'd that name.
SIM. I pray you, father. [*Kneels.*
CREON.[y] That name, I know, hath been long since forgot.
SIM. I find but small comfort in remembering it now.
EVAN. Cleanthes, take your place[z] with these grave father[s],
And read what in that table is inscrib'd.
[*Gives him a paper.*
Now set these at the bar,
And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.
CLEAN. [reads.] *It is decreed by the grave and learned council of Epire, that no son and heir shall be held capable of his inheritance at the age of one and twenty, unless he be at that time as mature*[a] *in obedience, manners, and goodness.*)
SIM. Sure I shall never be at full age, then,

[v] *vild*] See note, p. 94.
[w] *may challenge them*] Old ed. "my *challenge* then."
[x] CREON.] Old ed. "*Cle.*"
[y] CREON.] Old ed. "*Cle.*"
[z] *place*] Old ed. "places."
[a] *mature*] Old ed. "nature."

though I live to an hundred years; and that's nearer by twenty than the last statute allowed.

First Court. A terrible act!

Clean.[b] *Moreover,* [*it*] *is enacted that all sons aforesaid, whom either this law, or their own grace, shall*[c] *reduce into the true method of duty, virtue, and affection,* [*shall appear before us*][d] *and relate their trial and approbation from Cleanthes, the son of Leonides*—from me, my lord!

Evan. From none but you, as fullest. Proceed, sir.

Clean. *Whom, for his manifest virtues, we make such judge and censor of youth, and the absolute reference of life and manners.*

Sim. This is a brave world! when a man should be selling land, he must be learning manners. Is't not, my masters?

Re-enter Eugenia.

Eug. What's here to do? my suitors at the bar! The old band[e] shines again: O miserable!

[*She swoons.*

Evan. Read the law over to her, 'twill awake her:
'Tis one deserves small pity.

Clean. *Lastly, it is ordained, that all such wives now whatsoever, that shall design the*[*ir*] *husbands'*

[b] Clean.] What is now assigned to Cleanthes is given to First Courtier in the old ed.

[c] *shall*] Old ed. "whom it *shall.*"

[d] [*shall appear before us*] "Whether the words which I have inserted convey the author's meaning, or not, may be doubted; but they make some sense of the passage, and this is all to which they pretend."—Gifford.

[e] *band*] So Gifford. Old ed. "baud."—Qy. did the author write "*The old* bald sires *again?*"

death, to be soon rid of them, and entertain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—

SIM. You had best read that a little louder; for, if any thing, that will bring her to herself again, and find her tongue.

CLEAN. *Shall not presume, on the penalty of our heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.*

EUG. That law's too long by nine years and a half,
I'll take my death upon't, so shall most women.

CLEAN. *And those incontinent women so offending, to be judge*[*d*] *and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.*

EUG. Of all the rest, I'll not be judg['d] by her.

Re-enter HIPPOLITA.

CLEAN. Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy joys,
Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest;
Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

HIP. Leonides! [*She faints.*

CLEAN. I fear'd it all this while;
I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!—
What contrariety is in women's blood!
One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

EVAN. Of sons and wives we see the worst and best.
May[f] future ages yield Hippolitas
Many; but few like thee, Eugenia!
Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame,
But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name—
[*Harsh music within.*
Ha! what strange kind of melody was that?
Yet give it entrance, whatsoe'er it be,
This day is all devote to liberty.

[f] *May*] Old ed. "My."

Enter FIDDLERS, GNOTHO, COURTEZAN, COOK, BUTLER, *&c. with the old* WOMEN, AGATHA, *and one bearing a bridecake for the wedding.*

GNOTH. Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on;[h] let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

EVAN. Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

CLEAN. Sirrah, do you know where you are?

GNOTH. Yes, sir; I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

LYS. Your hat[i] is too high crown'd, the duke in presence.

GNOTH. The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it,[j] and that's equal change all the world over: as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance [my] bonnet. Crowd on afore.

LEON. Good sir, a few words, if you will[k] vouchsafe 'em;
Or will you be forc'd?

GNOTH. Forced! I would the duke himself would say so.

EVAN. I think he dares, sir, and does; if you stay not,
You shall be forc'd.

GNOTH. I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay, when your grace says I shall?

[h] *crowd on*] i. e. fiddle on. A fiddle is still called a *crowd* in many parts of England.

[i] *hat is*] Old ed. "hats."

[j] *as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it,* &c.] "Here is some poor pun. A sovereign was a gold coin worth *ten* shillings; or, is the wit in some fancied similarity of sound between *duke* and *ducat* (a piece of the same value as the other)?"—GIFFORD.

[k] *you will*] Old ed. "you'l."

I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then: will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

EVAN. O, by no means, sir; you shall not deface So fair an ornament for me.

GNOTH. If your grace please to be cakated, say so.

EVAN. And which might be your fair bride, sir?

GNOTH. This is my two for one that must be, [the] *uxor uxoris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.

EVAN. And hast thou any else?

GNOTH. I have an older, my lord, for other uses.

CLEAN. My lord,
I do observe a strange decorum here:
These that do lead this day of jollity
Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks;
Those that do follow, sad and wofully,
Nearer the haviour of a funeral
Than [of] a wedding.

EVAN. 'Tis true: pray expound that, sir.

GNOTH. As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes[l] to wedding, another goes to hanging; and your grace, in the due consideration, shall find 'em much alike; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the[m] halter about her neck. *I take thee, Beatrice*, says the bridegroom; *I take thee, Agatha*, says the hangman; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us*.

EVAN. This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

GNOTH. If further your grace examine it, you shall find I shew myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days

[l] *goes*] Old ed. "*goes* out." [m] *the*] Old ed. "a."

are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law: only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

EVAN. O, take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger!
If the law finds you with two wives at once,
There's a shrewd premunire.

GNOTH. I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do: she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop; when you please, let her disembogue.

COOK. And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

GNOTH. And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.[n]

EVAN. Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you marry,
And your wife yet living?

GNOTH. Alas! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would despatch her: I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

EVAN. Come, my lords, we must sit again; here's a case
Craves a most serious censure.

COOK. Now they shall be despatch'd out of the way.

GNOTH. I would they were gone once; the time goes away.

EVAN. Which is the wife unto the forward bridegroom?

[n] *Crowd on*] See note, p. 110.

AGA. I am, and[o] it please your grace.

EVAN. Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied,
And well-blooded cheeks.

GNOTH. O, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learnt it of her lady.

EVAN. Sure I think she cannot be so old.

AGA. Truly I think so too, and please your grace.

GNOTH. Two to one with your grace of that! she's threescore by the book.

LEON. Peace, sirrah, you're too loud.

COOK. Take heed, Gnotho:[p] if you move the duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow; he cuts off your head.

GNOTH. Cut off my head! away, ignorant! he knows it cost more in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine: I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law; the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

EVAN. My lords, I leave this censure to you.

LEON. Then first, this fellow does deserve punishment,
For offering up a lusty able woman,
Which may do service to the commonwealth,
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

CREON. Therefore to be severely punish'd,
For thus attempting a second marriage,
His wife yet living.

LYS. Nay, to have it trebled;
That even the day and instant when he should mourn,
As a kind husband, at[q] her funeral,

[o] *and*] i. e. if.
[p] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."
[q] *at*] Old ed. "to."

He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd
With all severity.

BUT. The fiddles will be in a foul case too, by and by.

LEON. Nay, further; it seems he has a venture
Of two for one at his second marriage,
Which cannot be but a conspiracy
Against the former.

GNOTH. A mess of wise old men!

LYS. Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

GNOTH. Ye are good old men, and talk as age will give you leave. I would speak with the youthful duke himself; he and I may speak of things that shall be thirty or forty years after you are dead and rotten. Alas! you are here to-day, and gone to sea to-morrow.

EVAN. In troth, sir, then I must be plain with you.
The law that should take away your old wife from you,
The which I do perceive was your desire,
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:
There has been since another parliament
Has cut it off.

GNOTH. I see your grace is disposed to be pleasant.

EVAN. Yes, you might perceive that; I had not else
Thus dallied with your follies.

GNOTH. I'll talk further with your grace when I come back from church; in the mean time, you know what to do with the old women.

EVAN. Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you mean
I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way,
And hang you at your return.

AGA. O gracious prince!

EVAN. Your old wives cannot die to-day by any Law of mine; for aught I can say to 'em,
They may, by a new edict, bury you,
And then, perhaps, you['ll] pay a new fine too.

GNOTH. This is fine, indeed!

AGA. O gracious prince! may he live a hundred years more.

COOK. Your venture is not like to come in to-day, Gnotho.[r]

GNOTH. Give me the principal back.

COOK. Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for we have taken old wives of purpose, that[s] we had thought to have put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a pennyworth.

EVAN. Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge your new charge, and take your old one to you.

GNOTH. O music! no music, but prove most doleful trumpet;[t]
O bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a strumpet;
O venture! no venture, I have, for one, now none;
O wife! thy life is sav'd when I hop'd it had[u] been gone.
Case up your fruitless strings; no penny, no wedding;
Case up thy maidenhead; no priest, no bedding:
Avaunt, my venture! it can ne'er be restor'd,
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard:
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;
Let bride and venture with woful music go.

[r] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."
[s] *that*] Old ed. "where *that*."
[t] *trumpet*] Old ed. "trumpets."
[u] *hop'd it had*] Old ed. "hope t' *had*."

Cook. What for the bridecake, Gnotho ?[v]

Gnoth. Let it be mouldy, now 'tis out of season,
Let it grow out of date, currant, and reason;
Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.
No more is got by that than William Dickins
Got by his wooden dishes.
Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,
The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and wipes.
Fiddlers, farewell! and now, without perhaps,
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

Lys. This passion[w] has given some satisfaction yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now, with all the rest, so they live honestly with the wives they have.

Evan. O, most freely; free pardon to all.

Cook. Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we can live honestly with such reverend wives, that have no motion in 'em but their tongues.

Aga. Heaven bless your grace! you're a just prince.

Gnoth. All hopes[x] dash'd; the clerk's duties lost,
[My] venture gone; my second wife divorc'd;
And which is worst, the old one come back again!
Such voyages are made now-a-days!

[v] *Gnotho*] Old ed. "Gnothoes."

[w] *This passion has given some satisfaction yet*] "i. e. this pathetic exclamation: it is parodied in part from *the Spanish Tragedy*, and is, without all question, by far the stupidest attempt at wit to which that persecuted play ever gave rise. That it afforded *some satisfaction* to Lysander, ought, in courtesy, to be attributed to his having more good nature than taste."—Gifford.

[x] *All hopes*, &c.] Gifford has given the four first lines of this speech as verse, and I follow him. The rhymes seem to have been lost in the wretched corruption of the text.

I will weep two salt [ones out] of my[y] nose, besides these two fountains of fresh water. Your grace had been more kind to your young subjects —heaven bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull your poor countrymen: but[z] I am not the first, by forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave: I would they had been asleep in their beds when they opened 'em to see this day! Come, Ag; come, Ag. [*Exeunt* GNOTHO *and* AGATHA.

CREON. Were not you all my servants?

COOK. During your life, as we thought, sir; but our young master turned us away.

CREON. How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy ruin!

SIM. I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men did. If you were[a] as we thought you had been, we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and mutton, and such like.

CREON. Well, what damage or charge you have run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor deliver you from your wives; them you must keep; yourselves shall again return[b] to me.

ALL. We thank your lordship for your love, and must thank ourselves for our bad bargains.

[*Exeunt.*

EVAN. Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,
To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men,
That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

CLEAN. My lord, I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,

[y] *my*] Old ed. "our."
[z] *but*] Old ed. "fashion, *but*."
[a] *were*] Old ed. "have."
[b] *return*] Old ed. "retaine."

Beating my words back in their utterance.
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties, as the sea propagates.
The elephants have found their joints too——
[*They kneel.*
Why, here's humility able to bind up
The punishing hand[s] of the severest masters,
Much more the gentle fathers'.

SIM. I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low as my knees again; but since there's no remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we confess we have deserved more than we are willing to receive at your hands, though sons can never deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

CREON. And what way can you decline your feeding now?
You cannot retire to beeves and muttons, sure.

SIM. Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and are down to our marrow-bones already.

CREON. Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind[c] you now; [*They rise.*
You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be govern'd.

LYS. Cleanthes,
I meet your justice with reconcilement:
If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,
I have receiv'd a myriad, which confirms me
To find a happy renovation.

CLEAN. Here's virtue's throne,
Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels
Of love and faith, peace and affection!

[c] *bind*] Old ed. "bound."

This is the altar of my sacrifice,
Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.
Age-honour'd shrine! time still so love you,
That I so long may have you in mine eye
Until my memory lose your beginning!
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,
Your justice and your wisdom never die,
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land,
Which you reach to her from your regent[d] hand!

LEON. O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted
The entertainment of our retirement,
Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,
You might have sooner died upon the wonder,
Than any rage or passion for our loss.
A place at hand we were all strangers in,
So spher'd about with music, such delights,
[Such] viands and attendance, and once a day
So cheered with a royal visitant,
That ofttimes, waking, our unsteady phantasies
Would question whether we yet liv'd or no,
Or had possession of that paradise
Where angels be the guard!

EVAN. Enough, Leonides,
You go beyond the praise; we have our end,
And all is ended well: we have now seen
The flowers and weeds that grow[e] about our court.

SIM. If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear none so good again as long as my father lives.

EVAN. Only this gentleman we did abuse
With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus,
[*Discovers* CRATILUS.
The man that you suppos'd had now been travell'd;

[d] *regent*] Old ed. "regents."
[e] *grow*] Old ed. "grew."

Which we gave leave to learn to speak,
And bring us foreign languages to Greece.
All's joy,[f] I see; let music be the crown:
And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

[f] *joy*] Old ed. "joyed."

The notes on this play have enabled the reader to see distinctly the difference between the present and the original text: and now, at its close, I cannot help remarking, that, out of respect for Gifford's judgment, I have perhaps deviated oftener from the old copy than I should have done if the play had not been previously edited by him.

THE

MAYOR OF QUEENBOROUGH.

The Mayor of Quinborough: A Comedy. As it hath been often Acted with much Applause at Black-Fryars, By His Majesties Servants. Written by Tho. Middleton. London, Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Blew-Anchor in the Lower-Walk of the New-Exchange. 1661. 4to.

From the introduction of an individual as a chorus, and of dumb shows (such as we find in *Pericles*, and other dramas of an early date), we may gather that this piece was among the author's first attempts at dramatic composition. Nor does the mention made in it of a play called the *Wild-Goose Chase*, even supposing that Fletcher's comedy be meant, overthrow such a conclusion. The passage where that mention occurs (Act v. Sc. i.) might have been inserted when the *Mayor of Queenborough* was revived, at a period long after its first appearance on the stage: (every reader of our old dramas is aware that play-wrights were often employed to make "additions" to the works of their predecessors): it might, indeed, have been written by Middleton himself, after the appearance of Fletcher's play, which was produced about 1621.

When Henslowe in his diary notices "Oct. 1602. Randall, Earl of Chester, by T. Middleton," Malone thinks (why, I know not,) that the *Mayor of Queenborough* is meant.

This drama has been reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Coll. of Old Plays*, vol. xi.

"The author," says Langbaine, "has chiefly followed Rainulph's *Polychronicon*: see besides Stowe, Speed, Du Chesne, &c. in the reign of Vortiger."—*Account of Dram. Poets*, p. 372.

GENTLEMEN,[a]

You have the first flight of him, I assure you. This *Mayor of Queenborough*, whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the stage, now begins to walk abroad in print: he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his wit, which is enough, by the way, to distinguish him from ordinary mayors; but wit, you know, has skulked in corners for many years past,[b] and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself. Now whether this magistrate feared the decimating times, or kept up the state of other mayors, that are bound not to go out of their liberties during the time of their mayoralty, I know not: 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great pique to the rebel Oliver. I am told his drollery yields to none the English drama did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of wit betwixt the *Mayor of Queenborough* and the *Mayor of Huntingdon*.[c]

[a] *Gentlemen, &c.*] The publisher's address to the readers.

[b] An allusion to the suppression of the theatres by the Puritans.

[c] "Huntingdon, the place where Oliver Cromwell was born, and resided many years of his life. Some allusion here seems to be lost."—REED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANTIUS,
AURELIUS AMBROSIUS,
UTHER PENDRAGON,
} *sons of* CONSTANTINE.

VORTIGER.
VORTIMER, *his son.*
DEVONSHIRE,
STAFFORD,
} *British lords.*

GERMANUS,
LUPUS,
} *monks.*

HENGIST.
HORSUS.
SIMON, *a tanner, Mayor of Queenborough.*
AMINADAB, *his clerk.*
OLIVER, *a fustian-weaver.*
Glover.
Barber.
Tailor.
Felt-monger.
Button-maker.
Graziers.
Players.
Gentlemen.
Murderers.
Soldiers, Footmen, &c.

CASTIZA, *daughter to* DEVONSHIRE.
ROXENA, *daughter to* HENGIST.
Ladies.

RAYNULPH HIGDEN, *Monk of Chester, as Chorus.*

THE

MAYOR OF QUEENBOROUGH.

ACT I.

Enter RAYNULPH.[a]

RAY. What Raynulph, monk of Chester, can
Raise from his Polychronicon,
That raiseth him, as works do men,
To see long-parted light agen,[b]
That best may please this round fair ring,
With sparkling diamonds circled in,
I shall produce. If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,
Well apaid[c] I go to rest.
Ancient stories have been best;
Fashions, that are now call'd new,
Have been worn by more than you;
Elder times have us'd the same,
Though these new ones get the name:
So in story, what now told
That takes not part with days of old?
Then to approve time's mutual glory,
Join new time's love to old time's story. [*Exit.*

[a] *Raynulph*] "Raynulph Higden was the compiler of the Polychronicon, as far as the year 1357, thirty-first of Edward III. It was translated into English by Trevisa, and completed and printed by Caxton in folio, 1482."—REED.

[b] *agen*] The old spelling of *again*, and necessary here for the sake of the rhyme: compare p. 416.

[c] *apaid*] i. e. satisfied, contented.

SCENE I.

Before a Monastery.[d]

Shouts within; then enter VORTIGER, *carrying the crown.*

VORT. Will that wide-throated beast, the multitude,
Never leave bellowing? Courtiers are ill
Advisèd when they first make such monsters.
How near was I to a sceptre and a crown!
Fair power was even upon me; my desires
Were casting glory, till this forkèd rabble,
With their infectious acclamations,
Poison'd my fortunes for Constantine's sons.
Well, though I rise not king, I'll seek the means
To grow as near to one as policy can,
And choke their expectations.

Enter DEVONSHIRE *and* STAFFORD.

Now, good lords,
In whose kind loves and wishes I am built
As high as human dignity can aspire,
Are yet those trunks, that have no other souls
But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?

DEVON. Nor are they like to be, for aught we gather:

[d] *Before a Monastery*] The place of action is not noted in the old ed., and Middleton seems to have troubled himself little about the matter. After some hesitation, I have marked the present scene "*Before a Monastery*," on account of what Constantius says at p. 131:

"in mind
I will be always *here*; *here* let me stay."

That the scene cannot be *within* the monastery, is shewn by the entrance of the two Graziers.

Their wills are up still; nothing can appease them;
Good speeches are but cast away upon them.
VORT. Then, since necessity and fate withstand me,
I'll strive to enter at a straiter passage.
Your sudden aid and counsels, good my lords.
STAFF. They're[e] ours no longer than they do you service.

Enter CONSTANTIUS *in the habit of a monk, attended by* GERMANUS *and* LUPUS: *as they are going into the monastery,* VORTIGER *stays them.*

VORT. Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while
To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein heaven is serv'd too, though not so purely.
Constantius, eldest son of Constantine,
We here seize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of birth.
CONST. On me! for what, lords?
VORT. The kingdom's government.
CONST. O powers of blessedness,
Keep me from growing downwards into earth again!
I hope I'm[f] further on my way than so.—
Set forwards!
VORT. You must not.
CONST. How!
VORT. I know your wisdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us,
When you shall read in every Briton's brow
The urg'd necessity of the times.
CONST. What necessity can there be in the world,
But prayer and repentance? and that business
I am about now.
VORT. Hark, afar off still!
We lose and hazard much.—Holy Germanus

[e] *They're*] Old ed. "They are."
[f] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

And reverend Lupus, with all expedition
Set the crown on him.
CONST. No such mark of fortune
Comes near my head.
VORT. My lord, we're[g] forc'd to rule you.
CONST. Dare you receive heaven's light in at your eyelids,
And offer violence to religion?
Take heed;
The very beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you. On these knees,
[*Kneeling.*
Harden'd with zealous prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again!
Think with how much unwillingness and anguish
A glorified soul parted from the body
Would to that loathsome jail again return:
With such great pain a well-subdu'd affection
Re-enters worldly business.
VORT. Good my lord,
I know you cannot lodge so many virtues,
But patience must be one. As low as earth
[*Kneeling with* DEVONSHIRE *and* STAFFORD.
We beg the freeness of your own consent,
Which else must be constrain'd; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak, good my lord,
For you bind up more sins in this delay
Than thousand prayers can absolve again.
CONST. Were't but my death, you should not kneel so long for't.
VORT. 'Twill be the death of millions if you rise not,
And that betimes too.—Lend your help, my lords,
For fear all come too late.
[*They rise and raise* CONSTANTIUS.

[g] *We're*] Old ed. "we are."

CONST. This is a cruelty
That peaceful man did never suffer yet,
To make me die again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.
Hold, Lupus and Germanus: you are lights
Of holiness and religion; can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?

GER. Not when a time so violent calls upon you.
Who's[h] born a prince, is born a general peace,[i]
Not his own only: heaven will look for him
In others' acts,[j] and will requite[k] him there.
What is in you religious, must be shewn
In saving many more souls than your own.

CONST. Did not great Constantine, our noble father,
Deem me unfit for government and rule,
And therefore preas'd[l] me into this profession?
Which I've[m] held strict, and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me: yourselves can witness,
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bless'd you with the lives of my two brothers:
Fix your obedience there, leave me a servant.

[*They put the crown on the head of* CONSTANTIUS.

ALL. Long live Constantius, son of Constantine,
King of Great Britain!

CONST. I do feel a want

[h] *Who's*] Old ed. "Who is."
[i] *general peace*] Compare p. 127, l. 12.
[j] *acts*] Old ed. "actions:" so afterwards in Act iii. Sc. i. the old ed. has "If I ensnare her in an *action* of lust."
[k] *requite*] Old ed. "require."
[l] *preas'd*] i. e. pressed. Old ed. "prais'd." *Prease* for *press* is very common in our early poets.
[m] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

And extreme poverty of joy within;
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men;
To keep them quiet, I have lost it all.
What can the kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not best, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruin of another;
Nor can the peace, so filch'd, e'er[n] thrive with them:
And if't be worthily held sacrilege
To rob a temple, 'tis no less offence
To ravish meditations from the soul,
The consecrated altar in a man:
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me;
I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough desert. Well may the weight kill me;
And that's the fairest good I look for from it.

VORT. Not so, great king: here stoops a faithful servant
Would sooner perish under it with cheerfulness,
Than your meek soul should feel oppression
Of ruder cares: such common coarse employments
Cast upon me your servant, upon Vortiger.
I see you are not made for noise and pains,
Clamours of suitors, injuries, and redresses,
Millions of actions, rising with the sun,
Like laws still ending, and yet never done,
Of power to turn a great man to the state
Of his marble monument with over-watching.
To be oppress'd is not requir'd of you, my lord,
But only to be king. The broken sleeps
Let me take from you, sir; the toils and troubles,
All that is burthenous in authority,
Please you lay it on me, and what is glorious
Receive't[o] to your own brightness.

[n] *e'er*] Old ed. "ever." [o] *'t*] Old ed. "it."

CONST. Worthy Vortiger,
If 'twere not sin to grieve another's patience
With what we cannot tolerate ourself,
How happy were I in thee and thy love!
There's nothing makes man feel his miseries
But knowledge only: reason, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chief afflictor;
For though I cannot bear the weight myself,
I cannot have that barrenness of remorse,[p]
To see another groan under my burthen.

VORT. I'm[q] quite blown up a conscionable way:
There's even a trick of murdering in some pity.
The death of all my hopes I see already:
There was no other likelihood, for religion
Was never friend of mine yet. [*Aside.*

CONST. Holy partners in strictest abstinence,
Cruel necessity hath forc'd me from you:
We part, I fear, for ever; but in mind
I will be always here; here let me stay.

DEVON. My lord, you know the times.

CONST. Farewell, blest souls; I fear I shall offend:
He that draws tears from you takes your best friend.
[*Exeunt* CONSTANTIUS, DEVONSHIRE, *and* STAFFORD; *while* LUPUS *and* GERMANUS *enter the monastery.*

VORT. Can the great motion of ambition stand,
Like wheels false wrought by an unskilful hand?
Then, Time, stand thou too: let no hopes arrive
At their sweet wishfulness, till mine set forwards.
Would I could stay thy[r] existence, as I can
Thy glassy counterfeit in hours of sand!
I'd keep thee turn'd down, till my wishes rose;
Then we'd[s] both rise together.

[p] *remorse*] i. e. pity.
[q] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[r] *thy*] Old ed. "the."
[s] *we'd*] Old ed. "wee'ld."

What several inclinations are in nature!
How much is he disquieted, and wears royalty
Disdainfully upon him, like a curse!
Calls a fair crown the weight of his afflictions!
When here's a soul would sink under the burthen,
Yet well recover't.[t] I will use all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what most may discontent his blood,
Making my mask my zeal to the public good:
Not possible a richer policy
Can have conception in the thought of man.

Enter two GRAZIERS.

FIRST GRAZ. An honourable life enclose your lordship!

VORT. Now, what are you?

SECOND GRAZ. Graziers, if't like[u] your lordship.

VORT. So it should seem by your enclosures.
What's your affair with me?

FIRST GRAZ. We are your
Petitioners, my lord.

VORT. For what? depart:
Petitioners to me! you've[v] well deserv'd
My grace and favour. Have you not a ruler
After your own election? hie you to court;
Get near and close, be loud and bold enough,
You cannot choose but speed. [*Exit.*

SECOND GRAZ. If that will do't,
We have throats wide enough; we'll put them to't.
[*Exeunt.*

DUMB SHOW.

FORTUNE *discovered, in her hand a round ball full of lots; then enter*[x] HENGIST *and* HOR-

[t] *recover't*] Old ed. "recovered."
[u] *like*] i. e. please.
[v] *you've*] Old ed. "You have."
[x] *enter*] Old ed. "enters."

sus, *with others: they draw lots, and having opened them, all depart save* Hengist *and* Horsus, *who kneel and embrace: then enter* Roxena, *seeming to take leave of* Hengist *in great passion,*[7] *but more especially and warily of* Horsus, *her lover: she departs one way,* Hengist *and* Horsus *another.*

Enter Raynulph.

Ray. When Germany was overgrown
With sons of peace too thickly sown,
Several guides were chosen then
By destin'd lots, to lead out men;
And they whom Fortune here withstands
Must prove their fates in other lands.
On these two captains fell the lot;
But that which must not be forgot,
Was Roxena's cunning grief;
Who from her father, like a thief,
Hid her best and truest tears,
Which her lustful lover wears
In many a stoln and wary kiss,
Unseen of father. Maids do this,
Yet highly scorn to be call'd strumpets too:
But what they lack of't, I'll be judg'd by you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter Vortiger, Felt-monger, Button-maker, Graziers, *and other petitioners.*

Vort. This way his majesty comes.
All. Thank your good lordship.
Vort. When you hear yon door open—
All. Very good, my lord.

[7] *passion*] i. e. sorrow.

CONST. What a wild thing is this!
No marvel though you tremble at death's name,
When you'll not see the cause why you are fools.
For charity's sake, desist here, I pray you!
Make not my presence guilty of your sloth:
Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.
SECOND GENT. What hopes have we to rise by following him?
I'll give him over shortly.
FIRST GENT. He's too nice,[e]
Too holy for young gentlemen to follow
That have good faces and sweet running fortunes.
[*Exeunt* GENTLEMEN.
CONST. Eight hours a-day in serious contemplation
Is but a bare allowance; no higher food
To the soul than bread and water to the body;
And that's but needful; then more would do better.
BUTT. Let us all kneel together; 'twill move pity:
I've[f] been at the begging of a hundred suits.
[*All the petitioners kneel.*
CONST. How happy am I in the sight of you!
Here are religious souls, that lose not time:
With what devotion do they point at heaven,
And seem to check me that am too remiss!
I bring my zeal among you, holy men:
If I see any kneel, and I sit out, [*Kneels.*
That hour is not well spent. Methinks, strict souls,
You have been of some order in your times.
GRAZ. Graziers and braziers some, and this a felt-maker.
BUTT. Here's his petition and mine, if it like[g] your grace. [*Giving petitions.*
GRAZ. Look upon mine, I am the longest suitor;
I was undone seven years ago.

[e] *nice*] i. e. scrupulous. [f] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[g] *like*] i. e. please.

CONST. [*rising with the others*] You've[h] mock'd
My good hopes. Call you these petitions?
Why, there's no form of prayer among them all.
BUTT. Yes, in the bottom there is[i] half a line
Prays for your majesty, if you look on mine.
CONST. Make your requests to heaven, not to me.
BUTT. 'Las! mine's a supplication for brass buttons, sir.
FELT. There's a great enormity in wool; I beseech your grace consider it.
GRAZ. Pastures rise two-pence an acre; what will this world come to!
BUTT. I do beseech your grace——
GRAZ. Good your grace——
CONST. O, this is one of my afflictions
That with the crown enclos'd me! I must bear it.
GRAZ. Your grace's answer to my supplication.
BUTT. Mine, my lord.
CONST. No violent storm lasts ever;
That is the comfort of't.[j]
FELT. Your highness's answer.
GRAZ. We are almost all undone, the country beggar'd.
BUTT. See, see, he points at heaven, as who should say
There's enough there: but 'tis a great way thither. There's no good to be done, I see that already; we may all spend our mouths like a company of hounds in chase of a royal deer, and then go home and fall to cold mutton-bones, when we have done.
GRAZ. My wife will hang me, that's my currish destiny. [*Exeunt all except* CONSTANTIUS.
CONST. Thanks, heaven! 'tis o'er now: we should ne'er[k] know rightly

[h] *You've*] Old ed. "You have." [i] *there is*] Old ed. "there's."
[j] *That is . . . of't*] Old ed. "that's . . . of it."
[k] *o'er . . . ne'er*] Old ed. "over . . . never."

The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm.
Here's a wish'd hour for contemplation now;
All's still and silent; here is a true kingdom.

Re-enter VORTIGER.

VORT. My lord.
CONST. Again?
VORT. Alas, this is but early
And gentle to the troops of businesses
That flock about authority! you must forthwith
Settle your mind to marry.
CONST. How! to marry?
VORT. And suddenly, there's no pause to be given;
The people's wills are violent, and covetous
Of a succession from your loins.
CONST. From me
There can come none: a profess'd abstinence
Hath set a virgin seal upon my blood,
And alter'd all the course; the heat I have
Is all enclos'd within a zeal to virtue,
And that's not fit for earthly propagation.
Alas, I shall but forfeit all their hopes!
I'm a man made without desires, tell them.
VORT. I prov'd them with such words, but all were fruitless.
A virgin of the highest subject's blood
They have pick'd out for your embrace, and send her,
Bless'd with their general wishes, into fruitfulness.
Lo! where she comes, my lord.

Enter CASTIZA.

CONST. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of misery till this touch:
A patience I could find for all but this.
CAST. My lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerously.

VORT. 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation politic.
CAST.[1] That's an uncharitable practice, trust me, sir,
VORT. No more of that.
CAST. But say he should affect me, sir,
How should I 'scape him then? I have but one
Faith, my lord, and that you have already;
Our late contract is a divine witness to't.
VORT. I am not void of shifting-rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. [*Exit.*
CAST. This is an ungodly way to come to honour;
I do not like it: I love lord Vortiger,
But not these practices; they're too uncharitable.
[*Aside.*
CONST. Are you a virgin?
CAST. Never yet, my lord,
Known to the will of man.
CONST. O blessèd creature!
And does too much felicity make you surfeit?
Are you in soul assur'd there is a state
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midst of heaven, now in the state you stand in,
And had you rather, after much known misery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness?
Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaste lamp[m] of eternity! 'tis a treasure
Too precious for death's moment to partake,
This twinkling of short life. Disdain as much
To let mortality know you, as stars
To kiss the pavements; you've a substance as
Excellent as theirs, holding your pureness:
They look upon corruption, as you do,
But are stars still; be you a virgin too.

[1] CAST.] Old ed. "*Const.*" [m] *lamp*] Old ed. "lump."

CAST. I'll never marry. What though my truth be engag'd
To Vortiger? forsaking all the world
I save it well, and do my faith no wrong. [*Aside.*
You've mightily prevail'd, great virtuous sir;
I'm[n] bound eternally to praise your goodness:
My thoughts henceforth shall be as pure from man,
As ever made a virgin's name immortal.
CONST. I will do that for joy, I never did,
Nor ever will again.

As he kisses her, re-enter VORTIGER *and* GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENT. My lord, he's taken.
VORT. I'm[o] sorry for't, I like not that so well;
They're something too familiar for their time, methinks.
This way of kissing is no way to vex him:
Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
Could endure more than that, coming from a woman.
Despatch, and bring his answer speedily. [*Exit.*
FIRST GENT. My lord, my gracious lord!
CONST. Beshrew thy heart!
SECOND GENT. They all attend your grace.
CONST. I would not have them:
'Twould please me better, if they'd[p] all depart,
And leave me to myself; or put me out,
And take it to themselves.
FIRST GENT. The noon is past;
Meat's on the table.
CONST. Meat! away, get from me;
Thy memory is diseas'd; what saint's eve's this?
FIRST GENT. Saint Agatha's, I take it.

[n] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am." [o] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[p] *they'd*] Old ed. "they'ld."

CONST. Is it so?
I am not worthy to be serv'd before her;
And so return, I pray.

SECOND GENT. He'll starve the guard, if this be suffered: if we set court bellies by a monastery clock, he that breaks a fellow's pate now, will not be able to crack a louse within this twelvemonth.

[*Aside, and exeunt* GENTLEMEN.

CONST. 'Tis sure forgetfulness, and not man's will,
That leads him forth into licentious ways;
He cannot certainly commit such errors,
And think upon them truly as they're[q] acting.
Why's abstinence ordain'd, but for such seasons?

Re-enter VORTIGER.

VORT. My lord, you've pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confess 'tis portion of our duty.
Will your grace please to walk? dinner stays for you.

CONST. I've[r] answer'd that already.

VORT. But, my lord,
We must not so yield to you: pardon me,
'Tis for the general good; you must be rul'd, sir;
Your health and life are[s] dearer to us now:
Think where you are, at court; this is no monastery.

CONST. But, sir, my conscience keeps still where it was:
I may not eat this day.

VORT. We've[t] sworn you shall,
And plentifully too: we must preserve you, sir,
Though you be wilful; 'tis no slight condition
To be a king.

[q] *they're*] Old ed. "they are." [r] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[s] *are*] Old ed. "is." [t] *We've*] Old ed. "we have."

CONST. Would I were less than man!
VORT. You will[t] make the people rise, my lord,
In great despair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that must sustain you.
CONST. I never eat on eves.
VORT. But now you must;
It concerns others' healths that you take food:
I've[u] chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.
CONST. This is beyond all cruelty.
VORT. 'Tis our care, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter VORTIGER *and* CASTIZA.

CAST. My lord, I am resolv'd; tempt me no farther;
'Tis all to fruitless purpose.
VORT. Are you well?
CAST. Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.
VORT. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.
CAST. Would you were then!
You'd[v] praise my resolution.
VORT. This is wondrous!
Are you not mine by contract?
CAST. 'Tis most true, my lord,
And I am better bless'd in't than I look'd for,
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly:

[t] *You will*] Old ed. "Will you."
[u] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[v] *You'd*] Old ed. "Youl'd."

I'm[w] bound, my lord, to marry none but you,—
You'll grant me that,—and you I'll never marry.
VORT. It draws me into violence and hazard:
I saw you kiss the king.
CAST. I grant you so, sir;
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that; you will acknowledge
A king is the best part of't.[x]
VORT. O, my passion!
CAST. I see you something yielding to infirmity, sir;
I take my leave.
VORT. Why, 'tis not possible!
CAST. The fault is in your faith; time I were gone
To give it better strengthening.
VORT. Hark you, lady.——
CAST. Send your intent to the next monastery;
There you shall find my answer ever after;
And so with my last duty to your lordship,
For whose prosperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own. [*Exit.*
VORT. How am I serv'd in this?
I offer a vexation to the king;
He sends it home into my blood with 'vantage.
I'll put off time no longer: I have brought him
Into most men's neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallow'd over, love of ease
More than devotion or the public benefit;
Which catcheth many men's beliefs. I'm strong[y] too
In people's wishes; their affections point at me.
I lose much time and glory; that redeem'd,
She that now flies returns with joy and wonder:
Greatness and woman's wish ne'er keep asunder.
[*Exit.*

[w] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am." [x] *of't*] Old ed. "of it."
[y] *I'm strong*] Old ed. "I am stronger."

DUMB SHOW.

[*Enter two villains; to them* VORTIGER, *who seems to solicit them with gold, then swears them, and exit. Enter* CONSTANTIUS *meditating; they rudely strike down his book, and draw their swords; he kneels and spreads his arms; they kill him, and hurry off the body. Enter* VORTIGER, DEVONSHIRE, *and* STAFFORD, *in conference; to them the two villains presenting the head of* CONSTANTIUS; VORTIGER *seems sorrowful, and in rage stabs them both. Then the lords crown* VORTIGER, *and fetch in* CASTIZA, *who comes unwillingly;* VORTIGER *hales her, and they crown her:* AURELIUS *and* UTHER, *brothers of* CONSTANTIUS, *seeing him crowned, draw their swords and fly.*

Enter RAYNULPH.

RAY. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good king's patience, they did hire
Two wicked rogues to take his life;
In whom a while there fell a strife
Of pity and fury; but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold.
Then to Vortiger they bring
The head of that religious king;
Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
Makes the slaughterers' blood be spilt.
Then crown they him, and force the maid,
That vow'd a virgin-life, to wed;
Such a strength great power extends,
It conquers fathers, kindred, friends;
And since fate's pleas'd to change her life,
She proves as holy in a wife.

More to tell, were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues must say:
Only this, the good king dead,
The brothers poor in safety fled. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter VORTIGER *crowned, a* GENTLEMAN *meeting him.*

GENT. My lord!
VORT. I fear thy news will fetch a curse, it comes
With such a violence.
GENT. The people are up
In arms against you.
VORT. O this dream of glory!
Sweet power, before I can have time to taste thee,
Must I for ever lose thee?—What's the imposthume
That swells them now?
GENT. The murder of Constantius.
VORT. Ulcers of realms! they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his reign,
Call'd him an evil of their own electing;
And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now,
When all their thanks are cold? the mutable hearts
That move in their false breasts!—Provide me safety: [*Noise within.*
Hark! I hear ruin threaten me with a voice
That imitates thunder.

Enter SECOND GENTLEMAN.

SECOND GENT. Where's the king?
VORT. Who takes him?
SECOND GENT. Send peace to all your royal thoughts, my lord:

A fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their service to you.

VORT. Saxons! my wishes: let them have free entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us;
[*Exit* SECOND GENTLEMAN.
They never could come happier.

Re-enter SECOND GENTLEMAN *with* HENGIST, HORSUS, *and Soldiers.*

HENG. Health, power, and victory to Vortiger!

VORT. There can be no more pleasure to a king,
If all the languages earth spake were ransack'd.
Your names I know not; but so much good fortune
And warranted worth lightens your fair aspècts,[a]
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.

HENG. The mistress of our birth's hope, fruitful Germany,
Calls me Hengistus, and this captain Horsus;
A man low-built, but yet in deeds of arms
Flame is not swifter. We are all, my lord,
The sons of Fortune; she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits;
And since, after the rage of many a tempest,
Our fates have cast us upon Britain's bounds,
We offer you the first-fruits of our wounds.

VORT. Which we shall dearly prize: the mean'st blood spent
Shall at wealth's fountain make its own content.

HENG. You double vigour in us then, my lord:
Pay is the soul of such as thrive by the sword.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *And warranted worth lightens your fair aspècts*] "Alluding to the story of Pope Gregory's admiring the beauty of the English youths at Rome. Beda, Hist. c. i."—REED. I believe the author has no such allusion.

SCENE III.

Near the Palace.

Enter VORTIGER *and* GENTLEMEN. *Alarm and noise of skirmishes within.*

FIRST GENT. My lord, these Saxons bring a fortune with them
Stay[s][r] any Roman success.
VORT. On, speak, forwards!
I will not take one minute from thy tidings.
FIRST GENT. The main supporters of this insurrection
They've[s] taken prisoners, and the rest so tame[d],
They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.
VORT. Never came power guided by better stars
Than these men's fortitudes: yet they're misbelievers,
Which to my reason is wondrous.

Enter HENGIST, HORSUS, *and Soldiers, with Prisoners.*

You've given me such a first taste of your worth,
'Twill never from my love; when life is gone,
The memory sure will follow, my soul still
Participating immortality with it.
But here's the misery of earth's limited glory,
There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
Above the fame[t] which your own merits give you.
HENG. Indeed, my lord, we hold, when all's summ'd up
That can be made for worth to be express'd,
The fame that a man wins himself is best;
That he may call his own. Honours put to him

[r] *Stay[s]* Qy. "*stains;*" i. e. brings into disgrace, exceeds? —a common use of the word in our early writers.
[s] *They've*] Old ed. "they have."
[t] *fame*] Old ed. "same."

Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds:
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.
And since by this event which fortune speaks us,
This land appears the fair predestin'd soil
Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my lord,
A little earth to thrive on, what you please,
Where we'll but keep a nursery of good spirits
To fight for you and yours.

VORT. Sir, for our treasure,
'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
But for ye're strangers in religion chiefly —
Which is the greatest alienation can be,
And breeds most factions in the bloods of men —
I must not yield to that.

Enter SIMON *with a hide.*

HENG. 'S precious, my lord,
I see a pattern; be it but so little
As yon poor hide will compass.

VORT. How, the hide!

HENG. Rather than nothing, sir.

VORT. Since you're so reasonable,
Take so much in the best part of our kingdom.

HENG. We thank your grace.

[*Exit* VORTIGER *with* GENTLEMEN.

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first, and great from abject things.
Stay yonder fellow: he came luckily,
And he shall fare well for't, whate'er he be;
We'll thank our fortune in rewarding him.

HOR. Stay, fellow!

SIM. How, fellow? 'tis more than you know, whether I be your fellow or no; I am sure you see me not.

HENG. Come, what's the price of your hide?

SIM. O unreasonable villain! he would buy the house over a man's head. I'll be sure now to make my bargain wisely; they may buy me out of my skin else. [*Aside.*]—Whose hide would you buy, mine or the beast's? There is little difference in their complexions: I think mine is the blacker of the two: you shall see for your love, and buy for your money.—A pestilence on you all, how have you deceived me! you buy an ox-hide! you buy a calf's gather! They are all hungry soldiers, and I took them for honest shoe-makers. [*Aside.*

HENG. Hold, fellow; prithee, hold;—right a fool worldling
That kicks at all good fortune;—whose man art thou?

SIM. I am a servant, yet a masterless man, sir.

HENG. Prithee, how can that be?

SIM. Very nimbly, sir; my master is dead, and now I serve my mistress; ergo, I am a masterless man: she is now a widow, and I am the foreman of her tan-pit.

HENG. Hold you, and thank your fortune, not your wit. [*Gives him money.*

SIM. Faith, and I thank your bounty, and not your wisdom; you are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it seems. Now, by this light, a nest of yellow-hammers! What will become of me? if I can keep all these without hanging myself, I am happier than a hundred of my neighbours. You shall have my skin into the bargain; then if I chance to die like a dog, the labour will be saved of flaying me: I'll undertake, sir, you shall have all the skins in our parish at this price, men's and women's.

HENG. Sirrah, give good ear to me: now take the hide
And cut it all into the slenderest thongs
That can bear strength to hold.

SIM. That were a jest, i'faith: spoil all the leather? sin and pity! why, 'twould shoe half your army.

HENG. Do it, I bid you.

SIM. What, cut it all in thongs? Hum, this is like the vanity of your Roman gallants, that cannot wear good suits, but they must have them cut and slashed in giggets, that the very crimson taffaties sit blushing at their follies. I would I might persuade you from this humour of cutting; 'tis but a swaggering condition,[s] and nothing profitable: what if it were but well pinked? 'twould last longer for a summer suit.

HENG. What a cross lump of ignorance have I lighted on!
I must be forc'd to beat my drift into him.—[*Aside.*
Look you, to make you wiser than your parents,
I have so much ground given me as this hide
Will compass, which, as it [now] is, is nothing.

SIM. Nothing, quotha?
Why, 'twill not keep a hog.[t]

HENG. Now with the 'vantage
Cut into several pieces, 'twill stretch far,
And make a liberal circuit.

SIM. A shame on your crafty hide! is this your cunning? I have learnt more knavery now than ever I shall claw off while I live. I'll go purchase land by cow-tails, and undo the parish; three good bulls' pizzles would set up a man for ever: this is like a pin a-day to set up a haberdasher of small wares.

HENG. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we, must learn
Set in a foot at first.

SIM. A foot do you call it? The devil is in that foot that takes up all this leather.

[s] *condition*] i. e. disposition, or (as he has just said) humour.
[t] *Why*, &c.] Qy. "Why, *will't* not keep a hog?"

HENG. Despatch, and cut it carefully with all
The advantage, sirrah.

SIM. You could never have lighted upon such a fellow to serve your turn, captain. I have such a trick of stretching, too! I learned it of a tanner's man that was hanged last sessions at Maidstone: I'll warrant you, I'll get you a mile and a half more than you're aware of.

HENG. Pray, serve me so as oft as you will, sir.

SIM. I am casting about for nine acres to make a garden-plot out of one of the buttocks.

HENG. 'Twill be a good soil for nosegays.

SIM. 'Twill be a good soil for cabbages, to stuff out the guts of your followers there.

HENG. Go, see it carefully perform'd:
[*Exit* SIMON *with Soldiers.*
It is the first foundation of our fortunes
On Britain's earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a respect near link'd to adoration.
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance
Of large honours and hopes; does it not, captain?

HOR. How many have begun with less at first,
That have had emperors from their bodies sprung,
And left their carcasses as much in monument
As would erect a college!

HENG. There's the fruits
Of their religious show too; to lie rotting
Under a million spent in gold and marble.

HOR. But where shall we make choice of our ground, captain?

HENG. About the fruitful flanks of uberous[u] Kent,
A fat and olive soil; there we came in.
O captain, he has given he knows not what!

HOR. Long may he give so!

[u] *fruitful . . . uberous*] Synonymes.

HENG. I tell thee, sirrah, he that begg'd a field
Of fourscore acres for a garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well; but he came short of this.
HOR. Send over for more Saxons.
HENG. With all speed, captain.
HOR. Especially for Roxena.
HENG. Who, my daughter?
HOR. That star of Germany, forget not her, sir:
She is a fair fortunate maid.—
Fair she is, and fortunate may she be;
But in maid lost for ever. My desire
Has been the close confusion of that name.
A treasure 'tis, able to make more thieves
Than cabinets set open to entice;
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.
[*Aside.*
HENG. Come, I'll despatch with speed.
HOR. Do, forget none.
HENG. Marry, pray help my memory.
HOR. Roxena, you remember?
HENG. What more, dear sir?
HOR. I see your memory's clear, sir.
[*Shouts within.*
HENG. Those shouts leap'd from our army.
HOR. They were too cheerful
To voice a bad event.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

HENG. Now, sir, your news?
GENT. Roxena the fair——
HENG. True, she shall be sent for.
GENT. She's here, sir.
HENG. What say'st?
GENT. She's come, sir.
HOR. A new youth
Begins me o'er again. [*Aside.*

GENT. Follow'd you close, sir,
With such a zeal as daughter never equall'd;
Expos'd herself to all the merciless dangers
Set in mankind or fortune; not regarding
Aught but your sight.

HENG. Her love is infinite to me.

HOR. Most charitably censur'd; 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own lust, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearless as a drunkard.
There's no true loadstone in the world but that;
It draws them through all storms by sea or shame:
Life's loss is thought too small to pay that game.
[*Aside.*

GENT. What follows more of her will take you[u] strongly.

HENG. How!

GENT. Nay, 'tis worth your wonder.
Her heart, joy-ravish'd with your late success,
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So prosperously new opening at her coming,
She takes a cup of gold, and, midst the army,
Teaching her knee a reverend cheerfulness,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the king's joys and yours, the king in presence;
Who with her sight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which,—
But he's so far 'bove my expression caught,
'Twere art enough for one man's time and portion
To speak him and miss nothing.

HENG. This is astonishing!

HOR. O, this ends bitter now! our close-hid flame
Will break out of my heart; I cannot keep it. [*Aside.*

HENG. Gave you attention, captain? how now, man?

HOR. A kind of grief 'bout[v] these times of the moon still:

[u] *take you*] Old ed. "you take." [v] *'bout*] Old ed. "about."

I feel a pain like a convulsion,
A cramp at heart; I know not what name fits it.
HENG. Nor never seek one for it, let it go
Without a name; would all griefs were serv'd so!

Flourish. Re-enter VORTIGER, *with* ROXENA *and Attendants.*

HOR. A love-knot already? arm in arm! [*Aside.*
VORT. What's he
Lays claim to her?
HENG. In right of father-hood
I challenge an obedient part.
VORT. Take it,
And send [me] back the rest.
HENG. What means your grace?
VORT. You'll keep no more than what belongs to you?
HENG. That's all, my lord; it all belongs to me;
I keep the husband's interest till he come:
Yet out of duty and respect to majesty,
I send her back your servant.
VORT. My mistress, sir, or nothing.
HENG. Come again;
I never thought to hear so ill of thee.
VORT. How, sir, so ill?
HENG. So beyond detestable.
To be an honest vassal is some calling,
Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to't;
But mistress, that['s] the only common bait
Fortune sets at all hours, catching whore with it,
And plucks them up by clusters. There's my sword,
my lord; [*Offering his sword to* VORTIGER.
And if your strong desires aim at my blood,
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.

VORT. I ne'er took sword in vain:
Hengist, we here create thee earl of Kent.
HOR. O, that will do't! [*Aside, and falls.*
VORT. What ails our friend? look to him.
ROX. O, 'tis his epilepsy; I know it well:
I help'd him once in Germany; comes it again?
A virgin's right hand strok'd upon his heart
Gives him ease straight; but it must be a pure virgin['s],
Or else it brings no comfort.
VORT. What a task
She puts upon herself, unurgèd purity!
The truth of this will bring love's rage into me.
ROX. O, this would mad a woman! there's no proof
In love to indiscretion.[v]
HOR. Pish! this cures not.
ROX. Dost think I'll ever wrong thee?
HOR. O, most feelingly!
But I'll prevent it now, and break thy neck
With thy own cunning. Thou hast undertaken
To give me help, to bring in royal credit
Thy crack'd virginity, but I'll spoil all:
I will not stand on purpose, though I could,
But fall still to disgrace thee.
ROX. What, you will not?
HOR. I have no other way to help myself;
For when thou'rt known to be a whore imposterous,[w]
I shall be sure to keep thee.

[v] *no proof in love to indiscretion*] i. e. I suppose,—no trial compared to that which is occasioned by the indiscretion of the object beloved.

[w] *imposterous*] i. e. deceitful, cheating. The word occurs in several of our early writers. Dodsley and his editors chose to give the line thus:

"For when th'art known to be a whore, *impostress.*"

Rox. O sir, shame me not!
You've had what is most precious; try my faith;
Undo me not at first in chaste opinion.
Hor. All this art shall not make me feel my legs.
Rox. I prithee, do not wilfully confound me.
Hor. Well, I'm[x] content for this time to recover,
To save thy credit, and bite in my pain;
But if thou ever fail'st me, I will fall,
And thou shalt never get me up again. [*Rises.*
Rox. Agreed 'twixt you and I, sir.—See, my lord,
A poor maid's work! the man may pass for health now
Among the clearest bloods, and those are nicest.
Vort. I've[y] heard of women brought men on their knees,
But few that e'er restored them.—How now, captain?
Hor. My lord, methinks I could do things past man,
I'm so renew'd in vigour; I long most
For violent exercise to take me down:
My joy's so high in blood, I'm above frailty.
Vort. My lord of Kent.
Heng. Your love's unworthy creature.
Vort. See'st thou this fair chain? think upon the means
To keep it link'd for ever.
Heng. O my lord,
'Tis many degrees sunder'd from my hope!
Besides, your grace has a young virtuous queen.
Vort. I say, think on it.
Hor. If this wind hold, I fall to my old disease.
[*Aside.*
Vort. There's no fault in thee but to come so late;
All else is excellent: I chide none but fate. [*Exeunt.*

[x] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am." [y] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter HORSUS *and* ROXENA.

ROX. I've[w] no conceit[x] now that you ever lov'd me,
But as lust led you for the time.
HOR. See, see!
ROX. Do you pine at my advancement, sir?
HOR. O barrenness
Of understanding! what a right love's[y] this!
'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended:
What height of honours, eminence of fortune,
Should ravish me from you?
ROX. Who can tell that, sir?
What's he can judge of a man's appetite
Before he sees him eat?
Who knows the strength of any's constancy
That never yet was tempted? We can call
Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come;
They're only ours when they are pass'd and done.
How blest are you above your apprehension,
If your desire would lend you so much patience,
T' examine the adventurous condition
Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
And draw in the time's goodness to defend us!
First, this bold course of ours cannot last long,
Nor ever does in any without shame,
And that, you know, brings danger; and the greater
My father is in blood, as he's[z] well risen,
The greater will the storm of his rage be

[w] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[x] *conceit*] i. e. conception, idea.
[y] *love's*] Old ed. "love is."
[z] *he's*] Old ed. "he is."

'Gainst[y] his blood's wronging: I have cast[z] for this.
'Tis not advancement that I love alone;
'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.
HOR. O, were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible
There to be ever sure where there's no hold,
Your pregnant hopes should not be long in rising!
ROX. By what assurance have you held me thus far,
Which you found firm, despair you not in that.
HOR. True, that was good security for the time;
But in a change of state, when you're advanc'd,
You women have a French toy in your pride,
You make your friend come crouching; or perhaps,
To bow in th' hams the better, he is put
To compliment three hours with your chief woman,
Then perhaps not admitted; no, nor ever,
That's the more noble fashion. Forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
That do spring up from nothing; for by the same
Forgetting all, they forget whence they came,
An excellent property of oblivion.
ROX. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
In my own unhappiness. When we have given
All that we have to men, what's our requital?
An ill-fac'd jealousy, that resembles much
The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief,
That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd
The true man[a] naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him: so are we
First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousy.
Take reason's advice, and you'll find it impossible

[y] *'Gainst*] Old ed. "Against."
[z] *cast*] i. e. contrived.
[a] *The true man*] i. e. the honest man — an expression used in opposition to a thief.

For you to lose me in this king's advancement,
Who's an usurper here; and as the kingdom,
So shall he have my love by usurpation;
The right shall be in thee still. My ascension
To dignity is but to waft thee higher;
And all usurpers have the falling-sickness,
They cannot keep up long.

HOR. May credulous man
Put all his confidence in so weak a bottom,
And make a saving voyage?

ROX. Nay, as gainful
As ever man yet made.

HOR. Go, take thy fortunes,
Aspire with my consent,
So thy ambition will be sure to prosper;
Speak the fair certainties of Britain's queen
Home to thy wishes.

ROX. Speak in hope I may,
But not in certainty.

HOR. I say in both:
Hope, and be sure I'll soon remove the let[b]
That stands between thee and[c] glory.

ROX. Life of love!
If lost virginity can win such a day,
I'll have no daughter but shall learn my way. [*Exit.*

HOR. 'Twill be good work for him that first instructs them:
May be some son[s] of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own sisters. Peace, 'tis he.

Enter VORTIGER.

Invention, fail me not: 'tis a gallant credit
To marry one's whore bravely. [*Aside.*

[b] *let*] i. e. hinderance.
[c] *and*] Old ed. "*and* thy."

VORT. Have I power
Of life and death, and cannot command ease
In my own blood? After I was a king,
I thought I never should have felt pain more;
That there had been a ceasing of all passions
And common stings, which subjects use to feel,
That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities. But such as we
Know not the way to suffer; then to do it,
How most preposterous 'tis! Tush, riddles, riddles!
I'll break through custom. Why should not the mind,
The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd
Change of affections, as our bodies are
Change of food and raiment? I'll have it so.
All fashions appear strange at first production;
But this would be well followèd.—O, captain!

HOR. My lord, I grieve for you; I scarce fetch breath,
But a sigh hangs at the end of it: but this
Is not the way, if you'd[d] give way to counsel.

VORT. Set me right then, or I shall heavily curse thee
For lifting up my understanding to me,
To shew that I was wrong. Ignorance is safe;
I then slept happily: if knowledge mend me not,
Thou hast committed a most cruel sin,
To wake me into judgment, and then leave me.

HOR. I will not leave you, sir; that were rudely done.
First, you've a flame too open and too violent,
Which, like blood-guiltiness in an offender,
Betrays him when nought else can. Out with't,[e] sir;
Or let some cunning coverture be made
Before your practice[f] enters: 'twill spoil all else.

[d] *you'd*] Old ed. "youl'd." [e] *with't*] Old ed. "with it."
[f] *practice*] i. e. artifice, insidious design.

VORT. Why, look you, sir; I can be as calm as silence
All the while music plays. Strike on, sweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of innocence;
I prithee, take my temper. Has a virgin
A heat more modest?
HOR. He does well to ask me;
I could have told him once. [*Aside.*]—Why, here's a government!
There's not a sweeter amity in friendship
Than in this league 'twixt you and health.
VORT. Then since
Thou find'st me capable of happiness,
Instruct me with the practice.
HOR. What will you say, my lord,
If I ensnare her in an act[e] of lust?
VORT.[f] O, there were art to the life! but 'tis impossible;
I prithee, flatter me no farther with it.
Fie! so much sin as goes to make up that,
Will ne'er[g] prevail with her. Why, I'll tell you, sir,
She's so sin-killing modest, that if only
To move the question were enough adultery
To cause a separation, there's no gallant
So brassy-impudent durst undertake
The words that shall belong to't.
HOR. Say you so, sir?
There's nothing made in the world but has a way to't;
Though some be harder than the rest to find,
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think
I've took the course to light on't.[h]

[e] *act*] Old ed. "action." See note, p. 129.
[f] VORT.] This speech in the old ed. is given to Horsus.
[g] *ne'er*] Old ed. "never."
[h] *I've . . . on't*] Old ed. "I have . . . on it."

VORT. O, I pray for't!
HOR. I heard you lately say (from whence, my lord,
My practice[h] receiv'd life first), that your queen
Still consecrates her time to contemplation,
Takes solitary walks.
VORT. Nay, late and early
Commands her weak guard from her, which are but
Women at strongest.
HOR. I like all this, my lord:
And now, sir, you shall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modest women,
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts.
Now there be some will catch up men as fast;
But those she-fowlers nothing concern us;
Their birding is at windows; ours abroad,
Where ring-doves should be caught, that's married wives,
Or chaste maids; what the appetite has a mind to.
VORT. Make no pause then.
HOR. The honest gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail—I pity her now—
Poor soul, she's entic'd forth by her own sex
To be betray'd to man; who in some garden-house[i]
Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
Binds darkness on her eyelids, surprises her;
And having a coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he list for the sin's safety,
Making a rape of honour without words;
And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps
Some three days after, sends her coach'd again

[h] *practice*] See note, p. 160.
[i] *garden-house*] When this play was written, gardens with summer-houses in them were very common in the suburbs of London. These buildings were often used as places of intrigue.

To the same place; and, which would make most mad,
She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where she's robb'd,
There's the dear precious mischief!

VORT. Is this practis'd?

HOR. Too much, my lord, to be so little known;
A springe to catch a maidenhead after sun-set,
Clip it, and send it home again to the city,
There 'twill ne'er be perceiv'd.

VORT. My raptures want expression; I conceit[j]
Enough to make me fortunate, and thee great.

HOR. I praise it then, my lord.—I knew 'twould take. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Grounds near the Palace.

Enter CASTIZA *with a book, and two* LADIES.

CAST. Methinks, you live strange lives; when I see it not,
It grieves me less; you know how to ease me then:
If you but knew how well I lov'd your absence,
You would bestow't[k] upon me without asking.

FIRST LADY. Faith, for my part, were it no more for ceremony than for love, you should walk long enough without my attendance; and so think all my fellows, though they say nothing. Books in women's hands are as much against the hair,[l] methinks, as to see men wear stomachers, or night-

[j] *conceit*] i. e. conceive.
[k] *bestow't*] Old ed. "bestow it."
[l] *against the hair*] i. e. against the grain, contrary to nature.

rails.[l]—She that has the green-sickness, and should follow her counsel, would die like an ass, and go to the worms like a salad; not I: so long as such a creature as man is made, she is a fool that knows not what he is good for. [*Exeunt* LADIES.

CAST. Though among life's elections, that of virgin
I did speak noblest of, yet it has pleas'd the king
To send me a contented blessedness
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted.

Enter VORTIGER *and* HORSUS *disguised.*

I see the king's affection was a true one;
It lasts and holds out long, that's no mean virtue
In a commanding man; though in great fear
At first I was enforc'd to venture on it.

VORT. All's happy, clear, and safe.

HOR. The rest comes gently on.

VORT. Be sure you seize on her full sight at first,
For fear of my discovery.

HOR. Now, fortune, and I am sped.
[*Seizes and blindfolds* CASTIZA.

CAST. Treason! treason!

HOR. Sirrah, how stand you? prevent noise and clamour,
Or death shall end thy service.

VORT. A sure cunning. [*Aside.*

CAST. O, rescue! rescue!

HOR. Dead her voice! away, make speed!

CAST. No help? no succour?

HOR. Louder yet, extend
Your voice to the last rack;[m] you shall have leave now,
You're far from any pity.

[l] *night-rails*] i. e. night-gowns.

[m] *rack*] A friend would read "crack"—unnecessarily, I think.

CAST. What's my sin?
HOR. Contempt of man; and he's a noble creature,
And takes it in ill part to be despis'd.
CAST. I never despis'd any.
HOR. No? you hold us
Unworthy to be lov'd; what call you that?
CAST. I have a lord disproves you.
HOR. Pish! your lord?
You're bound to love your lord, that's[m] no thanks to you;
You should love those you are not tied to love,
That's the right trial of a woman's charity.
CAST. I know not what you are, nor what my fault is:
If it be life you seek, whate'er you be,
Use no immodest words, and take it from me;
You kill me more in talking sinfully
Than acting cruelly:[n] be so far pitiful,
To end me without words.
HOR. Long may you live!
'Tis the wish of a good subject: 'tis not life
That I thirst after; loyalty forbid
I should commit such treason: you mistake me,
I've[o] no such bloody thought; only your love
Shall content me.
CAST. What said you, sir?
HOR. Thus plainly,
To strip my words as naked as my purpose,
I must and will enjoy thee. [*She faints.*]—Gone already?
Look to her, bear her up, she goes apace;
I fear'd this still, and therefore came provided.

[m] *that's*] Old ed. "that is."
[n] *cruelly*] Old ed. "cruelty."
[o] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

There's that will fetch life from a dying spark,
And make it spread a furnace; she's well straight.
[*Pours drops from a vial into* CASTIZA's *mouth.*
Pish, let her go; she stands, upon my knowledge,
Or else she counterfeits; I know the virtue.
CAST. Never did sorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with such cruelties, such hard-hearted ways
Human invention never found before:
To call back life to live, is but ill taken
By some departing soul[s]; then to force mine back
To an eternal act of death in lust,
What is it but most execrable?
HOR. So, so:
But this is from my business. List to me:
Here you are now far from all hope of friendship,
Save what you make in me; 'scape me you cannot,
Send your soul that assurance; that resolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever shall,
I need not fear you then; but give consent,
Then with the faithfulness of a true friend
I'll open myself to you, fall your servant,
As I do now in hope, proud of submission,
And seal the deed up with eternal secrecy;
Not death shall pluck't[p] from me, much less the king's
Authority or torture.
VORT. I admire him. [*Aside.*
CAST. O sir! whate'er you are, I teach my knee
Thus to requite you, be content to take [*Kneels.*
Only my sight, as ransom for my honour,
And where[q] you have but mock'd my eyes with darkness,
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body
I'll spare most willingly, but take not from me

[p] *pluck't*] Old ed. "*pluck* it."
[q] *where*] i. e. whereas.

That which must guide me to another world,
And leave me dark for ever; fast without
That cursed pleasure, which will make two souls
Endure a famine everlastingly.
HOR. This almost moves. [*Aside.*
VORT. By this light he'll be taken! [*Aside.*
HOR. I'll wrestle down all pity. [*Aside.*]—What! will you consent?
CAST. I'll never be so guilty.
HOR. Farewell words then!
You hear no more of me; but thus I seize you.
CAST. O, if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleness,
And all the charms of honour!
[VORTIGER *snatches her up, and carries her off.*
HOR. Ah, ha! here's one caught
For an example: never was poor lady
So mock'd into false terror; with what anguish
She lies with her own lord! now she could curse
All into barrenness, and beguile herself by't.[r]
Conceit's[s] a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taste grief or love,
And as that relishes, so we approve;
Hence comes it that our taste is so beguil'd,
Changing pure blood for some that's mix'd and soil'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in a Castle.[t]

Enter HENGIST.

HEN. A fair and fortunate constellation reign'd
When we set foot here; for from his first gift

[r] *by't*] Old ed. "by it." [s] *conceit*] i. e. fancy.
[t] *A Chamber in a Castle*] Not in the castle, of which

(Which to a king's unbounded eyes seem'd nothing),
The compass of a hide, I have erected
A strong and spacious castle, yet contain'd myself
Within my limits, without check or censure.
Thither, with all th' observance of a subject,
The liveliest witness of a grateful mind,
I purpose to invite him and his queen,
And feast them nobly.

BARBER [*speaking without*]. We will enter, sir;
'Tis a state business, of a twelve-month long,
The choosing of a mayor.

HEN. What noise is that?

TAILOR [*without*]. Sir, we must speak with the good earl of Kent:
Though we were ne'er[t] brought up to keep a door,
We are as honest, sir, as some that do.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

HEN. Now, sir, what's the occasion of their clamours?

GENT. Please you, my lord, a company of townsmen
Are bent, 'gainst[u] all denials and resistance,
To have speech with your lordship; and that you
Must end a difference, which none else can do.

HEN. Why then there's reason in their violence,
Which I ne'er look'd for: first let in but one,
And as we relish him, the rest come on.

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.

Hengist immediately proceeds to speak. As the Barber presently says of Simon and Oliver, "here they come both in a pelting chafe from the town-house," the scene must be at or near Queenborough.

[t] *ne'er*] Old ed. "never."

[u] *'gainst*] Old ed. "against."

'Tis no safe wisdom in a rising man
To slight off such as these; nay, rather these
Are the foundations of a lofty work;
We cannot build without them, and stand sure.
He that ascends first[v] to a mountain's top
Must begin at the foot.

Re-enter GENTLEMAN.

Now, sir, who comes?

GENT. They cannot yet agree, my lord, of that:
They say 'tis worse now than it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming first they're all at odds.
One says, he shall lose his place in the church by't;
Another will not do his wife that wrong;
And by their good wills they would all come first.
The strife continues in most heat, my lord,
Between a country barber and a tailor
Of the same town; and which your lordship names,
'Tis yielded by consent that he shall enter.

HENG. Here's no sweet coil![w] I'm[x] glad they are so reasonable.
Call in the barber [*Exit* GENTLEMAN]; if the tale be long,
He'll cut it short, I trust; that's all the hope.

Re-enter GENTLEMAN *with* BARBER.

Now, sir, are you the barber?

[v] *ascends first*] Old ed. "*first ascends.*"

[w] *Here's no sweet coil.*] "It is observed by Dr. Warburton (see note to 1st part *Henry* 4th, A. 5, S. 3.), that in Shakespeare's time the negative in common speech was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing; and this assertion is fully confirmed by the several examples produced by Mr. Steevens in proof of it." REED.

[x] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

BARB. O, most barbarous! a corrector of enormities in hair, my lord; a promoter of upper lips, or what your lordship, in the neatness of your discretion, shall think fit to call me.

HENG. Very good, I see you have this without book; but what's your business?

BARB. Your lordship comes to a very high point indeed: the business, sir, lies about the head.

HENG. That's work for you.

BARB. No, my good lord, there is a corporation, a body, a kind of body.

HENG. The barber is out at the body; let in the tailor. [*Exit* GENTLEMAN.
This 'tis to reach beyond your own profession;
When you let go your head, you lose your memory:
You have no business with the body.

BARB. Yes, sir, I am a barber-chirurgeon; I have had something to do with it in my time, my lord; and I was never so out of the body as I have been of late: send me good luck, I'll marry some whore but I'll get in again.

Re-enter GENTLEMAN *with* TAILOR.

HENG. Now, sir, a good discovery come from you!

TAIL. I will rip up the linings to your lordship,
And shew what stuff 'tis made of: for the body
Or corporation—

HENG. There the barber left indeed.

TAIL. 'Tis piec'd up of two fashions.

HENG. A patch'd town the whilest.

TAIL. Nor can we go through stitch, my noble lord,
The choler is so great in the one party:
And as in linsey-woolsey wove together,
One piece makes several suits, so, upright earl,
Our linsey-woolsey hearts make all this coil.

HENG. What's all this now? I'm[y] ne'er the wiser yet.—
Call in the rest.

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN, *and re-enter with* GLOVER *and others.*

Now, sirs,—what are you?

GLOV. Sir-reverence[z] on your lordship, I am a glover.

HENG. What needs that then?

GLOV. Sometimes I deal in dog's leather, sir-reverence the while.

HENG. Well, to the purpose, if there be any towards.[a]

GLOV. I were an ass else, saving your lordship's presence.
We have a body, but our town wants a hand,
A hand of justice, a worshipful master mayor.

HENG. This is well handled yet; a man may take some hold on it.—You want a mayor?

GLOV. Right, but there's two at fisty-cuffs about it;
Sir, as I may say, at daggers drawing,—
But that I cannot say, because they have none,—
And you being earl of Kent, our town does say,
Your lordship's voice shall part and end the fray.

HENG. This is strange work for me. Well, sir, what be they?

GLOV. The one is a tanner.

HENG. Fie, I shall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that trade
To put it to my voice. What is his name?

[y] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[z] *Sir-reverence*] A corruption of *save-reverence, salvâ reverentiâ.* See Nares in v.

[a] *towards*] i. e. at hand, forthcoming.

GLOV. Simon.

HENG. How, Simon too?

GLOV. Nay, 'tis but Simon one, sir; the very same Simon that sold your lordship a hide.

HENG. What sayest thou?

GLOV. That's all his glory, sir: he got his master's widow by it presently, a rich tanner's wife: she has set him up; he was her fore-man a long time in her other husband's days.

HENG. Now let me perish in my first aspiring,
If the pretty simplicity of his fortune
Do not most highly take me: 'tis a presage, methinks,
Of bright succeeding happiness to mine,
When my fate's glow-worm casts forth such a shine.—
And what are those that do contend with him?

TAIL. Marry, my noble lord, a fustian-weaver.

HENG. How! he offer to compare with Simon? he a fit match for him!

BARB. Hark, hark, my lord! here they come both in a pelting chafe from the town-house.

Enter SIMON *and* OLIVER.

SIM. How, before me? I scorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd sing'd pig.

OLIV. Pig? I defy thee;
My uncle was a Jew, and scorn'd the motion.[a]

[a] *scorn'd the motion*] Here S. P., an annotator in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, wishes unnecessarily to read "mention." Middleton has the same expression elsewhere; and so in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, act iv. sc. 3.

"3 *Cit.* You had best
Go peach; do, peach!
2 *Cit.* Peach? *I scorn the motion.*

SIM. I list not brook thy vaunts. Compare with me,
Thou spindle of concupiscence? 'tis well known
Thy first wife was a flax-wench.
OLIV. But such a flax-wench
Would I might never want at my need,
Nor any friend of mine: my neighbours knew her.
Thy wife was but a hempen halter to her.
SIM. Use better words, I'll hang thee in my year else,
Let who will choose thee afterwards.
GLOV. Peace, for shame;
Quench your great spirit: do not you see his lordship?
HENG. What, master Simonides?
SIM. Simonides? what a fair name hath he made of Simon! then he's an ass that calls me Simon again; I am quite out of love with it.
HENG. Give me thy hand; I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.
SIM. I took a widow, my lord, to be the best piece of ground to thrive on; and by my faith, my lord, there's a young Simonides, like a green onion, peeping up already.
HENG. Thou'st a good lucky hand.
SIM. I have somewhat, sir.
HENG. But why to me is this election offer'd?
The choosing of a mayor goes by most voices.
SIM. True, sir, but most of our townsmen are so hoarse with drinking, there's not a good voice among them all.
HENG. Are you content to put it to all these then?
To whom I liberally resign my interest,
To prevent censures.
SIM. I speak first, my lord.

OLIV. Though I speak last, my lord, I am not least: if they will cast away a town-born child, they may; it is but dying some forty years before my time.

HENG. I leave you to your choice a while.

ALL. Your good lordship.

[*Exeunt* HENGIST *and* GENTLEMAN.

SIM. Look you, neighbours, before you be too hasty. Let Oliver the fustian-weaver stand as fair as I do, and the devil do him good on't.

OLIV. I do, thou upstart callymoocher,[b] I do; 'tis well known to the parish I have been twice ale-conner;[c] thou mushroom, that shot'st up in a night, by lying with thy mistress!

SIM. Faith, thou art such a spiny baldrib,[d] all the mistresses in the town will never get thee up.

OLIV. I scorn to rise by a woman, as thou didst: my wife shall rise by me.

GLOV. I pray leave your communication; we can do nothing else.

OLIV. I gave that barber a fustian-suit, and twice redeemed his cittern:[e] he may remember me.

[b] *callymoocher*] A term of reproach, which I cannot explain.

[c] *ale-conner*] "Or ale-taster, an officer appointed in every court leet to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale, and beer." Kersey's *Dict.*—See also Robinson's *Hist. of Tottenh.* p. 241, quoted by Nares in v.

[d] *spiny baldrib*] i. e. a thin slender fellow, with little flesh on his ribs.

[e] *cittern*] "A lute or *cittern* formerly used to be part of the furniture of a barber's shop, and, as Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on Walton's *Complete Angler*, p. 236, observes, answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers. In an old book of enigmas, to every one of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the subject of the enigma, is a barber, and the cut represents a barber's

SIM. I fear no false measure but in that tailor; the glover and the button-maker are both cocksure; that collier's eye I like not; now they consult, the matter is in brewing: poor Gill, my wife, lies longing for the news; 'twill make her a glad mother.

ALL [*except* OL.]. A Simon, a Simon!

SIM. Good people, I thank you all.

OLIV. Wretch that I am! Tanner, thou hast curried favour.

SIM. I curry! I defy thy fustian fume.

OLIV. But I will prove a rebel all thy year,
And raise up the seven deadly sins against thee.
[*Exit.*

SIM. The deadly sins will scorn to rise by thee, if they have any breeding, as commonly they are well brought up; 'tis not for every scab to be acquainted with them: but leaving the scab, to you, good neighbours, now I bend my speech. First, to say more than a man can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken; but to say what a man ought to say, there I leave you also. I must confess your loves have chosen a weak and unlearned man; that I can neither write nor read, you all can witness: yet not altogether so unlearned, but I can set my mark to a bond, if I would be so simple; an excellent token of government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done you know not what: there's a full point; there you must all cough and hem. [*Here they all cough and hem.*] Now touching our common adver-

shop, in which there is one person sitting in a chair under the barber's hands, while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on the lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument of the lute or *cittern* kind."—REED.

sary the fustian-weaver, who threatens he will raise the deadly sins among us, let them come; our town is big enough to hold them, we will not so much disgrace it; besides, you know a deadly sin will lie in a narrow hole: but when they think themselves safest, and the web of their iniquity best woven, with the horse strength of my justice I will break through the loom of their concupiscence, and make the weaver go seek his shuttle: here you may cough and hem again, if you'll do me the favour. [*They cough and hem again.*] Why, I thank you all, and it shall not go unrewarded. Now for the deadly sins, pride, sloth, envy, wrath; as for covetousness and gluttony, I'll tell you more when I come out of my office; I shall have time to try what they are: I will prove them soundly; and if I find gluttony and covetousness to be directly sins, I'll bury the one in the bottom of a chest, and the other in the end of my garden. But, sirs, for lechery, I'll tickle that home myself, I'll not leave a whore in the town.

BARB. Some of your neighbours must seek their wives in the country then.

SIM. Barber, be silent, I will cut thy comb else. To conclude, I will learn the villany of all trades; my own I know already: if there be any knavery in the baker, I will bolt it out; if in the brewer, I will taste him throughly,[f] and piss out his iniquity at his own suckhole: in a word, I will knock down all enormities like a butcher, and send the hide to my fellow-tanners.

ALL. A Simonides, a true Simonides indeed!

[f] *throughly*] Modernised unnecessarily by Dodsley into *thoroughly*.

Re-enter HENGIST *with* ROXENA.

HENG. How now? how goes your choice?
TAIL. This is he, my lord.
SIM. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take
The upper hand of your lordship: I'll not lose
An inch of my honour.
HENG. Hold, sirs: there's some few crowns
To mend your feast, because I like your choice.
BARB. Joy bless you, sir!
We'll drink your health with trumpets.
SIM. I with sack-buts,[g]
That's the more solemn drinking for my state;
No malt this year shall fume into my pate.
[*Exeunt all but* HENGIST *and* ROXENA.[h]
HENG. Continue[s] still that favour in his love?
ROX. Nay, with increase, my lord, the flame grows greater;
Though he has learn'd a better art of late
To set a screen before it.
HENG. Speak lower.
[*Retires to a seat and reads: exit* ROXENA.

Enter VORTIGER *and* HORSUS.

HOR. Heard every word, my lord.
VORT. Plainly?
HOR. Distinctly.
The course I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd myself behind the hangings
Even just before his entrance.
VORT. 'Twas well ventur'd.

[g] *sack-buts*] A play on the meaning of the word—*musical instruments*, and *buts of sack*.
[h] *Exeunt*, &c.] Old ed. "*Exit cum suis.*"

HOR. I had such a woman's first and second long-
ing in me
To hear[1] how she would bear her mock'd abuse
After she was return'd to privacy,
I could have fasted out an ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her:
Then came your holy Lupus and Germanus—
VORT. Two holy confessors.
HOR. At whose first sight
I could perceive her fall upon her breast,
And cruelly afflict herself with sorrow,
(I never heard a sigh till I heard hers);
Who, after her confession, pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now she holds, to keep it hid from you:
There's all the pleasure that I took in't now;
When I heard that, my pains was well remember'd.
So, with applying comforts and relief,
They've[1] brought it lower, to an easy grief;
But yet the taste is not quite gone.
VORT. Still fortune
Sits bettering our inventions.
HOR. Here she comes.

Enter CASTIZA.

CAST. Yonder's my lord; O, I'll return again!
Methinks I should not dare to look on him.
[*Aside, and exit.*
HOR. She's gone again.
VORT. It works the kindlier, sir:
Go now and call her back. [*Exit* HORSUS.] She
winds herself
Into the snare so prettily, 'tis a pleasure
To set toils for her.

[1] *hear*] Old ed. "*hear* her."
[1] *They've*] Old ed. "They have."

Re-enter CASTIZA *and* HORSUS.

CAST. He may read my shame
Now in my blush. [*Aside.*
VORT. Come, you're so link'd to holiness,
So taken[k] with contemplative desires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not:
You have been weeping too.
CAST. Not I, my lord.
VORT. Trust me, I fear you have: you're much to blame
To yield so much to passion[l] without cause.
Is not some time enough for meditation?
Must it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into time's consumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.—
My lord of Kent!—I prithee, wake him, captain;
He reads himself asleep, sure.
HOR. My lord!
VORT. Nay,
I'll take away your book, and bestow't here.
[*Takes book from* HENGIST.
HENG. Your pardon, sir.
VORT. [*giving book to* CASTIZA] Lady, you that delight in virgins' stories,
And all chaste works, here's excellent reading for you:
Make of that book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow sick to part from.—And now, my lord,
You that have so conceitedly[m] gone beyond me,
And made so large use of a slender gift,
Which we ne'er minded,[n] I commend your thrift;

[k] *taken*] Old ed. "ta'ne." [l] *passion*] i. e. sorrow.
[m] *conceitedly*] i. e. fancifully, ingeniously.
[n] *minded*] i. e. intended.

And that your building may to all ages
Carry the stamp and impress of your wit,
It shall be call'd Thong-Castle.[o]
HENG. How, my lord,
Thong-Castle! there your grace quits me kindly.
VORT. 'Tis fit art should be known by its right name;
You that can spread my gift, I'll spread your fame.
HENG. I thank your grace for that.
VORT. And, lovèd lord,
So well we do accept your invitation,
With all speed we'll set forwards.
HENG. Your honour loves me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Public Way near HENGIST'S *Castle.*

Enter SIMON *and all his brethren, a mace and sword before him, meeting* VORTIGER, CASTIZA, HENGIST, ROXENA, HORSUS, *and two* LADIES.

SIM. Lo,[p] I, the Mayor of Queenborough by name,
With all my brethren, saving one that's lame,
Are come as fast as fiery mill-horse gallops
To greet thy grace, thy queen, and her fair trollops.
For reason of our coming do not look;
It must be done, I find it i' the town-book;
And yet not I myself, I cannot[q] read;

[o] *Thong-Castle*] "See Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent, 1596, p. 195. Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History, B. 6. C. 11."—REED.

[p] *Lo, I,* &c.] In *Wit Restored,* 1658 (*Facetiæ,* &c. vol. i. p. 268. ed. 1817), this speech of Simon is printed, with a few very slight variations, under the title of *A Prologue to the Mayor of Quinborough.*

[q] *cannot*] *Wit Rest.* "scorne to;" but compare p. 175, l. 24.

I keep a clerk to do those jobs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before Thong-Castle see thee.—
Reach me the thing to give the king, the other too, I prithee.—
Now here they be, for queen and thee; the gift all steel and leather,
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together:
To shew two loves must join in one, our town presents by me
This gilded scabbard to the queen, this dagger unto thee. [*Offers the scabbard and dagger.*

VORT. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties;
I hate them, as I do the riots[r] of your
Inconstant rabble; I have felt your fits:
Sheathe up your bounties with your iron wits.
[*Exit with his train.*

SIM. Look, sirs, is his back turn'd?

ALL. It is, it is.

SIM. Then bless the good earl of Kent, say I!
I'll have this dagger turn'd into a pie,
And eaten up for anger, every bit on't:
And when this pie shall be cut up by some rare cunning pie-man,
They shall full lamentably sing, Put up thy dagger, Simon. [*Exeunt.*

[r] *riots*] Old ed. "roots."

SCENE II.

A Hall in HENGIST'S *Castle: a feast set out.*

Enter VORTIGER, HENGIST, HORSUS, DEVONSHIRE, STAFFORD, CASTIZA, ROXENA, *two* LADIES, GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

HENG. A welcome, mighty lord, may appear costlier,
More full of toil and talk, shew and conceit;
But one more stor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the sons of men to boast of.
VORT. Why, here's[t] a fabric that implies eternity;
The building plain, but most substantial;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruin,
Saving that master-piece of consummation,
The end of time, which must consume even ruin,
And eat that into cinders.
HENG. There's no brass
Would pass your praise, my lord; 'twould last beyond it,
And shame our durablest metal.
VORT. Horsus.
HOR. My lord.
VORT. This is the time I've[u] chosen; here's a full meeting,
And here will I disgrace her.
HOR. 'Twill be sharp, my lord.
VORT. O, 'twill be best.
HOR. Why, here's the earl her father.
VORT. Ay, and the lord her uncle; that's the height of't;[v]

[t] *here's*] Old ed. "there's."
[u] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[v] *of't*] Old ed. "of it."

Invited both on purpose, to rise sick,
Full of shame's surfeit.
HOR. And that's shrewd, byrlady :[v]
It ever sticks close to the ribs of honour,
Great men are never sound men after it;
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.
VORT. Mark but the least presentment of occasion,
As these times yield enough, and then mark me.
HOR. My observance is all yours, you know't, my lord.—
What careful ways some take to abuse themselves!
But as there be assurers of men's goods
'Gainst storms or pirates, which give[w] adventurers courage,
So such there must be to make up man's theft,
Or there would be no woman-venturer left.
See, now they find their seats! what a false knot
Of amity he ties about her arm,
Which rage must part! In marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.
Music? then I have done; I always learn [*Music.*
To give my betters place.
[*Aside, while the rest seat themselves.*
VORT. Where's captain Horsus?
Sit, sit; we'll have a health anon to all
Good services.
HOR. They are poor in these days;
They'd rather have the carp[x] than the health.
He hears me not, and most great men are deaf
On that side. [*Aside.*

[v] *byrlady*] See note, p. 135.
[w] *give*] Old ed. "gives."
[x] *carp*] Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read "cup."

VORT. My lord of Kent, I thank you for this welcome;
It came unthought of, in the sweetest language
That ever my soul relish'd.
HENG. You are pleas'd, my lord,
To raise my happiness for slight deservings,
To shew what power's in princes; not in us
Aught worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I'm[7] chiefly sad, my lord, your queen's not merry.
VORT. So honour bless me, he has found the way
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight——
CAST. My lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful;
I am as I was ever.
VORT. That's not so.
CAST. How? O, my fears! [*Aside.*
VORT. When she writ maid, my lord,
You knew her otherwise.
DEVON. To speak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth,
Nor taken much with any one delight;
Though there be many seemly and honourable
To give content to ladies without taxing.
VORT. My lord of Kent, this to thy full deserts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.
[*Drinking.*
HENG. Which, like a river, shall return in service
To the great master-fountain.
VORT. Where's your lord?
I miss'd him not till now,—Lady, and yours?
No marvel then we were so out of the way
Of all pleasant discourse; they are the keys
Of human music; sure at their nativities
Great nature sign'd a general patent to them

[7] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

To take up all the mirth in a whole kingdom.
What's their employment now?
FIRST LADY. May it please your grace,
We never are so far acquainted with them;
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep;
That's even the fashion of them all, my lord.
VORT. It seems ye've great thought in their constancies,
And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.
SECOND LADY. Hope well we do, my lord; we've[1] reason for it,
Because they say brown men are honestest;
But she's a fool will swear for any colour.
VORT. They would for yours.
SECOND LADY. Truth, 'tis a doubtful question,
And I'd be loath to put mine to't, my lord.
VORT. Faith, dare you swear for yourselves? that's a plain question.
SECOND LADY. My lord?
VORT. You cannot deny that with honour;
And since 'tis urg'd, I'll put you to't in troth.
FIRST LADY. May it please your grace—
VORT. 'Twould please me very well;
And here's a book, mine never goes without one;
[*Taking book from* CASTIZA.
She's an example to you all for purity:
Come, swear (I've[2] sworn you shall) that you ne'er knew
The will of any man besides your husband's.
SECOND LADY. I'll swear, my lord, as far as my remembrance—
VORT. How! your remembrance? that were strange.

[1] *we've*] Old ed. "we have."
[2] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

First Lady. Your grace
Hearing our just excuse, will not say so.
Vort. Well, what's your just excuse? you're ne'er without some.
First Lady. I'm[b] often taken with a sleep, my lord,
The loudest thunder cannot waken me,
Not if a cannon's burthen be discharg'd
Close by my ear; the more may be my wrong;
There can be no infirmity, my lord,
More excusable in any woman.
Second Lady. And I'm[c] so troubled with the mother[d] too,
I've[e] often call'd in help, I know not whom;
Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.
Vort. I perceive there's no fastening. [*Aside.*] —Well, fair one, then,
That ne'er[f] deceives faith's anchor of her hold,
Come at all seasons; here, be thou the star
To guide those erring women, shew the way
Which I will make them follow. Why dost start,
Draw back, and look so pale?
Cast. My lord!
Vort. Come hither;
Nothing but take that oath; thou'lt take a thousand;
A thousand! nay, a million, or as many
As there be angels registers of oaths.
Why, look thee, over-fearful chastity,
(That sinn'st in nothing but in too much niceness,[g])
I'll begin first and swear for thee myself:
I know thee a perfection so unstain'd,
So sure, so absolute, I will not pant on it,

[b] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am." [c] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[d] *mother*] i. e. hysterical passion.
[e] *I've*] Old ed. "I have." [f] *ne'er*] Old ed. "never."
[g] *niceness*] i. e. scrupulousness.

But catch time greedily. By all those blessings
That blow truth into fruitfulness, and those curses
That with their barren breaths blast perjury,
Thou art as pure as sanctity's best shrine
From all man's mixture, save what's lawful, mine!

CAST. O, heaven forgive him, he has forsworn himself! [*Aside.*

VORT. Come, 'tis but going now my way.

CAST. That's bad enough. [*Aside.*

VORT. I've[g] clear'd all doubts, you see.

CAST. Good my lord, spare me.

VORT. How! it grows later than so. For modesty's sake,
Make more speed this way.

CAST. Pardon me, my lord,
I cannot.

VORT. What?

CAST. I dare not.

VORT. Fail all confidence
In thy weak kind for ever!

DEVON. Here's a storm
Able to wake[h] all of our name inhumed,
And raise them from their sleeps of peace and fame,
To set the honours of their bloods right here,
Hundred years after: a perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,
And cannot be chok'd now with a poor grain
Of dust and earth. Her uncle and myself,
Wild in this tempest, as e'er[i] robb'd man's peace,

[g] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

[h] *Able to*, &c.] Old ed.

"*Able to* make *all of our name* inhumid,"—

and so the line stands in all the eds. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

[i] *e'er*] Old ed. "ever." The line seems corrupted. Qu. "*In this wild tempest*," &c.?

Will undertake, upon life's deprivation,
She shall accept this oath.
VORT. You do but call me then
Into a world of more despair and horror;
Yet since so wilfully you stand engag'd
In high scorn to be touch'd, with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames;
Or, by the issues of abus'd belief,
I'll take the forfeit of lives, lands, and honours,
And make one ruin serve our joys and yours.
CAST. Why, here's a height of miseries never reach'd yet!
I lose myself and others.
DEVON. You may see
How much we lay in balance with your goodness,
And had we more, it went; for we presume
You cannot be religious and so vile—
CAST. As to forswear myself—'Tis truth, great sir,
The honour of your bed hath been abus'd.
VORT. O, beyond patience!
CAST. But give me hearing, sir:
'Twas far from my consent; I was surpris'd
By villains, and so raught.[1]
VORT. Hear you that, sirs?
O cunning texture to enclose adultery!
Mark but what subtle veil her sin puts on;
Religion brings her to confession first,
Then steps in art to sanctify that lust.—
'Tis likely you could be surpris'd!
CAST. My lord!
VORT. I'll hear no more.—Our guard! seize on those lords.
DEVON. We cannot perish now too fast; make speed

[1] *raught*] i. e. snatched away, ravished.

To swift destruction. He breathes most accurst
That lives so long to see his name die first.
[*Exeunt* DEVONSHIRE *and* STAFFORD, *guarded.*
HOR. Here's no[i] dear[j] villany! [*Aside.*
HENG. Let him entreat, sir,
That falls in saddest grief for this event,
Which ill begins the fortune of this building.
My lord! [*Takes* VORTIGER *aside.*
ROX. What if he should cause me to swear too, captain?
You know I am as far to seek in honesty[k]
As the worst here can be; I should be sham'd too.
HOR. Why, fool, they swear by that we worship not;
So you may swear your heart out, and ne'er hurt yourself.
ROX. That was well thought on; I'd[l] quite lost myself else.
VORT. You shall prevail in noble suits, my lord,
But this does shame the speaker.
HOR. I'll step in now,
Though't[m] shall be to no purpose.—Good my lord,
Think on your noble and most hopeful issue,
Lord Vortimer, the prince.
VORT. A bastard, sir!
I would his life were in my fury now!
CAST. That injury stirs my soul to speak the truth
Of his conception.—Here I take the book, my lord:
By all the glorify'd rewards of virtue
And prepar'd punishments for consents in sin,

[i] *no*] See note [w], p. 169.
[j] *dear*] See notes, vol. iii. p. 307, vol. iv. p. 486: here, perhaps, it is equivalent to—excessive.
[k] *to seek in honesty*] i. e. at a loss for, deficient in honesty.
[l] *I'd*] Old ed. "I had."
[m] *Though't*] Old ed. "*Though* it."

A queen's hard sorrow ne'er supply'd a kingdom
With issue more legitimate than Vortimer.
VORT. This takes not out the stain of present shame;
Continuance crowns desert: she ne'er can go
For perfect honest that's not always so.—
Beshrew thy heart for urging this excuse;
Thou'st justify'd her somewhat.
HOR. To small purpose.
VORT. Among so many women, not one here
Dare swear a simple chastity! here's an age
To propagate virtue in! Since I've[n] begun,
I'll shame you altogether, and so leave you.—
My lord of Kent!
HENG. Your highness?
VORT. That's your daughter?
HENG. Yes, my good lord.
VORT. Though I'm[o] your guest to-day,
And should be less austere to you or yours,
In this case pardon me; I may not spare her.
HENG. Then her own goodness friend her!—she comes, my lord.
VORT. The tender reputation of a maid
Makes your honour, or else nothing can:
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white soul; a mighty task:
What dare you do in this?
ROX. My lord, as much
As chastity can put a woman to;
I ask no favour. And t'approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time professeth,
As likewise to requite all courteous censure,
Here I take oath I am as free from man
As truth from falsehood, or sanctity from stain.

[n] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[o] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

VORT. O thou treasure that ravishes the possessor!
I know not where to speed so well again;
I'll keep thee while I have thee: here's a fountain
To spring forth princes and the seeds of kingdoms!
Away with that infection of black honour,
And those her leprous pledges!—
Here will we store succession with true peace;
And of pure virgins grace the poor increase.
[*Exeunt all but* HORSUS.

HOR. Ha, ha!
He's well provided now: here struck my fortunes.
With what an impudent confidence she swore honest,
Having th' advantage of the oath! precious whore!
Methinks I should not hear from fortune next
Under an earldom now: she cannot spend
A night so idly, but to make a lord
With ease, methinks, and play. The earl of Kent
Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water;
He has some secret way; I know his blood;
The grave's not greedier, nor hell's lord more proud.
Something will hap; for this astonishing choice
Strikes pale the kingdom, at which I rejoice. [*Exit.*

DUMB SHOW.

Enter LUPUS, GERMANUS, DEVONSHIRE, *and* STAFFORD, *leading* VORTIMER, *and crown him:* VORTIGER *comes to them in passion; they neglect him. Enter* ROXENA *in fury, expressing discontent; then they lead out* VORTIMER: ROXENA *gives two villains gold to murder him; they swear performance, and go with her:* VORTIGER *offers to run on his sword;* HORSUS *prevents him, and per-*

suades him. The lords bring in VORTIMER *dead:* VORTIGER *mourns, and submits to them: they swear him, and crown him. Then enters* HENGIST *with Saxons:* VORTIGER *draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a parley; which* HENGIST *seems to grant by laying down his weapons: so all depart severally.*

Enter RAYNULPH.

RAY. Of Pagan blood a queen being chose,
Roxena hight,[p] the Britons rose
For Vortimer, and crown'd him king;
But she soon poison'd that sweet spring.
Then unto rule they did restore
Vortiger; and him they swore
Against the Saxons: they (constrain'd)
Begg'd peace, treaty, and obtain'd.
And now in numbers equally
Upon the plain near Salisbury,
A peaceful meeting they decreen,[q]
Like men of love, no weapon seen.
But Hengist, that ambitious lord,
Full of guile, corrupts his word,
As the sequel too well proves:—
On that your eyes; on us your loves. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Plain near Salisbury.

Enter HENGIST, *with* SAXONS.

HENG. If we let slip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought

[p] *hight*] i. e. called.
[q] *decreen*] i. e. decree. An old form, for the sake of the rhyme.

Of ever fixing: we are loose at root,
And the least storm may rend us from the bosom
Of this land's hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Fasten we now, and our unshaken firmness
Will endure after-ages.

FIRST SAX. We are resolv'd, my lord.

HENG. Observe you not how Vortiger the king,
Base in submission, threaten'd our expulsion,
His arm held up against us? Is't[r] not time
To make our best prevention? What should check me?
He has perfected that great work in our daughter,
And made her queen: she can ascend no higher.
Therefore be quick; despatch. Here, every man
Receive into the service of his vengeance
An instrument of steel, which will unseen
[*Distributing daggers.*
Lurk, like a snake under the innocent shade
Of a spread summer-leaf: there, fly you on.
Take heart, the commons love us; those remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatness stands improv'd.

FIRST SAX. Give us the word, my lord, and we are perfect.

HENG. That's true; the word,—I lose myself—
Nemp your sexes:[s]
It shall be that.

[r] *Is't*] Old ed. "Is it."

[s] *Nemp your sexes*] "'The appointment being agreed to on both sides, Hengist, with a new design of villany in his head, ordered his soldiers to carry, every one of them, a long dagger under their garments; and while the conference should be held with the Britons, who would have no suspicion of them, he would give them this word of command, *Nemet oure Saxas*; at which moment they were all to be ready to seize boldly every one his next man, and with his drawn dagger stab him. Accordingly, at the time and place appointed, they all met, and began to treat of peace; and when a fit opportunity for

FIRST SAX. Enough, sir: then we strike.
HENG. But the king's mine: take heed you touch him not.
FIRST SAX. We shall not be at leisure; never fear it;
We shall have work enough of our own, my lord.
HENG. Calm looks, but stormy souls possess you all!

Enter VORTIGER *and* BRITISH LORDS.

VORT. We see you keep your words in all points firm.
HENG. No longer may we boast of so much breath
As goes to a word's making, than of care
In the preserving of it when 'tis made.
VORT. You're in a virtuous way, my lord of Kent:
And since both sides are met, like sons of peace,
All other arms laid by in signs of favour,
If our conditions be embrac'd—
HENG. They are.
VORT. We'll use no other but these only here.
HENG. *Nemp your sexes.*
BRITISH LORDS. Treason! treason!
[*The* SAXONS *stab the* BRITISH LORDS.
HENG. Follow it to the heart, my trusty Saxons!
It is your liberty, your wealth, and honour.—
Soft, you are mine, my lord. [*Seizing* VORTIGER.
VORT. Take me not basely, when all sense and strength
Lie[t] bound up in amazement at this treachery.

executing his villany served, Hengist cried out, *Nemet oure Saxas;* and the same instant seized Vortegirn, and held him by his cloak.' Jeffrey of Monmouth's British History, translated by Aaron Thompson, 1718, 8vo, p. 194."—REED. *Nemp your sexes,* i. e. Nymeð eouer seaxes,—take your daggers, or short swords.

[t] *Lie*] Old ed. "Lies."

What devil hath breath'd this everlasting part
Of falsehood into thee?
HENG. Let it suffice
I have you, and will hold you prisoner,
As fast as death holds your best props in silence.
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution; which we hate
With a joint loathing. May all perish thus,
That seek to subjugate or lessen us!
VORT. O, the strange nooks of guile or subtilty,
When man so cunningly lies hid from man!
Who could expect such treason from thy breast,
Such thunder from thy voice? Or tak'st thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that teems a sudden storm,
When the world least expects one? but of all,
I'll ne'er trust fair sky in a man again:
There's the deceitful weather. Will you heap
More guilt upon you by detaining me,
Like a cup taken after a sore surfeit,
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What seek you?
HENG. Ransom for your liberty,
As I shall like of, or you ne'er obtain it.
VORT. Here's a most headlong dangerous ambition!
Sow you the seeds of your aspiring hopes
In blood and treason, and must I pay for them?
HENG. Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?
A work of my own merit, since you enforce it.
VORT. There's even the general thanks of all aspirers:
When they have all a kingdom can impart,
They write above it still their own desert.

HENG. I've[t] writ mine true, my lord.
VORT. That's all their sayings.
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a queen?
HENG. You have the harmony of your pleasure for it;
You crown your own desires; what's that to me?
VORT. And what will crown yours, sir?
HENG. Faith, things of reason:
I demand Kent.
VORT. Why, you've the earldom of it.
HENG. The kingdom of't, I mean, without control,
In full possession.
VORT. This is strange in you.
HENG. It seems you're not acquainted with my blood,
To call this strange.
VORT. Never was king of Kent,
But who was general king.
HENG. I'll be the first then:
Every thing has beginning.
VORT. No less title?
HENG. Not if you hope for liberty, my lord.
So dear a happiness would not be wrong'd
With slighting.
VORT. Very well: take it; I resign it.
HENG. Why, I thank your grace.
VORT. Is your great thirst yet satisfied?
HENG. Faith, my lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming sisters,
Norfolk and Suffolk, and I've[u] done with you.
VORT. You've got a dangerous thirst of late, my lord,
Howe'er you came by't.[v]

[t] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[u] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[v] *by't*] Old ed. "by it."

HENG. It behoves me then,
For my blood's health, to seek all means to quench it.
VORT. Them too?
HENG. There will nothing be abated, I assure you.
VORT. You have me at advantage: he whom fate
Does captivate, must yield to all. Take them.
HENG. And you your liberty and peace, my lord,
With our best love and wishes.—Here's an hour
Begins us, Saxons, in wealth, fame, and power.
[*Exit with* SAXONS.
VORT. Are these the noblest fruits and fair'st requitals
From works of our own raising?
Methinks,[x] the murder of Constantius
Speaks to me in the voice of't,[y] and the wrongs
Of our late queen, slipt both into one organ.

Enter HORSUS.

Ambition, hell, my own undoing lust,
And all the brood of plagues, conspire against me:
I have not a friend left me.
HOR. My lord, he dies
That says it, but yourself, were't that thief-king,

[x] *Methinks*, &c.] "Shakespeare seems to have imitated this in the Tempest, A. 3. S. 3.

'Oh, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper.'"—REED.

The date of *The Tempest* must be settled before we can determine whether Shakespeare or Middleton was the imitator.

[y] *of't*] Old ed. "of it."

That has so boldly stolen his honours from you;
A treason that wrings tears from honest manhood.
Vort. So rich am I now in thy love and pity,
I feel no loss at all: but we must part,
My queen and I to Cambria.
Hor. My lord, and I not nam'd,
That have vow'd lasting service to my life's
Extremest minute!
Vort. Is my sick fate blest with so pure a friend?
Hor. My lord, no space of earth, nor breadth of sea,
Shall divide me from you.
Vort. O faithful treasure!
All my lost happiness is made up in thee. [*Exit.*
Hor. I'll follow you through the world, to cuckold you;
That's my way now. Every one has his toy
While he lives here: some men delight in building,
A trick of Babel, which will ne'er be left;
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toiling;
Hengist in getting honour, I in spoiling. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in SIMON'S *House.*

Enter SIMON, GLOVER, FELT-MAKER, *and other of his brethren,* AMINADAB, *and Servants.*

SIM. Is not that rebel Oliver, that traitor to my year, 'prehended yet?

AMIN. Not yet, so please your worship.

SIM. Not yet, sayest thou? how durst thou say, not yet, and see me present? thou malapert, that art good for nothing but to write and read! Is his loom seized upon?

AMIN. Yes, if it like your worship, and sixteen yards of fustian.

SIM. Good: let a yard be saved to mend me between the legs, the rest cut in pieces and given to the poor. 'Tis heretic fustian, and should be burnt indeed; but being worn threadbare, the shame will be as great: how think you, neighbours?

GLOV. Greater, methinks, the longer it is wore; Where[z] being once burnt, it can be burnt no more.

SIM. True, wise and most senseless.—How now, sirrah?

Enter a FOOTMAN.

What's he approaching here in dusty pumps?

AMIN. A footman, sir, to the great king of Kent.

SIM. The king of Kent? shake him by the hand for me.

Thou'rt welcome, footman: lo, my deputy shakes thee!

Come when my year is out, I'll do't myself.

If 'twere a dog that came from the king of Kent,

I keep those officers would shake him, I trow.

And what's the news with thee, thou well-stew'd footman?

FOOT. The king, my master—

SIM. Ha!

FOOT. With a few Saxons,

Intends this night to make merry with you.

SIM. Merry with me? I should be sorry else, fellow,

And take it in ill part; so tell Kent's king.

Why was I chosen, but that great men should make

[z] *Where*] i. e. whereas. Altered by Dodsley and his editors to "When."

Merry with me? there is a jest indeed!
Tell him I look'd for't; and me much he wrongs,
If he forget Sim that cut out his thongs.
FOOT. I'll run with your worship's answer.
SIM. Do, I prithee. [*Exit* FOOTMAN.
That fellow will be roasted against supper;
He's half enough already; his brows baste him.
The king of Kent! the king of Kirsendom[a]
Shall not be better welcome;
For you must imagine now, neighbours, this is
The time when Kent stands out of Kirsendom,
For he that's king here now was never kirsen'd.
This for your more instruction I thought fit,
That when you're[b] dead you may teach your children wit.—
Clerk!
AMIN. At your worship's elbow.
SIM. I must turn
You from the hall to the kitchen to-night.
Give order that twelve pigs be roasted yellow,
Nine geese, and some three larks for piddling meat,
And twenty woodcocks: I'll bid all my neighbours.
Give charge the mutton come in all blood-raw,
That's[c] infidel's meat; the king of Kent's a pagan,
And must be servèd so. And let those officers
That seldom or never go to church bring it in,
'Twill be the better taken. Run, run.
[*Exit* AMINADAB.
Come you hither now.
Take all my cushions down and thwack them soundly,
After my feast of millers; for their buttocks

[a] *Kirsendom*] A corruption of *Christendom*.
[b] *you're*] Old ed. "you are."
[c] *that's—Kent's*] Old ed. "*that* is"—"*Kent* is."

Have left a peck of flour in them: beat them carefully
Over a bolting-hutch, there will be enough
For a pan-pudding, as your dame will handle it.
Then put fresh water into both the bough-pots,
And burn a little juniper in the hall-chimney:
[*Exeunt* SERVANTS.
Like a beast as I was, I pissed out the fire last night, and never dreamt of the king's coming.

Re-enter AMINADAB.

How now, returned so quickly?

AMIN. Please your worship, here are a certain company of players—

SIM. Ha, players!

AMIN. Country comedians, interluders, sir, desire your worship's favour and leave to enact in the town-hall.

SIM. In the town-hall? 'tis ten to one I never grant them that. Call them before my worship. [*Exit* AMINADAB.]—If my house will not serve their turn, I would fain see the proudest he lend them a barn.

Re-enter AMINADAB *with* PLAYERS.[c]

Now, sirs, are you comedians?

SECOND PLAY. We are, sir; comedians, tragedians, tragi-comedians, comi-tragedians, pastorists, humorists, clownists, satirists: we have them, sir, from the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh, from the laugh to the handkerchief.

SIM. You're very strong in the wrist, methinks.

[c] *Players*] They have, it appears, only "taken the name of country comedians to abuse simple people;" but I follow the old copy in terming them "Players," to prevent the confusion which would afterwards arise from adopting any other appellation.

And must all these good parts be cast away upon pedlars and maltmen, ha?

First Play. For want of better company, if it please your worship.

Sim. What think you of me, my masters? Hum; have you audacity enough to play before so high a person as myself? Will not my countenance daunt you? for if you play before me, I shall often look on you; I give you that warning beforehand. Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you, and truly when I am least offended with you: it is my humour; but be not you abashed.

First Play. Sir, we have play'd before a lord ere now,
Though we be country actors.

Sim. A lord? ha, ha!
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to please a mayor.

Second Play. We have a play wherein we use a horse.

Sim. Fellows, you use no horse-play in my house;
My rooms are rubb'd: keep it for hackney-men.

First Play. We'll not offer it to your worship.

Sim. Give me a play without a beast, I charge you.

Second Play. That's hard; without a cuckold or a drunkard?

Sim. O, those beasts are often the best men in a parish, and must not be kept out. But which is your merriest play? that I would hearken after.

Second Play. Your worship shall hear their names, and take your choice.

Sim. And that's plain dealing. Come, begin, sir.

Second Play. *The Whirligig*,[c] *The Whibble, The Carwidgeon.*

Sim. Hey-day! what names are these?

[c] *The Whirligig*] Not, I apprehend, the comedy called *Cupid's Whirligig, by E. S.*, 1607.

SECOND PLAY. New names of late. *The Wild-goose Chase.*[d]

SIM. I understand thee now.

SECOND PLAY. *Gull upon Gull.*

SIM. Why this is somewhat yet.

FIRST PLAY. *Woodcock of our side.*[e]

SIM. Get thee further off then.

SECOND PLAY. *The Cheater and the Clown.*

SIM. Is that come up again?
That was a play when I was 'prentice first.

SECOND PLAY. Ay, but the Cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,
And gulls the Clown with new additions.

SIM. Then is your Clown a coxcomb; which is he?

FIRST PLAY. This is our Clown, sir.

SIM. Fie, fie, your company must fall upon him and beat him: he's too fair, i'faith, to make the people laugh.

FIRST PLAY. Not as he may be drest, sir.

SIM. Faith, dress him how you will, I'll give him that gift, he will never look half scurvily enough. O, the clowns[f] that I have seen in my time! The

[d] *The Wild-goose Chase*] i. e., perhaps, Fletcher's comedy so called, see p. 122.

[e] *Woodcock of our side*] Taylor, the water-poet, in the preface to *Sir Gregory Nonsense*, mentions a book so called; but perhaps he merely invented the title.—This expression was proverbial, and frequently occurs in our early writers: *woodcock* was a cant term for a simpleton.

[f] *O, the clowns*, &c.] Nash tells us that, "amongst other cholericke wise Justices he was one that, hauing a play presented before him and his Township, by Tarlton and the rest of his fellows, her Maiesties seruants, as they were now entring into their first merriment (as they call it), the people began exceedingly to laugh, when Tarlton first peept out his head."—*Pierce Pennilesse*, sig. D. 2, ed. 1595. And in the Præludium to Goff's *Careless Shepherdes*, 1656, Thrift says—

"I never saw Rheade peeping through the Curtain,
But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart." p. 5.

very peeping out of one of them would have made a young heir laugh, though his father lay a-dying; a man undone in law the day before (the saddest case that can be) might for his twopence[f] have burst himself with laughing, and ended all his miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters! Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff;
There's nothing in a play to[g] a clown,
If he have the grace to hit on't;[h] that's the thing:
The king shews well, but he sets off the king.
But not the king of Kent, I mean not so;
The king is one, I mean, I do not know.

SECOND PLAY. Your worship speaks with safety, like a rich man;
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the Clown, nor me the Cheater.

SIM. Away, then; shift, Clown, to thy motley crupper. [*Exeunt* PLAYERS.
We'll see them first, the king shall after supper.

GLOV. I commend your worship's wisdom in that, master mayor.

SIM. Nay, 'tis a point of justice, if it be well examined, not to offer the king worse than I'll see myself. For a play may be dangerous: I have known a great man poisoned in a play—

GLOV. What, have you, master mayor?

SIM. But to what purpose many times, I know not.

FELT. Methinks they should [not] destroy one another so.

SIM. O, no, no! he that's poisoned is always made privy to it; that's one good order they have among

[f] *Twopence*] Old ed. "2d." Dodsley and his editors, "second!!"

[g] *to*] i. e. comparable to.

[h] *on't; that's the thing*] Old ed. "*on* it, *that's the thing* indeed."

them.—[*A shout within.*] What joyful throat is that? Aminadab, what is the meaning of this cry?

AMIN. The rebel is taken.

SIM. Oliver the puritan?

AMIN. Oliver, puritan, and fustian-weaver altogether.

SIM. Fates, I thank you for this victorious day! Bonfires of pease-straw burn, let the bells ring!

GLOV. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

SIM. Alas,[h] the tenor's broken! ring out the treble!

Enter OLIVER, *brought in by* OFFICERS.

I'm[i] over-cloy'd with joy.—Welcome, thou rebel!

OLIV. I scorn thy welcome, I.

SIM. Art thou yet so stout?
Wilt thou not stoop for grace? then get thee out.

OLIV. I was not born to stoop but to my loom;
That seiz'd upon, my stooping days are done.
In plain terms, if thou hast any thing to say to me, send me away quickly, this is no biding-place; I understand there are players in thy house; despatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the brethren.

SIM. Nay, now, proud rebel, I will make thee stay;
And, to thy greater torment, see a play.

OLIV. O devil! I conjure thee by Amsterdam![k]

[h] *Alas*] Old ed. "Las." [i] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[k] *by Amsterdam*] "The toleration allowed to all religious sects in the United Provinces, on their throwing off the Spanish yoke, occasioned numbers of dissenters from the established religion of their country, to take refuge in different parts of the states of Holland. The chief place appears to have been Amsterdam, which is mentioned as such in several contemporary dramatic writers. See Ben Jonson's Alchymist, and The Fair Maid of the Inn, by Beaumont and Fletcher."—REED.

SIM. Our word is past;
Justice may wink a while, but see at last.
[*Trumpet sounds to announce the commencement of the play.*
The play begins.[l] Hold, stop him, stop him!
OLIV. O that profane trumpet! O, O!
SIM. Set him down there, I charge you, officers.
OLIV. I'll stop my ears and hide my eyes.[m]
SIM. Down with his golls,[n] I charge you.
OLIV. O tyranny, tyranny! revenge it, tribulation!
For rebels there are many deaths; but sure the only way
To execute a puritan, is seeing of a play.
O, I shall swound![o]
SIM. Which if thou dost, to spite thee,
A player's boy shall bring thee aqua-vitæ.[p]

Enter FIRST PLAYER *as* FIRST CHEATER.

OLIV. O, I'll not swound at all for't, though I die.
SIM. Peace, here's a rascal! list and edify.
FIRST PLAY. *I say still he's an ass that cannot live by his wits.*
SIM. What a bold rascal's this! he calls us all asses at first dash: sure none of us live by our wits, unless it be Oliver the puritan.
OLIV. I scorn as much to live by my wits as the proudest of you all.
SIM. Why then you're an ass for company; so hold your prating.

[l] *The play begins*] Dodsley and his editors print these words as a stage-direction, though they are not given as such in the old copy. They are evidently the exclamation of Simon on hearing the trumpet.

[m] *I'll stop*, &c.] Old ed. "*I'le hide my eares and stop my eyes.*"

[n] *golls*] A cant term for hands,—fists, paws.

[o] *swound*] i. e. swoon.

[p] *aqua-vitæ*] A common name for spirits.

Enter SECOND PLAYER *as* SECOND CHEATER.

FIRST[p] PLAY. *Fellow in arms, welcome! the news, the news?*

SIM. Fellow in arms, quoth he? He may well call him fellow in arms; I am sure they're both out at the elbows.

SECOND PLAY. *Be lively, my heart, be lively; the booty is at hand. He's but a fool of a yeoman's eldest son; he's balanced on both sides, bully; he's going to buy household-stuff with one pocket, and to pay rent with the other.*

FIRST PLAY. *And if this be his last day, my chuck, he shall forfeit his lease, quoth the one pocket, and eat his meat in wooden platters, quoth the other.*

SIM. Faith, then he's not so wise as he ought to be, to let such tatterdemallions get the upper hand of him.

FIRST PLAY. *He comes.*

Enter THIRD PLAYER *as* CLOWN.

SECOND PLAY. *Ay, but smally to our comfort, with both his hands in his pockets. How is it possible to pick a lock, when the key is on the inside of the door?*

SIM. O neighbours, here's the part now that carries away the play! if the clown miscarry, farewell my hopes for ever; the play's spoiled.

THIRD PLAY. *They say there is a foolish kind of thing called a cheater abroad, that will gull any yeoman's son of his purse, and laugh in his face like an Irishman. I would fain meet with some of these creatures: I am in as good state to be gulled now as ever I was in my life, for I have two purses at this time about me, and I would fain be acquainted with that rascal that would take one of them now.*

SIM. Faith, thou mayest be acquainted with two or three, that will do their good wills, I warrant thee.

[p] *First*] Old ed. "2."

FIRST PLAY. *That way's too plain, too easy, I'm afraid.*

SECOND PLAY. *Come, sir, your most familiar cheats take best,*
They shew like natural things and least suspected.
Give me a round shilling quickly.

FIRST PLAY. *It will fetch but one of his hands neither, if it take.*

SECOND PLAY. *Thou art too covetous: let's have one out first, prithee; there's time enough to fetch out th' other after. Thou liest, 'tis lawful current money.*
[*They draw.*

FIRST PLAY. *I say 'tis copper in some countries.*

THIRD PLAY. *Here is a fray towards;*[p] *but I will hold my hands, let who will part them.*

SECOND PLAY. *Copper? I defy thee, and now I shall disprove thee. Look you, here's an honest yeoman's son of the country, a man of judgment—*

THIRD PLAY. *Pray you be covered, sir; I have eggs in my cap, and cannot put it off.*

SECOND PLAY. *Will you be tried by him?*

FIRST PLAY. *I am content, sir.*

SIM. They look rather as if they would be tried next sessions.

FIRST PLAY. *Pray give your judgment of this piece of coin, sir.*

THIRD PLAY. *Nay, if it be coin you strive about, let me see it; I love money.*

FIRST PLAY. *Look on it well, sir.*
[*They pick his pocket.*

SECOND PLAY. *Let him do his worst, sir.*

THIRD PLAY. *You'd both need wear cut*[q] *clothes, you're so choleric.*

[p] *towards*] i. e. at hand.

[q] *cut*] i. e. slashed (see note, vol. i. p. 28), with a play on the word: "*Cutted*, scolding, brawling, quarrelling." Kersey's *Dict.*

SECOND PLAY. *Nay, rub it, and spare not, sir.*

THIRD PLAY. *Now by this silver, gentlemen, it is good money; would I had a hundred of them!*

SECOND PLAY. *We hope well, sir.—Th' other pocket, and we are made men.*

[*Exeunt* FIRST *and* SECOND PLAYERS.

SIM. O neighbours, I begin to be sick of this fool, to see him thus cozened! I would make his case my own.

THIRD PLAY. *Still would I meet with these things called cheaters.*

SIM. A whoreson coxcomb; they have met with thee. I can no longer endure him with patience.

THIRD PLAY. *O my rent! my whole year's rent!*

SIM. A murrain on you! This makes us landlords stay so long for our money.

THIRD PLAY. *The cheaters have been here.*

SIM. A scurvy hobby-horse, that could not leave his money with me, having such a charge about him! A pox on thee for an ass! thou play a clown! I will commit thee for offering it.—Officers, away with him!

GLOV. What means your worship? why, you'll spoil the play, sir.

SIM. Before the king of Kent shall be thus serv'd, I'll play the clown myself.—Away with him!

[OFFICERS *seize* THIRD PLAYER.

THIRD PLAY. With me? if it please your worship, 'twas my part.

SIM. But 'twas a foolish part as ever thou playedst in thy life: I'll make thee smoke for it; I'll teach thee to understand to play a clown; thou shalt know every man is not born to it.—Away with him quickly! He'll have the other pocket picked else; I heard them say it with my own ears.

Re-enter SECOND PLAYER *as* SECOND CHEATER.

See, he's come in another disguise to cheat thee again. [*Exit* THIRD PLAYER *with* OFFICERS.

SECOND PLAY. Pish, whither goes he now?

SIM. Come on, sir, let us see what your knaveship can do at me now: you must not think you have a clown in hand. The fool I have committed too, for playing the part.

[*Throws off his gown, discovering his doublet with a satin forepart, and a canvass back.*

SECOND PLAY. What's here to do?

GLOV. Fie, good sir, come away: will your worship base yourself to play a clown?

SECOND PLAY. I beseech your worship let us have our own clown; I know not how to go forwards else.

SIM. Knave, play out thy part with me, or I'll lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.—Why, how now, my masters, who is that laughed at me? cannot a man of worship play the clown a little for his pleasure, but he must be laughed at? Do you know who I am? Is the king's deputy of no better account among you? Was I chosen to be laughed at?—Where's my clerk?

AMIN. Here, if it please your worship.

SIM. Take a note of all those that laugh at me, that when I have done, I may commit them. Let me see who dare do it now.—And now to you once again, sir cheater: look you, here are my purse-strings; I do defy thee.

SECOND PLAY. Good sir, tempt me not; my part is so written, that I should cheat your worship if you were my father.

SIM. I should have much joy to have such a rascal to my son.

SECOND PLAY. Therefore I beseech your worship pardon me; the part has more knavery in it than

when your worship saw it at first: I assure you you'll be deceived in it, sir; the new additions will take any man's purse in Kent, or Kirsendom.[o]

SIM. If thou canst take my purse, I'll give it thee freely:
And do thy worst, I charge thee, as thou'lt answer it.

SECOND PLAY. I shall offend your worship.

SIM. Knave, do it quickly.

SECOND PLAY. Say you so? then there's for you, and here is for me.

[*Throws meal in his face, takes his purse, and exit.*

SIM. O bless me! neighbours, I am in a fog,
A cheater's fog; I can see nobody.

GLOV. Run, follow him, officers.

SIM. Away! let him go; he will have all your purses, if he come back. A pox on your new additions! they spoil all the plays that ever they come in: the old way had no such roguery in it. Call you this a merry comedy, when a man's eyes are put out in't? Brother Honeysuckle ——

[*Exit* AMINADAB.

FELT. What says your sweet worship?

SIM. I make you deputy, to rule the town till I can see again, which will be within these nine days at farthest. Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear Oliver the rebel laugh at me. A pox on your puritan face! this will make you in love with plays as long as you live; we shall not keep you from them now.

OLIV. In sincerity, I was never better pleased at an exercise.[p] Ha, ha, ha!

[o] *in Kent, or Kirsendom*] I ought to have noticed an earlier allusion (at p. 200) to the proverbial saying, "Neither in Kent nor Christendom," which has been variously explained; see Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 245, ed. 1768.

[p] *at an exercise*] "Alluding to the week-day sermons used by the puritans, which they called *Exercises*. S. P."—*Note in Dodsley's Old Plays.*

Sim. Neighbours, what colour was the dust the rascal threw in my face?

Glov. 'Twas meal, if it please your worship.

Sim. Meal! I am glad of it; I'll hang the miller for selling it.

Glov. Nay, ten to one the cheater never bought it; he stole it certainly.

Sim. Why, then I'll hang the cheater for stealing it, and the miller for being out of the way when he did it.

Felt. Ay, but your worship was in the fault yourself; you bid him do his worst.

Sim. His worst? that's true; but the rascal hath done his best; for I know not how a villain could put out a man's eyes better, and leave them in his head, as he has done mine.

Re-enter Aminadab.

Amin. Where is my master's worship?

Sim. How now, Aminadab? I hear thee, though I see thee not.

Amin. You are sure cozened, sir; they are all professed cheaters: they have stolen two silver spoons, and the clown took his heels with all celerity. They only take the name of country comedians to abuse simple people with a printed play or two, which they bought at Canterbury for sixpence; and what is worse, they speak but what they list of it, and fribble out the rest.

Sim. Here's no abuse[q] to the commonwealth, if a man could see to look into it!
But mark the cunning of these cheating slaves,
First they make justice blind, then play the knaves.

Heng. [*without*] Where's master mayor?

[q] *Here's no abuse*, &c.] See note [w], p. 169.

GLOV. Od's precious, brother! the king of Kent is newly alighted.

SIM. The king of Kent!
Where is he? that I should live to this day,
And yet not live to see to bid him welcome!

Enter HENGIST, *attended.*

HENG. Where is Simonides, our friendly host?

SIM. Ah, blind as one that had been fox'd[r] a seven-night!

HEN. Why, how now, man?

SIM. Faith, practising a clown's part for your grace,
I have practis'd both my eyes out.

HENG. What need you practise that?

SIM. A man is never too old to learn; your grace will say so, when you hear the jest of it: the truth is, my lord, I meant to have been merry, and now it is my luck to weep water and oatmeal; I shall see again at supper, I make no doubt of it.

HENG. This is strange to me, sirs.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

GENT. Arm, arm, my lord!

HENG. What's that?

GENT. With swiftest speed,
If ever you'll behold the queen, your daughter,
Alive again.

HENG. Roxena?

GENT. They are besieg'd:
Aurelius Ambrose, and his brother Uther,
With numbers infinite of British forces,
Beset their castle, and they cannot 'scape
Without your speedy succour.

[r] *fox'd*] i. e. drunk.

HENG. For her safety
I'll forget food and rest; away!
SIM. I hope your worship will hear the jest ere you go.
HENG. The jest! torment me not.
SIM. I'll follow you to Wales with a dog and a bell, but I will tell it you.
HENG. Unseasonable folly!
[*Exit with* ATTENDANTS.
SIM. 'Tis sign of war when great men disagree.
Look to the rebel well, till I can see;
And when my sight's[s] recover'd, I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.
OLIV. My eyes? hang thee!
A deadly sin or two shall pluck them out first;
That is my resolution. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before a Castle in Wales.

Enter AURELIUS *and* UTHER, *and* LORDS, *with* SOLDIERS.

UTH. My lord, the castle is so fortified—
AUR. Let wild-fire ruin it,
That his destruction may appear to him
In the figure of heaven's wrath at the last day,
That murderer of our brother. Hence, away!
I'll send my heart no peace till't[t] be consum'd.
[*Enter above* VORTIGER *and* HORSUS.
UTH. There he appears again—behold, my lord!
AUR. O that the zealous fire on my soul's altar,
To the high birth of virtue consecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blast him,
Even as I look upon him!

[s] *sight's*] Old ed. "sight is." [t] *till't*] Old ed. "till it."

UTH. Good my lord,
Your anger is too noble and too precious
To waste itself on guilt so foul as his:
Let ruin work her will.
VORT. Begirt all round?
HOR. All, all, my lord; 'tis folly to make doubt of't:[u]
You question things, that horror long ago
Resolv'd[v] us on.
VORT. Give me leave, Horsus, though——
HOR. Do what you will, sir; question them again;
I'll tell them to you.
VORT. Not so, sir;
I will not have them told again.
HOR. It rests then—
VORT. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows
There is no rest at all, but torment waking.[w]
HOR. True; my heart finds it, that sits weeping blood now
For poor Roxena's safety.—[*Aside.*] You'll confess, my lord,
My love to you has brought me to this danger?
I could have liv'd, like Hengist king of Kent,
London, York, Lincoln, and Winchester,
Under the power of my command, the portion
Of my most just desert, enjoyèd now
By pettier deservers.
VORT. Say you so, sir?
And you'll confess, since you began confession,
(A thing I should have died ere I had thought on),
You've marr'd the fashion of your affection útterly,
In your own wicked counsel, there you paid me:

[u] *of't*] Old ed. "of it."
[v] *Resolv'd*] i. e. convinced, informed.
[w] *waking*] Old ed. "making."

You were bound in conscience to love me after;
You were bound to't, as men in honesty,
That vitiate virgins, to give dowries to them:
My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.
HOR. My lord, my counsel—
VORT. Why, I'll be judg'd by these
That knit death in their brows, and hold me now
Not worth the acception of a flattery;
Most of whose faces smil'd when I smil'd once.—
My lords!
UTH. Reply not, brother.
VORT. Seeds of scorn,
I mind you not; I speak to them alone
Whose force makes yours a power, which else were none.
Shew me the main food of your hate,
Which cannot be the murder of Constantius,
That crawls in your revenges, for your loves
Were violent long since that.
FIRST LORD. And had been still,
If from that pagan wound thou'dst kept thee free;
But when thou fled'st from heaven, we fled from thee.
VORT. This was your counsel now.
HOR. Mine? 'twas the counsel
Of your own lust and blood; your appetite knows it.
VORT. May thunder strike me from these walls, my lords,
And leave me many leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man whose Stygian soul
Breath'd forth that counsel to me, and sole plotter
Of all those false injurious disgraces,
That have abus'd the virtuous patience
Of our religious queen.
HOR. A devil in madness!
VORT. Upon whose life I swear there sticks no stain

But what's most wrongful: and where[v] now she thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her ravisher was, and his the policy.
AUR. Inhuman practice![w]
VOR. Now you know the truth,
Will his death serve your fury?
HOR. My death?
VORT. Say, will it do it?
HOR. Say they should say 'twould do't?
VORT. Why, then it must.
HOR. It must?
VORT. It shall.—
Speak but the word, it shall be yielded up.
HOR. Believe him not; he cannot do it.
VORT. Cannot?
HOR. 'Tis but a false and base insinuation
For his own life, and like his late submission.
VORT. O sting to honour! Alive or dead, thou goest
For that word's rudeness only. [*Stabs him.*
FIRST LORD. See, sin needs
No other destruction than [what] it breeds
In its own bosom.
VORT. Such another brings him.
HOR. What! has thy vile rage stampt a wound upon me?
I'll send one to thy soul shall never heal for't.
VORT. How, to my soul?
HOR. It shall be thy master torment,
Both for the pain and th' everlastingness.
VORT. Ha, ha, ha!
HOR. Dost laugh? take leave of't:[x] all eternity
Shall never see thee do so much again.
Know, thou'rt a cuckold.

[v] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[w] *practice*] See note, p. 160.
[x] *of't*] Old ed. "of it."

VORT. What!
HOR. You change too soon, sir.
Roxena, whom thou'st rais'd to thy own ruin,
She was my whore in Germany.
VORT. Burst me open,
The violence of whirlwinds!
HOR. Hear me out first.
For her embrace, which my flesh yet sits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.
VORT. Deafen me,
Thou most imperious noise that starts the world!
HOR. And to serve both our lusts, I practis'd with thee
Against thy virtuous queen.
VORT. Bane to all comforts!
HOR. Whose faithful sweetness, too precious for thy blood,
I made thee change for love's hypocrisy.
VORT. Insufferable!
HOR. Only to make
My way to pleasure fearless, free, and fluent.
VORT. Hell's trump is in that throat!
HOR. It shall sound shriller.
VORT. I'll dam it up with death first.
[*They stab each other.* *Enter* ROXENA *above.*
ROX. O for succour!
Who's near me? Help me, save me! the flame follows me;
'Tis in the figure of young Vortimer, the prince,[x]
Whose life I took by poison.
HOR. Hold out, breath,
And I shall find thee quickly.
VORT. I will[y] tug
Thy soul out here.

[x] *the prince*] Words which, perhaps, should be thrown out.
[y] *I will*] Old ed. "I'le."

HOR. Do, monster!
ROX. Vortiger!
VORT. Monster!
ROX. My lord!
VORT. Toad! Pagan!
HOR. Viper! Christian!
ROX. O hear me, O help me, my love, my lord! 'tis here!
Horsus, look up, if not to succour me,
To see me yet consum'd. O what is love,
When life is not regarded!
VORT. What strength's left
I'll fix upon thy throat.
HOR. I have some force yet.
[*They stab each other,* HORSUS *falls.*
ROX. No way to 'scape? is this the end of glory?
Doubly beset with enemies' wrath, and fire?
It comes nearer—rivers and fountains, fall!—
It sucks away my breath; I cannot give
A curse to sin, and hear't out while I live.
Help, help! [*Falls.*
VORT. Burn, burn! Now I can tend thee.
Take time with her in torment, call her life
Afar off to thee, dry up her strumpet-blood,
And hardly parch the skin; let one heat strangle her,
Another fetch her to her sense again,
And the worst pain be only her reviving;
Follow her eternally! O mystical harlot,
Thou hast thy full due! Whom lust crown'd queen before,
Flames crown her now a most triumphant whore;
And that end crowns them all! [*Falls.*
AUR. Our peace is full
In yon usurper's fall; nor have I known
A judgment meet [the bad] more fearfully.

Here, take this ring; deliver the good queen,
And those grave pledges of her murder'd honour,
Her worthy father and her noble uncle.
[*Exit* SECOND LORD *with ring*. *Trumpets sound.*
How now! the meaning of these sounds?

Enter DEVONSHIRE, STAFFORD, *and* SOLDIERS, *with* HENGIST *prisoner*.

HEN. The consumer has been here; she's gone, she's lost;
In glowing cinders now lie all my joys:
The headlong fortune of my rash captivity
Strikes not so deep a wound into my hopes
As thy dear loss.
AUB. Her father and her uncle!
FIRST LORD. They are indeed, my lord.
AUB. Part of my wishes.
What fortunate power has prevented[x] me,
And ere my love came, brought them victory?
FIRST LORD. My wonder sticks in Hengist, king of Kent.
DEVONSHIRE. My lord, to make that plain which now I see
Fix'd in astonishment; the only name
Of your return and being, brought such gladness
To this distracted kingdom, that, to express
A thankfulness to heaven, it grew great
In charitable actions; from which goodness
We taste our liberty, who liv'd engag'd
Upon the innocence of woman's honour,
(A kindness that even threaten'd to undo us):
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happiness

[x] *prevented*] i. e. anticipated.

To intercept this monster of ambition,
Bred in these times of usurpation,
The rankness of whose insolence and treason
Grew to such height, 'twas arm'd to bid you battle;
Whom, as our fame's redemption, on our knees
We present captive.

AUR. Had it needed reason,
You richly came provided. I understood
Not your deserts till now.—My honour'd lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whose least thirst
Could not be satisfied under a province?

HENG. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole kingdom had been mine;
That was my hope's great aim: I have a thirst
Could never have been full quench'd under all;
The whole must do't, or nothing.

AUR. A strange drought!
And what a little ground shall death now teach you
To be content withal!

HENG. Why let it then,
For none else can; you've nam'd the only way
To limit my ambition; a full cure
For all my fading hopes and sickly fears;
Nor shall it be less welcome to me now,
Than a fresh acquisition would have been
Unto my new-built kingdoms. Life to me,
'Less it be glorious, is a misery.

AUR. That pleasure we will do you.—Lead him out:
And when we have inflicted our just doom
On his usurping head, it will become
Our pious care to see this realm secur'd
From the convulsions it hath long endur'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE.

Blvrt, Master-Constable. Or The Spaniards Night-walke. As it hath bin svndry times priuately acted by the Children of Paules.

——————— *Patresq; severi*
Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.

London, Printed for Henry Rockytt, and are to be solde at the long shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry. 1602. 4to.

This drama was reprinted (without notes, or any attempt to rectify the errors of the old copy,) in a volume of rare occurrence, edited by Chetwood, and entitled *A Select Collection of Old Plays*, Dublin, 12mo. 1750.

"Blurt, master constable" (equivalent to—A fig for the constable!) was a proverbial phrase: see *English Prouerbs*, p. 14 (first series), appended to Howell's *Lexicon Tetraglotton*, 1660. Gifford thinks that Ben Jonson alludes to Middleton's comedy in a *Tale of a Tub*, where Hilts says, "You'll clap a dog of wax as soon, *old Blurt*." *Works*, vol. vi. p. 158.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
HIPPOLITO, *brother to* VIOLETTA.
CAMILLO, *in love with* VIOLETTA.
BAPTISTA,
BENTIVOGLIO,
VIRGILIO,
ASORINO,
} *Venetian gentlemen.*
CURVETTO, *an old courtier.*
FONTINELLE, *a French gentleman, taken prisoner by* CAMILLO.
LAZARILLO DE TORMES, *a Spaniard.*
DOYT, *page to* HIPPOLITO.
DANDYPRAT, *page to* CAMILLO.
TRUEPENNY, *page to* VIOLETTA.
PILCHER, *page to* LAZARILLO.
FRISCO, *servant to* IMPERIA.
BLURT, *master-constable.*
SLUBBER, *a beadle, his clerk.*

BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in CAMILLO'S *House; a Banquet set out.*

Enter CAMILLO, HIPPOLITO, BAPTISTA, BENTIVOGLIO, *and* VIRGILIO (*with gloves in their hats, as having lately returned from war*), *leading in* VIOLETTA *and other Ladies:* DOYT *and* DANDYPRAT *attending.*

HIP. Ay, marry, sir, the only rising up in arms is in the arms of a woman: peace, I say still, is your only paradise, when every Adam may have his Christmas Eve. And[a] you take me lying any more by the cold sides of a brazen-face[d] field-piece, unless I have such a down pillow under me, I'll give you leave to knock up both my golls[b] in my father's hall, and hang hats upon these tenpenny nails.

VIOL. And yet, brother, when, with the sharpest hooks of my wit, I laboured to pull you from the wars, you broke loose, like a horse that knew his own strength, and vowed nothing but a man of war should back you ——

HIP. I have been backed since, and almost unbacked too.

VIOL. And swore that honour was never dyed in grain till it was dipt in the colours of the field.

[a] *And*] i. e. If. [b] *golls*] See note, p. 206.

Hip. I am a new man, sister, and now cry a pox a' that honour that must have none but barber-surgeons to wait upon't, and a band of poor straggling rascals, that, every twinkling of an eye, forfeit their legs and arms into the Lord's hands! Wenches, by Mars his sweaty buff-jerkin (for now all my oaths must smell a' the soldado), I have seen more men's heads spurned up and down like foot-balls at a breakfast, after the hungry cannons had picked them, than are maidenheads in Venice, and more legs of men served in at a dinner than ever I shall see legs of capons in one platter whilst I live.

First Lady. Perhaps all those were capons' legs you did see.

Virg. Nay, mistress, I'll witness against you for some of them.

Viol. I do not think, for all this, that my brother stood to it so lustily as he makes his brags for.

Third Lady. No, no, these great talkers are never great doers.

Viol. Faith, brother, how many did you kill for your share?

Hip. Not so many as thou hast done with that villanous eye by a thousand.

Viol. I thought so much; that's just none.

Cam. 'Tis not a soldier's glory to tell how many lives he has ended, but how many he has saved: in both which honours the noble Hippolito had most excellent possession. Believe it, my fair mistress, though many men in a battle have done more, your brother in this equalled him who did most. He went from you a worthy gentleman; he brings with him that title that makes a gentleman most worthy, the name of a soldier; which how well and how soon he hath earned, would in me seem

glorious to rehearse, in you to hear; but, because his own ear dwells so near my voice, I will play the ill neighbour, and cease to speak well of him.

VIOL. An argument that either you dare not or love not to flatter.

CAM. No more than I dare or love to do wrong; yet to make a chronicle of my friend's nobly-acted deeds, would stand as far from flattery in me, as cowardice did from him.

HIP. 'S foot, if all the wit in this company have nothing to set itself about but to run division upon me, why then e'en burn off mine ears indeed. But, my little mermaids, Signior Camillo does this that I now might describe the Ninevitical motion[d] of the whole battle, and so tell what he has done; —and come, shall I begin?

FIRST LADY. O, for beauty's love, a good motion!

HIP. But I can tell you one thing, I shall make your hair stand up an end at some things.

VIOL. Prithee, good brother soldier, keep the peace: our hair stand an end! pity a' my heart, the next end would be of our wits. We hang out a white flag, most terrible Tamburlain,[e] and beg mercy. Come, come, let us neither have your Ninevitical motions, nor your swaggering battles. Why, my lord Camillo, you invited me hither to a banquet, not to the ballad of a pitched field.

[d] *Ninevitical motion*] *Motion* is a puppet-show; and that of *Nineveh*, often mentioned by our old writers, appears to have been very popular. "They say, there's a new *motion of the city of Nineveh*, with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge."—B. JONSON'S *Every Man out of his Humour*, act ii. sc. 1.

[e] *Tamburlain*] A personage whom Marlowe's tragedy of that name had rendered familiar to the audience.

Cam. And here it stands, bright mistress, sweetly attending what doom your lips will lay upon it.

Viol. Ay, marry, sir, let our teeth describe this motion.

Second Lady. We shall never describe it well for fumbling i' th' mouth.

Hip. Yes, yes, I have a trick to make us understand one another, and[f] we fumble never so.

Viol. Meddle not with his tricks, sweetheart. Under pardon, my lord, though I am your guest, I'll bestow myself. Sit, dear beauties: for the men, let them take up places themselves. I prithee, brother fighter, sit, and talk of any subject but this jangling law at arms. [*They seat themselves.*

Hip. The law at legs then.

Viol. Will you be so lusty? no, nor legs neither; we'll have them tied up too. Since you are among ladies, gallants, handle those things only that are fit for ladies.

Hip. Agreed, so that we go not out of the compass of those things that are fit for lords.

burial, than of a gilded bride-branch at mine own wedding.[g]

CAM. Take you such delight in men that die for love?

VIOL. Not in the men, nor in the death, but in the deed. Troth, I think he is not a sound man that will die for a woman; and yet I would never love a man soundly, that would not knock at death's door for my love.

HIP. I'd knock as long as I thought good, but have my brains knocked out when I entered, if I were he.

CAM. What Venetian gentleman was there, that having this in his burgonet[h] did not (to prove his head worthy of the honour) do more than defy death to the very face? Trust us, ladies, our signiory stands bound in greater sums of thanks to your beauties for victory, than to our valour. My dear Violetta, one kiss to this picture of your whitest hand, when I was even faint with giving and receiving the dole of war, set a new edge on my sword, insomuch that

I singl'd out a gallant spirit of France,
And charg'd him with my lance in full career;

[g] *sprig of rosemary at his burial, than of a gilded bride-branch at mine own wedding*] Rosemary, as being an emblem of remembrance, was used both at funerals and weddings. Compare *The Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger yeares called Jacke of Newberie*: "Then was there a faire bride cup of silver and gilt carried before her [the bride], wherein was a goodly *braunch of rosemarie gilded very faire*, hung about with silken ribonds of all colours: next was there a noyse of musitians that played all the way before her: after her came all the chiefest maydens of the countrie, some bearing great bride cakes, and some *garlands of wheate finely gilded*, and so she past unto the church."—Sig. D 3, ed. 1633.

[h] *this in his burgonet*] i. e. this glove in his helmet or hat. See stage-direction at the beginning of this scene.

And after rich exchange of noble courage,
(The space of a good hour on either side),
At last crying, Now for Violetta's honour!
I vanquish'd him, and him dismounted took,
Not to myself, but prisoner to my love.

VIOL. I have heard much praise of that French gallant: good my lord, bring him acquainted with our eyes.

CAM. I will.—Go, boy, fetch noble Fontinelle.
[*Exit* DANDYPRAT.

HIP. Will your French prisoner drink well, or else cut his throat?

CAM. O, no! he cannot brook it.

HIP. The pox he can[not]! 'S light, methinks a Frenchman should have a good courage to wine, for many of them be exceeding hot fiery whoresons, and resolute as Hector, and as valiant as Troilus; then come off and on bravely, and lie by it, and sweat for't too, upon a good and a military advantage.

CAM. Prithee, have done; here comes the pri-
soner.

VIOL. In that no scandal lies:
Who dies when he may live, he doubly dies.
FONT. My reputation's lost.
VIOL. Nay, that's not so;
You fled[i] not, but were vanquish'd by your foe:
The eye of war respects not you nor him;
It is our fate will have us lose or win:
You will disdain if I you prisoner call?
FONT. No, but rejoice since I am beauty's thrall.
HIP. Enough of this; come, wenches, shake your heels.
CAM. Music, advance thee on thy golden wing,
And dance division from sweet string to string.
FONT. Camillo, I shall curb[j] thy tyranny,
In making me that lady's prisoner:
She has an angel's body, but within't
Her coy heart says there lies a heart of flint.
[*Music for a measure:*[k] *whilst* FONTINELLE *speaks, they dance a strain.*
Such beauty be my jailor! a heavenly hell!
The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
To throw this carcass in, her glorious eyes
Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
In Paris Louvre. Come, captivity,
And chain me to her looks! How am I tost,
Being twice in mind, as twice in body lost!
[*Here* VIOLETTA *on a sudden breaks off; the rest stand talking.*
CAM. Not the measure out, fair mistress?
VIOL. No, fair servant, not the measure out: I have, on the sudden, a foolish desire to be out of the measure.
CAM. What breeds that desire?

[i] *fled*] Old ed. "flee."
[j] *curb*] A friend would read "curse."
[k] *measure*] i. e. a grave, stately dance, with slow and measured steps.

Viol. Nay, I hope it is no breeding matter. Tush, tush, by my maidenhead, I will not: the music likes[l] me not, and I have a shoe wrings me to th' heart; besides, I have a woman's reason, I will not dance, because I will not dance. Prithee, dear hero, take my prisoner there into the measure: fie, I cannot abide to see a man sad nor idle. I'll be out once, as the music is in mine ear.

Font. Lady, bid him[m] whose heart no sorrow feels
Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels:
I've[n] too much lead at mine.

First Lady. I'll make it light.

Font. How?

First Lady. By a nimble dance.

Font. You hit it right.

First Lady. Your keeper bids you dance.

Font. Then I obey:
My heart I feel grows light, it melts away.

[*They dance;* Violetta *stands by marking* Fontinelle.

Viol. In troth, a very pretty Frenchman: the carriage of his body likes[o] me well; so does his footing; so does his face; so does his eye above his face; so does himself, above all that can be above himself.
Camillo, thou hast play'd a foolish part:
Thy prisoner makes a slave of thy love's heart.
Shall Camillo then sing Willow, willow, willow?[p]

[l] *likes*] i. e. pleases.

[m] *Lady, bid him*, &c.] Imitated from Shakespeare:

"Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels."
Romeo and Juliet, act. i. sc. 4.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that before carpets were used, the floors were strewed with rushes.

[n] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."

[o] *likes*] i. e. pleases.

[p] *Willow, willow, willow*] The burden of the song which Shakespeare has rendered immortal: see *Othello*, act iv. sc. 3.

not for the world. No, no, my French prisoner; I will use thee Cupid knows how, and teach thee to fall into the hands of a woman. If I do not feed thee with fair looks, ne'er let me live; if thou get'st out of my fingers till I have thy very heart, ne'er let me love; nothing but thy life shall serve my turn; and how otherwise I'll plague thee, monsieur, you and I'll deal: only this, because I'll be sure he shall not start, I'll lock him in a little low room besides[q] himself, where his wanton eye shall see neither sun nor moon. So, the dance is done, and my heart has done her worst,—made me in love. Farewell, my lord; I have much haste, you have many thanks; I am angered a little, but am greatly pleased. If you wonder that I take this strange leave, excuse it thus, that women are strange fools, and will take any thing. [*Exit.*

HIP. Tricks, tricks; kerry merry buff! How now, lad, in a trance?

CAM. Strange farewell! After, dear Hippolito.
O, what a maze is love of joy and woe!

Exeunt CAMILLO *and* HIPPOLITO.

FONT. Strange frenzy! After, wretched Fontinelle.
O, what a heaven is love! O, what a hell!

[*Exit; and then exeunt* LADIES, BAPTISTA, *&c.*

SCENE II.

A Street: before BLURT'S *House.*

Enter LAZARILLO *melancholy, and* PILCHER.

LAZ. Boy, I am melancholy, because I burn.

PILCH. And I am melancholy, because I am a-cold.

LAZ. I pine away with the desire of flesh.

PILCH. It's neither flesh nor fish that I pine for, but for both.

[q] *besides*] i. e. by.

LAZ. Pilcher, Cupid hath got me a stomach, and I long for laced mutton.[q]

PILCH. Plain mutton, without a lace, would serve me.

LAZ. For as your tame monkey is your only best, and most only beast to your Spanish lady; or, as your tobacco is your only smoker away of rheum, and all other rheumatic diseases; or, as your Irish louse does bite most naturally fourteen weeks after the change of your saffron-seamed shirt; or, as the commodities which are sent out of the Low Countries, and put in vessels called mother Cornelius' dry-fats,[r] are most common in France; so it pleaseth the Destinies that I should thirst to drink out of a most sweet Italian vessel, being a Spaniard.

PILCH. What vessel is that, signior?

LAZ. A woman, Pilcher, the moist-handed Madonna Imperia, a most rare and divine creature.

PILCH. A most rascally damned courtesan.

LAZ. Boy, hast thou foraged the country for a new lodging? for I have sworn to lay my bones in this chitty[s] of Venice.

PILCH. Any man that sees us will swear that we shall both lay our bones, and nothing but bones, and[t] we stalk here longer. They tell me, signior, I must go to the constable, and he is to see you lodged.

[q] *laced mutton*] A prostitute—a cant term very common in our early dramatists.

[r] *Cornelius' dry-fats*, &c.] The sweating-tub of Cornelius, formerly used for the cure of the venereal disease, is often mentioned by our early dramatists: but, in the present passage, I suspect there is an allusion which had better be left unexplained.

[s] *chitty*] i. e., perhaps, the Italian *città*: but Lazarillo afterwards affectedly uses "*chick*" and "*chickness*" for *sick* and *sickness*.

[t] *and*] i. e. if.

LAZ. Inquire for that busy member of the chitty.[u]

Enter DOYT *and* DANDYPRAT, *passing over the stage.*

PILCH. I will; and here come a leash of informers. Save you, plump youths.

DANDY. And thee, my lean stripling.

PILCH. Which is the constable's house?

DOYT. That at the sign of the Brown-bill.[v]

PILCH. Farewell.

DANDY. Why, and farewell? The rogue's made of pie-crust, he's so short.

PILCH. The officious gentleman inherits here.

LAZ. Knock, or enter, and let thy voice pull him out by the ears.

[PILCHER *knocks at the constable's door.*

DOYT. 'Slid, Dandyprat, this is the Spanish curtal[w] that in the last battle fled twenty miles ere he looked behind him.

DANDY. Doyt, he did the wiser: but, sirrah, this block shall be a rare threshold for us to whet our wits upon. Come, let's about our business; and if here we find him at our return, he shall find[x] us this month in knavery. [*Exit with* DOYT.

PILCH. What, ho! Nobody speaks? Where dwells the constable?

Enter from the house BLURT *and* SLUBBER.

BLURT. Here dwells the constable.—Call assist-

[u] *chitty*] See note, p. 236.

[v] *Brown-bill*] A sort of pike with a hooked point, anciently carried by the English foot-soldiers, and afterwards by watchmen.

[w] *curtal*] i. e. dog, or horse: here, I suppose, it has the former signification.

[x] *find*] i. e. furnish.

ance, give them my full charge,[y] raise, if you see cause.—Now, sir, what are you, sir?

PILCH. Follower to that Spanish-leather gentleman.

BLURT. And what are you, sir, that cry out upon me?—Look to his tools.—What are you, sir? speak, what are you? I charge you, what are you?

LAZ. Most clear Mirror of Magistrates,[z] I am a servitor to god Mars.

BLURT. For your serving of God I am not to meddle: why do you raise me?

LAZ. I desire to have a wide room in your favour: sweet blood, cast away your name upon me; for I neither know you by your face nor by your voice.

BLURT. It may be so, sir: I have two voices in any company; one as I am master-constable, another as I am Blurt, and the third as I am Blurt master-constable.

LAZ. I understand you are a mighty pillar or post in the chitty.[a]

BLURT. I am a poor post, but not to stand at every man's door, without my bench of bill-men.[b] I am (for a better) the duke's own image, and charge you, in his name, to obey me.

LAZ. I do so.

BLURT. I am to stand, sir, in any bawdy-house, or sink of wickedness. I am the duke's own grace, and in any fray or resurrection am to bestir my stumps as well as he. I charge you, know this staff.

SLUB. Turn the arms to him.

[y] *my full charge*] The constable of the night used regularly to give a charge to the watchmen: see Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 3.

[z] *Mirror of Magistrates*] An allusion to the once-popular poetical work so entitled.

[a] *chitty*] See note, p. 236. [b] *bill-men*] See note, p. 237.

BLURT. Upon this may I lean, and no man say black's mine eye.

LAZ. Whosoever says you have a black eye, is a camooch.[c] Most great Blurt, I do unpent-house the roof of my carcass,[d] and touch the knee of thy office, in Spanish compliment. I desire to sojourn in your chitty.[e]

BLURT. Sir, sir, for fault of a better, I am to charge you not to keep a soldiering in our city without a precept: besides, by my office, I am to search and examine you. Have you the duke's hand to pass?

LAZ. Signior, no; I have the general's hand at large, and all his fingers.

BLURT. Except it be for the general good of the commonwealth, the general cannot lead you up and down our city.

LAZ. I have the general's hand to pass through the world at my pleasure.

BLURT. At your pleasure! that's rare. Then, rowly, powly, our wives shall lie at your command. Your general has no such authority in my precinct; and therefore I charge you pass no further.

LAZ. I tell thee I will pass through the world, thou little morsel of justice, and eat twenty such as thou art.

[c] *camooch*] In B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, act v. sc. 3, the word *camouccio* occurs, as a term of vituperation; which, says Gifford, "is perhaps a corruption of *camoscio, a goat or goat's skin*, and may mean *clown* or *flat-nose*, or any other apposite term which pleases the reader." So, too, in Dekker and Webster's *Sir T. Wyatt*, 1607, (Webster's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 298), "A Spaniard is a *camocho*, or calamanco," &c.; and Sir T. Brown observes (*Vulgar Errors*, p. 351, ed. 1669), "Many *Spaniards* . . . . which are of the race of Barbary Moors . . . . have not worn out the *camoys nose* unto this day."

[d] *unpent-house the roof of my carcass*] i. e., in the language of ordinary mortals,—take off my hat.

[e] *chitty*] See note, p. 236.

BLURT. Sir, sir, you shall find Venice out of the world: I'll tickle you for that.

LAZ. I will pass through the world, as Alexander Magnus did, to conquer.

BLURT. As Alexander of Saint Magnus did! that's another matter: you might have informed this at the first, and you never needed to have come to your answer. Let me see your pass: if it be not the duke's hand, I'll tickle you for all this: quickly, I pray; this staff is to walk in other places.

LAZ. There it is.

BLURT. Slubber, read it over.

LAZ. Read it yourself. What besonian[f] is that?

BLURT. This is my clerk, sir; he has been clerk to a good many bonds and bills[g] of mine. I keep him only to read, for I cannot; my office will not let me.

PILCH. Why do you put on your spectacles then?

BLURT. To see that he read right. How now, Slubber? is't the duke's hand? I'll tickle him else.

SLUB. Mass, 'tis not like his hand.

BLURT. Look well; the duke has a wart on the back of his hand.

SLUB. Here's none, on my word, master-constable, but a little blot.

BLURT. Blot! let's see, let's see. Ho, that stands for the wart; do you see the trick of that? Stay, stay; is there not a little prick in the hand? for the duke's hand had a prick in't, when I was with him, with opening oysters.

SLUB. Yes, mass, here's one; besides, 'tis a goodly great long hand.

BLURT. So has the duke a goodly huge hand; I have shook him by it (God forgive me!) ten

[f] *besonian*] Ital. *besogno* or *besognoso*—often used as a term of reproach by our early writers,—beggar, scoundrel.

[g] *bonds and bills*] A play on words: see note, p. 237.

thousand times. He must pass, like Alexander of Saint Magnus.—Well, sir,—'tis your duty to stand bare,—the duke has sent his fist to me, and I were a Jew if I should shrink for it. I obey; you must pass: but, pray, take heed with what dice you pass; I mean, what company; for Satan is most busy where he finds one like himself. Your name, sir?

Laz. Lazarillo de Tormes in Castile, cousin-german to the adelantado[h] of Spain.

Blurt. Are you so, sir? God's blessing on your heart! Your name again, sir, if it be not too tedious for you?

Laz. Lazarillo de Tormes in Castile, cousin-german to the Spanish adelantado.

Slub. I warrant, he's a great man in his own country.

Blurt. Has a good name: Slubber, set it down: write, Lazarus in torment at the Castle, and a cozening German at the sign of the Falantido-diddle in Spain. So, sir, you are ingrost: you must give my officer a groat; it's nothing to me, signior.

Laz. I will cancel when it comes to a sum.

Blurt. Well, sir, well, he shall give you an item for't.—Make a bill, and he'll tear it, he says.

Laz. Most admirable Blurt, I am a man of war, and profess fighting.

Blurt. I charge you, in the duke's name, keep the peace.

Laz. By your sweet favour, most dear Blurt, you charge too fast: I am a hanger-on upon Mars, and have a few crowns.

[h] *adelantado*] i. e. the king's lieutenant of a country, or deputy in any important place of charge. "Don Diego de fisty Cankcemuscod, who was admirall or high *adellantado* of the whole fleete."—Taylor the water-poet's *Navy of Land Ships*, p. 79: *Works*, ed. 1630.

PILCH. Two; his own and mine. [*Aside.*

LAZ. And desire you to point out a fair lodging for me and my train.

BLURT. 'Tis my office, signior, to take men up a' nights; but, if you will, my maids shall take you up a' mornings. Since you profess fighting, I will commit you, signior, to mine own house. But will you pitch and pay,[1] or will your worship run—

LAZ. I scorn to run from the face of Thamer Cham.[1]

BLURT. Then, sir, you mean not to run?

LAZ. Signior, no.

BLURT. Bear witness, Slubber, that his answer is, Signior, no: so now, if he runs upon the score, I have him straight upon Signior, no. This is my house, signior; enter.

LAZ. March, excellent Blurt. Attend, Pilcher.

[*Exeunt* LAZARILLO, BLURT, *and* SLUBBER.

Enter DOYT *and* DANDYPRAT.

PILCH. Upon your trencher, signior, most hungerly.

DOYT. Now, sirrah, where's thy master?

PILCH. The constable has prest him.

DOYT. What, for a soldier?

PILCH. Ay, for a soldier; but ere he'll go, I think, indeed, he and I together shall press the constable.

DANDY. No matter; squeeze him, and leave no more liquor in him than in a dried neat's tongue. Sirrah thin-gut, what's thy name?

PILCH. My name, you chops! why, I am of the blood of the Pilchers.

DANDY. Nay, 's foot, if one should kill thee, he

[1] *pitch and pay*] i. e. pay down your money at once.

[1] *Thamer Cham*] i. e. Timur Khaun.

could not be hanged for't, for he would shed no blood; there's none in thee. Pilcher! thou'rt a most pitiful dried one.[k]

DOYT. I wonder thy master does not slice thee, and swallow thee for an anchovies.

PILCH. He wants wine, boy, to swallow me down, for he wants money to swallow down wine. But farewell; I must dog my master.

DANDY. As long as thou dogst a Spaniard, thou'lt ne'er be fatter: but stay; our haste is as great as thine; yet, to endear ourselves into thy lean acquaintance, cry, rivo[l] hoh! laugh and be fat; and for joy that we are met, we'll meet and be merry. Sing.

PILCH. I'll make a shift to squeak.

DOYT. And I.

DANDY. And I, for my profession is to shift[m] as well as you: hem!

SONG.[n]

DOYT. *What meat eats the Spaniard?*
PILCH. *Dried pilchers and poor-john.*[o]
DANDY. *Alas, thou art almost marr'd!*
PILCH. *My cheeks are fall'n and gone.*
DOYT. *Wouldst thou not leap at a piece of meat?*
PILCH. *O, how my teeth do water! I could eat:*
'Fore the heavens, my flesh is almost gone
With eating of pilcher and poor-john.

[*Exeunt.*

[k] *dried one*] i. e. a dried pilcher, or pilchard.

[l] *rivo*] A Bacchanalian interjection, frequently found in our old drama: its etymology has not been discovered.

[m] *shift*] viz. trenchers, platters.

[n] *Song*] Old ed. "*Sing. Musicke.*"

[o] *poor-john*] A sort of fish (hake, it is said,) dried and salted.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.[n]

Enter FONTINELLE *from tennis, and* TRUEPENNY.

FONT. Am I so happy then?

TRUE. Nay, sweet monsieur—

FONT. O, boy, thou hast new-wing'd my captiv'd soul!
Now to my fortune all the Fates may yield,
For I have won where first I lost the field.

TRUE. Why, sir, did my mistress prick you with the Spanish needle[o] of her love, before I summoned you from her to this parley?

FONT. Doubt's[t] thou that, boy?

TRUE. Of mine honesty, I doubt extremely, for I cannot see the little god's tokens upon you: there is as much difference between you and a lover, as between a cuckold and a unicorn.

FONT. Why, boy?

TRUE. For you do not wear a pair of ruffled, frowning, ungartered stockings, like a gallant that hides his small-timbered legs with a quail-pipe boot:[p] your hose stands upon too many points,[q] and are not troubled with that falling sickness which

[n] *A Street*] Though the servingmen of Camillo (see p. 247) make their appearance immediately on being called for, this scene, whether I have marked it rightly or not, is evidently intended to lie in the neighbourhood of the house where Violetta dwelt.

[o] *Spanish needle*] The best needles were imported from Spain: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson, *Works*, vol. v. p. 12.

[p] *quail-pipe boot*] The following lines from Chaucer's *Rom. of the Rose* (v. 7212), though relating to a much earlier period, may be quoted here:

"And high shewis knoppid with dagges,
That *frouncin* [*i. e.* wrinkle] *like a quale-pipe*,
Or botis riveling as a gipe."

[q] *points*] i. e. the tagged laces which fastened the *hose* or breeches to the doublet.

follows pale, meagre, miserable, melancholy lovers: your hands are not groping continually—

FONT. Where, my little observer?

TRUE. In your greasy pocket, sir, like one that wants a cloak for the rain, and yet is still weather-beaten: your hat nor head are not of the true heigh-ho block, for it should be broad-brimmed, limber like the skin of a white pudding when the meat is out, the facing fatty, the felt dusty, and not entered into any band;[q] but your hat is of the nature of a loose, light, heavy-swelling wench, too strait-laced. I tell you, monsieur, a lover should be all loose from the sole of the foot rising upward, and from the bases or confines of the slop[r] falling downwards. If you were in my mistress's chamber, you should find othergates[s] privy signs of love hanging out there.

FONT. Have your little eyes watched so narrowly?

TRUE. O, sir, a page must have a cat's eye, a spaniel's leg, a whore's tongue (a little tasting of the cog[t]), a catchpoll's hand,—what he gripes is his own; and a little, little bawdy.[u]

FONT. Fair Violetta, I will wear thy love,
Like this French order, near unto my heart.
Via[v] for fate! Fortune, lo, this is all,
At grief's rebound I'll mount, although I fall!

Enter CAMILLO *and* HIPPOLITO *from tennis;* DOYT *and* DANDYPRAT *with their cloaks and rapiers.*

CAM. Now, by Saint Mark, he's a most treacherous villain.
Dare the base Frenchman's eye gaze on my love?

[q] *not entered into any band*] A play on words: *band* and *bond* were formerly used indiscriminately. [r] *slop*] i. e. breeches.
[s] *other-gates*] i. e. other-ways—other-kind.
[t] *tasting of the cog*] Another pun—*keg* and *cog*. To *cog* is to lie or wheedle. [u] *bawdy*] Another—*body*.
[v] *Via*] An exclamation of defiance (from the Italian), frequent in our old dramas.

Hip. Nay, sweet rogue, why wouldst thou make his face a vizard, to have two loopholes only? When he comes to a good face, may he not do with his eyes what he will? 'S foot, if I were as he, I'd pull them out, and if I wist[v] they would anger thee.

Cam. Thou add'st heat to my rage. Away, stand back,
Dishonour'd slave, more treacherous than base!
This is the instance of my scorn'd disgrace.

Font. Thou ill-advis'd Italian, whence proceeds
This sudden fury?

Cam. Villain, from thee.

Hip. Hercules, stand between them!

Font. Villain? by my blood,
I am as free-born as your Venice duke!
Villain? Saint Denis and my life to boot,
Thy lips shall kiss this pavement or my foot.

Hip. Your foot, with a pox! I hope you're no pope, sir: his lips shall kiss my sister's soft lip, and thine the tough lips of this. Nay, sir, I do but shew you that I have a tool. Do you hear, Saint Denis? but that we both stand upon the narrow bridge of honour, I should cut your throat now, for pure love you bear to my sister, but that I know you would set out a throat.

Cam. Wilt thou not stab the peasant
That thus dishonours both thyself and me?

Hip. Saint Mark set his marks upon me then! Stab? I'll have my shins broken, ere I'll scratch so much as the skin off a' the law of arms. Shall I make a Frenchman cry O! before the fall of the leaf? not I, by the cross of this Dandyprat.[w]

[v] *and if I wist*] i. e. if I supposed.

[w] *by the cross of this Dandyprat*] "King Henry the seuenth," says Camden, "stamped a small coyne called *Dandyprats*."—*Remaines*, p. 173, ed. 1629. Many coins were marked with a cross on one side.

DANDY. If you will, sir, you shall coin me into a shilling.

HIP. I shall lay too heavy a cross upon thee then.

CAM. Is this a time to jest? Boy, call my servants.

DOYT. Gentlemen, to the dresser![x]

CAM. You rogue, what dresser?

Enter Servingmen.

Seize on Fontinelle,
And lodge him in a dungeon presently.

FONT. He steps upon his death that stirs a foot.

CAM. That shall I try: as in the field before
I made thee stoop, so here I'll make thee bow.

FONT. Thou play'dst the soldier then, the villain now.

[CAMILLO *and his men set upon him, get him down, disweapon him, and hold him fast.*

FONT. Treacherous Italians!

CAM. Hale him to a dungeon.—
There, if your thoughts can apprehend the form
Of Violetta, doat on her rare feature;
Or if your proud flesh, with a sparing diet,
Can still retain her swelling sprightfulness,

[x] *Gentlemen, to the dresser!*] When dinner was ready, the cook used to knock on the dresser with his knife, as a signal for the servants to carry it into the hall. But the words put into the mouth of the facetious Doyt appear to have been those usually employed by the usher to the attendants on such occasions. In the notes to the *Northumberland Household Book*, p. 423, are extracts from "Lord Fairfax's Orders for the servants of his household [after the civil wars]," where, among "The Usher's Words of Directions," we find,—"Then he must warn to the Dresser, '*Gentlemen* and Yeomen, *to the Dresser.*'" Gifford (Massinger's *Works*, vol. i. p. 166) has cited from a note of Reed on Dodsley's *Old Plays* this passage of Lord Fairfax's "Orders," &c., as if it contained the *warning* of the *cook*; and Nares, in his *Glossary* (voc. *Dresser*), has made the same mistake.

Then court, instead of her, the croaking vermin
That people that most solitary vault.

Hip. But, sirrah Camillo, wilt thou play the wise and venerable bearded master-constable, and commit him indeed, because he would be meddling in thy precinct, and will not put off the cap of his love to the brown-bill[y] of thy desires? Well, thou hast given the law of arms a broken pate already; therefore, if thou wilt needs turn broker,[z] and be a cut-throat too, do. For my part, I'll go get a sweet ball, and wash my hands of it.

Cam. Away with him! my life shall answer it.

Font. To prison must I then? Well, I will go,
And with a light-wing'd spirit insult o'er woe;
For in the darkest hell on earth I'll find
Her fair idea to content my mind.
Yet France and Italy with blister'd tongue
Shall publish thy dishonour in my wrong.
O, now how happy wert thou, could'st thou lodge me
Where I could leave to love her!

Cam. By heaven, I can.

Font. Thou canst? O, happy man!
This [is] a kind of new-invented law,
First feed the axe, after produce the saw.
Her heart no doubt will thy affections feel,
For thou'lt plead sighs in blood and tears in steel.
Boy, tell my love her love thus sighing spake,
I'll vail[a] my crest to death for her dear sake.

[*Exit, guarded by the Servingmen.*

Cam. Boy? what boy is that?

Hip. Is't you, Sir Pandarus, the broking[b] knight

[y] *brown-bill*] See note, p. 237.

[z] *broken pate—broker*] A play on the word *broker*, which meant pander.

[a] *vail*] i. e. lower.

[b] *broking*] i. e. pandering.

of Troy? Are your two legs the pair of tressels for the Frenchman to get up upon my sister?

TRUE. By the Nine Worthies, worthy gallants, not I: I a gentleman for conveyance? I Sir Pandarus? Would Troy, then, were in my breeches, and I burnt worse than poor Troy! Sweet signior, you know, I know, and all Venice knows, that my mistress scorns double-dealing with her heels.

HIP. With her heels? O, here's a sure pocket dag![b] and my sister shoots him off, snip-snap, at her pleasure. Sirrah Mephostophilis,[c] did not you bring letters from my sister to the Frenchman?

TRUE. Signior, no.

CAM. Did not you fetch him out of the tennis court?

TRUE. No, *point, par ma foi:* you see I have many tongues speak for me.

HIP. Did not he follow your crackship[d] at a beck given?

TRUE. *Ita*, true, certes, he spied, and I spitting thus, went thus.

HIP. But were stayed thus.

TRUE. You hold a' my side, and therefore I must needs stick to you; 'tis true: I going, he followed, and following fingered me, just as your worship does now; but I struggled and straggled, and wriggled and wraggled, and at last cried *vale, valete*, as I do now, with this fragment of a rhyme,

My lady is grossly fall'n in love, and yet her waist is slender;
Had I not slipt away, you would have made my buttocks tender. [*Exit.*

[b] *dag*] i. e. pistol.

[c] *Mephostophilis*] The fiend-attendant in Marlowe's well-known tragedy of *Faustus*.

[d] *crackship*] i. e. boyship — little mastership.

DANDY. Shall Doyt and I play the bloodhounds, and after him?

CAM. No, let him run.

HIP. Not for this wager of my sister's love; run! away, Dandyprat, catch Truepenny, and hold him; thyself shall pass more current.[e]

DANDY. I fly, sir; your Dandyprat is as light as a clipt angel.[f] [*Exit.*

HIP. Nay, God's lid, after him, Camillo; reply not, but away.

CAM. Content; you know where to meet. [*Exit.*

HIP. For I know that the only way to win a wench is not to woo her; the only way to have her fast is to have her loose; the only way to triumph over her is to make her fall; and the way to make her fall,—

DOYT. Is to throw her down.

HIP. Are you so cunning, sir?

DOYT. O Lord, sir, and have so perfect a master?

HIP. Well, sir, you know the gentlewoman that dwells in the midst of Saint Mark's Street?

DOYT. Midst of Saint Mark's Street, sir?

HIP. A pox on you! the flea-bitten-faced lady.

DOYT. O, sir, the freckle-cheeke[d] Madonna; I know her, signior, as well—

HIP. Not as I do, I hope, sir.

DOYT. No, sir, I'd be loath to have such inward acquaintance with her as you have.

HIP. Well, sir, slip, go presently to her, and from me deliver to her own white hands Fontinelle's picture.

DOYT. Indeed, sir, she loves to have her chamber hung with the pictures of men.

[e] *current*] An allusion to the coin called a dandyprat: see note, p. 246.

[f] *angel*] i. e. a gold coin, in value about ten shillings.

Hip. She does. I'll keep my sister's eyes and his painted face asunder. Tell her, besides, the masque holds, and this the night, and nine the hour: say we are all for her: away.

Doyt. And she's for you all, were you an army.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Imperia's *House.*

Enter Imperia, *and* Trivia *and* Simperina *with perfumes.*

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, fie, by the light oath of my fan, the weather is exceeding tedious and faint. Trivia, Simperina, stir, stir, stir: one of you open the casements, t'other take a ventoy[g] and gently cool my face. Fie, I ha' such an exceeding high colour, I so sweat! Simperina, dost hear? prithee be more compendious; why, Simperina!

Simp. Here, madam.

Imp. Press down my ruff before. Away; fie, how thou blowest upon me! thy breath, (God's me!) thy breath, fie, fie, fie, fie, it takes off all the painting and colour from my cheek. In good faith, I care not if I go and be sick presently: heigho, my head so aches with carrying this bodkin! in troth I'll try if I can be sick.

Triv. Nay, good sweet lady.

Simp. You know a company of gallants will be here at night: be not out of temper, sweet mistress.

Imp. In good troth, if I be not sick, I must be melancholy then. This same gown never comes on but I am so melancholy and so heart-burnt! 'tis a strange garment: I warrant, Simperina, the

[g] *ventoy*] i. e. fan.

foolish tailor that made it was troubled with the stitch when he composed it.

Simp. That's very likely, madam: but it makes you have. O, a most incony[h] body!

Imp. No, no, no, no, by Saint Mark, the waist is not long enough, for I love a long and tedious waist: besides, I have a most ungodly middle in it; and, fie, fie, fie, fie, it makes me bend i' th' back: O, let me have some music!

Simp. That's not the fault in your gown, madam, but of your bawdy. [*Music.*

Imp. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la![i]—indeed, the bending of the back is the fault of the body,—la, la, la, la! fa, la, la! fa, la, la, la, la, la!

Triv. O, rich!

Simp. O, rare!

Imp. No, no, no, no, no; 'tis slight and common all that I do. Prithee, Simperina, do not ingle[j] me; do not flatter me, Trivia: I ha' never a cast gown till the next week. Fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, fa, la, la, &c.[k] This stirring to and fro has done me much good. A song, I prithee. I love these French movings: O, they are so clean! if you tread them true, you shall hit them to a hair. Sing, sing, sing; some odd and fantastical thing, for I cannot abide these dull and lumpish tunes; the musician stands longer a-pricking them than I would do to hear them. No, no, no, give me your light ones, that go nimbly and quick, and are full of changes,

[h] *incony*] i. e. fine, delicate, pretty.

[i] *Fa, la,* &c.] Here (as appears from what follows) Imperia moves about, or dances, to the music.

[j] *ingle*] i. e. wheedle, coax.

[k] *&c.*] Is sometimes found in passages of our early dramatists, and seems to mean that the players might make use of any suitable expressions which occurred to them.

and carry sweet division. Ho, prithee, sing! Stay, stay, stay; here's Hippolito's sonnet; first read it, and then sing it.

SONG,[k]

By TRIVIA *and* SIMPERINA.

First. *In a fair woman what thing is best?*
Second. *I think a coral lip.*
First. *No, no, you jest;*
She has a better thing.
Second. *Then 'tis a pretty eye.*
First. *Yet 'tis a better thing,*
Which more delight does bring.
Second. *Then 'tis a cherry cheek.*
First. *No, no, you lie;*
Were neither coral lip, nor cherry cheek, nor pretty eyes,[l]
Were not her swelling breast stuck with strawberries,
Nor had smooth hand, soft skin, white neck, pure eye,
Yet she at this alone your love can tie.
It is, O, 'tis the only joy to men,
The only praise to women!
[Second.] *What is't then?*
First. *This it is, O, this it is, and in a woman's middle it is plac'd,*
In a most beauteous body, a heart most chaste!
This is the jewel kings may buy;
If women sell this jewel, women lie.
[DOYT *knocks within;* FRISCO *answers within.*

[k] *Song*, &c.] Old ed. "*Reades. Song.*"
[l] *Were neither*, &c.] Old ed.
"*Were neither lip, nor cheekes currall, nor cherry eyes.*"
Some of the lines in this miserable effusion seem intended to be sung only, not read.

FRIS. [*within*] Who, the pox, knocks?

DOYT. [*within*] One that will knock thy coxcomb, if he do not enter.

FRIS. [*within*] If thou dost not enter, how canst thou knock me?

DOYT. [*within*] Why then I'll knock thee when I do enter.

FRIS. [*within*] Why then thou shalt not enter, but instead of me knock thy heels.

DOYT. [*within*] Frisco, I am Doyt, Hippolito's page.

FRIS. [*within*] And I am Frisco, squire to a bawdy-house.

DOYT. [*within*] I have a jewel to deliver to thy mistress.

FRIS. [*within*] Is't set with precious stones?

DOYT. [*within*] Thick, thick, thick.

FRIS. [*within*] Why, enter then, thick, thick, thick.

IMP. Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, who makes that yawling at door?

Enter FRISCO, *and* DOYT *with* FONTINELLE'S *picture.*

FRIS. Here's signior Hippolito's man (that shall be) come to hang you.

IMP. Trivia, strip that villain; Simperina, pinch him, slit his wide nose. Fie, fie, fie, I'll have you gelded for this lustiness.

FRIS. And[m] she threatens to geld me unless I be lusty, what shall poor Frisco do?

IMP. Hang me?

FRIS. Not I; hang me if you will, and set up my quarters too.

IMP. Hippolito's boy come to hang me?

[m] *And*] i. e. if.

Doyt. To hang you with jewels, sweet and gentle; that's Frisco's meaning, and that's my coming.

Imp. Keep the door.

Fris. That's my office: indeed, I have been your door-keeper so long, that all the hinges, the spring-locks, and the ring, are worn to pieces. How if any body knock at the door?

Imp. Let them enter. [*Exit* Frisco.] Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, his great tongue does so run through my little ears! 'tis more harsh than a younger brother's courting of a gentlewoman, when he has no crowns. Boy!

Doyt. At your service.

Imp. My service? alas, alas, thou canst do me small service! Did thy master send this painted gentleman to me?

Doyt. This painted gentleman to you.

Imp. Well, I will hang his picture up by the walls, till I see his face; and, when I see his face, I'll take his picture down. Hold it, Trivia.

Triv. It's most sweetly made.

Imp. Hang him up, Simperina.

Simp. It's a most sweet man.

Imp. And does the masque hold?—Let me see it again.

Doyt. If their vizards hold, here you shall see all their blind cheeks: this is the night, nine the hour, and I the jack[n] that gives warning.

Simp. He gives warning, mistress; shall I set him out?

Doyt. You shall not need; I can set out myself. [*Exit.*

Imp. Flaxen hair, and short too; O, that's the

[n] *jack*] The figure which struck the bell on the outside of the old clocks was called a *jack*.

French cut! but fie, fie, fie, these[o] flaxen-haired men are such pulers, and such piddlers, and such chicken-hearts (and yet great quarrellers), that when they court a lady they are for the better part bound to the peace! No, no, no, no; your black-haired man (so he be fair) is your only sweet man, and in any service the most active. A banquet, Trivia; quick, quick, quick.

Triv. In a twinkling.—'Slid, my mistress cries like the rod-woman,—quick, quick, quick, buy any rosemary and bays? [*Aside and exit.*

Imp. A little face, but a lovely face: fie, fie, fie, no matter what face he make, so the other parts be legitimate and go upright. Stir, stir, Simperina; be doing, be doing quickly; move, move, move.

Simp. Most incontinently.[p]—Move, move, move? O, sweet! [*Aside and exit.*

Imp. Heigho! as I live, I must love thee, and suck kisses from thy lips. Alack, that women should fall thus deeply in love with dumb things, that have no feeling! but they are women's crosses, and the only way to take them is to take them patiently.

Re-enter Frisco, *and* Trivia *and* Simperina *setting out a banquet.*

Heigho! set music, Frisco!

Fris. Music, if thou hast not a hard heart, speak to my mistress. [*Music.*

Imp. Nay he scorn to marry me, yet he shall stand me in some stead by being my Ganymede. If he be the most decayed gallant in all Venice, I will myself undo myself and my whole state, to set him up again. Though speaking truth would save my life, I will lie to do him pleasure. Yet to tell lies may hurt the soul: fie, no, no, no; souls

[o] *these*] Old ed. "this." [p] *incontinently*] i. e. immediately.

are things to be trodden under our feet when we dance after love's pipe. Therefore here, hang this counterfeit[p] at my bed's feet.

Fris. If he be counterfeit, nail him up[q] upon one of your posts. [*Exit with the picture.*

Imp. By the moist hand of love, I swear I will be his lottery, and he shall never draw but it shall be a prize!

Curvetto *knocks within.*

Fris. [*within*] Who knocks?
Cur. [*within*] Why, 'tis I, knave.
Fris. [*within*] Then, knave, knock there still.
Cur. [*within*] Wut[r] open door?
Fris. [*within*] Yes, when I list I will.
Cur. [*within*] Here's money.
Fris. [*within*] Much![s]
Cur. [*within*] Here's gold.
Fris. [*within*] Away!
Cur. [*within*] Knave, open.
Fris. [*within*] Call to our maids; good[t] night; we are all aslopen.[u] [*Entering.*

Mistress, if you have ever a pinnace to set out, you may now have it manned and rigged; for signior Curvetto,—he that cries, *I am an old courtier, but lie close, lie close,* when our maids swear he lies as wide as any courtier in Italy—

Imp. Do we care how he lies?

[Curvetto *knocks again within.*

[p] *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait.
[q] *nail him up*, &c.] As counterfeit money is nailed up.
[r] *Wut*] i. e. Wilt.
[s] *Much!*] An ironical and contemptuous expression, of frequent occurrence in the old English drama, equivalent, generally, to *little* or *none*.
[t] *good*] Old ed. "God."
[u] *aslopen*] i. e. asleep—for the rhyme.

Fris. Anon, anon, anon! — this old hoary red deer serves himself in at your keyhole.

Cur. [*within*] What, Frisco!

Fris. Hark! shall he enter the breach?

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, I wonder what this gurnet's head makes here! Yet bring him in; he will serve for picking meat. [*Exit* Frisco.] Let music play, for I will feign myself to be asleep. [*Music.*

Re-enter Frisco *with* Curvetto.

Cur. [*giving* Frisco *money*] Threepence, and here's a teston;[u] yet, take all;
Coming to jump, we must be prodigal:
Hem!
I'm[v] an old courtier, and I can lie close:
Put up, Frisco, put up, put up, put up.

Fris. Any thing at your hands, sir, I will put up, because you seldom pull out any thing.

Simp. Softly, sweet signior Curvetto, for she's fast.

Cur. Hah! fast? my roba[w] fast, and but young night?
She's wearied, wearied:—ah, ha, hit I right?

Simp. How, sir, wearied? marry, foh!

Fris. Wearied, sir? marry, muff![x]

Cur. No words here, mouse? no words, no words, sweet rose?

[u] *teston*] Or *tester* (so called from the head, *teste*, stamped on it),—*i. e.* sixpence: it was originally of higher value.

[v] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[w] *my roba*] i. e. my wanton. *Buona-roba* is an Italian phrase for a courtesan; "as we say, good stuffe," &c. Florio in v.

[x] *marry, muff*] So Taylor the water-poet;

"Here's a sweet deale of scimble scamble stuffe,
To please my Lady Wagtayle, *marry muffe*."

A Whore, p. 111—*Workes*, ed. 1630.

I'm[y] an hoary courtier, and lie close, lie close.
Hem!

FRIS. An old hoary courtier? why, so has a jowl of ling and a musty whiting been, time out of mind. Methinks, signior, you should not be so old by your face.

CUR. I have a good heart, knave; and a good heart
Is a good face-maker; I'm[z] young, quick, brisk.
I was a reveller in a long stock,[a]
(There's not a gallant now fills such a stock,)
Plump hose, pan'd,[b] stuft with hair (hair then was held
The lightest stuffing), a fair cod-piece,—ho!
An eel-skin sleeve lasht here and there with lace,
High collar lasht again, breech lasht also,
A little simpering ruff, a dapper cloak
With Spanish-button'd cape, my rapier here,
Gloves like a burgomaster here, hat here
(Stuck with some ten-groat brooch), and over all
A goodly long thick Abram-colour'd[c] beard.

[y] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am." [z] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[a] *stock*] i. e. stocking.
[b] *hose, pan'd, stuft with hair*] See note, p. 28.
[c] *Abram-colour'd*] So in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, sig. H 3:

"Where is the eldest sonne of Pryam?
That *abraham-couloured* Troion."

In Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 4, Slender is described as having a "*Cain-coloured* beard;" and in our author's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, act iii. sc. 2, "*Judas* with the red beard" is mentioned. Theobald, in a note on the passage of Shakespeare just quoted, thinks that such expressions were suggested by old tapestries and pictures. Steevens, *ibid.*, is not certain but that "*Abraham*" may be a corruption of *auburn*; and in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3, where we now read with the fourth folio, "our heads are some brown, some black, some *auburn*," the three earlier folios have "*Abram*."

Ho God, ho God! thus did I revel it,
When Monsieur Motte lay here ambassador.[d]
But now those beards are gone, our chins are bare;
Our courtiers now do all against the hair.[e]
I can lie close and see this, but not see:
I'm[f] hoary, but not hoary as some be.

Imp. Heigho! who's that? Signior Curvetto! by my virginity—

Cur. Hem! no more.
Swear not so deep at these[g] years: men have eyes,
And though the most are fools, some fools are wise.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie: and[h] you meet me thus at half weapon, one must down.

Fris. She, for my life. [*Aside.*

Imp. Somebody shall pay for't.

Fris. He, for my head. [*Aside.*

Imp. Do not therefore come over me so with cross blows: no, no, no, I shall be sick if my speech be stopt. By my virginity I swear,—and why may not I swear by that I have not, as well as poor musty soldiers do by their honour, brides at four-and-twenty, ha, ha, ha! by their maidenheads, citizens by their faith, and brokers as they hope to be saved?—by my virginity I swear, I dreamed that one brought me a goodly codshead, and in one of the eyes there stuck, methought, the greatest precious stone, the most sparkling diamond: O, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, that diamonds should make women such fools!

Cur. A codshead and a diamond? ha, ha, ha!

[d] *When Monsieur Motte lay here ambassador*] Though the scene of this play is in Venice, yet "*here*" means in England,—during some of the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign.

[e] *against the hair*] See note, p. 163.

[f] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[g] *these*] Old ed. "this."

[h] *and*] i. e. if.

'Tis common, common: you may dream as well
Of diamonds and of codsheads, where's not one,
As swear by your virginity, where's none.—
I am that codshead; she has spied my stone,
My diamond: noble wench, but nobler stone;[i]
I'm[j] an old courtier, and lie close, lie close.
[*Aside, and puts it up.*

[*The cornets sound a lavolta, which the masquers are to dance:* CAMILLO, HIPPOLITO, *and other gallants, every one, save* HIPPOLITO,[k] *with a lady masqued, and zanies with torches,*[l] *enter suddenly:* CURVETTO *offers to depart.*

IMP. No, no, no, if you shrink from me, I will not love you: stay.

CUR. I am conjured, and will keep my circle.
[*They dance.*

IMP. Fie, fie, fie, by the neat tongue of eloquence, this measure is out of measure; 'tis too hot, too hot. Gallants, be not ashamed to shew your own faces. Ladies, unapparel your dear beauties. So,

[i] *stone*] Old ed. has "no see," a misprint. I doubt if the word which I have substituted for it be the right one.

[j] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[k] *save Hippolito*] Because, probably, Imperia was to be his partner. The lavolta was a dance for two persons, described by Sir J. Davies, in his *Orchestra*, as "a lofty jumping or a leaping round." See also Douce's *Illust. of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 489.

[l] *zanies with torches*] *zanies* seems here to mean nothing more than attendants. In act iii. sc. 1. of this drama, when Violetta is told that "Imperia the courtesan's *zany* hath brought you this letter," she exclaims, "her *groom* employ'd by Fontinelle!" and in Florio's *New World of Words*, ed. 1611, is "*Zane*, the name of John in some parts of Lombardy, but commonly used for a silly John, a simple fellow, *a seruile drudge* or foolish clowne in any commedy or enterlude play." —For "*torches*" the old ed. has "coaches." Torch-bearers were the constant attendants at masques.

so, so, so: here is a banquet; sit, sit, sit. Signior Curvetto, thrust in among them. Soft music, there! do, do, do. [*Music, while they seat themselves.*

Cur. I will first salute the men, close with the women, and last sit.

Hip. But not sit last: a banquet, and have these suckets[l] here! O, I have a crew of angels[m] prisoners in my pocket, and none but a good bale[n] of dice can fetch them out.—Dice, ho!—Come, my little lecherous baboon; by Saint Mark, you shall venture your twenty crowns.

Cur. And have but one.

Hip. I swore first.

Cur. Right, you swore;
But oaths are now, like Blurt our constable,
Standing for nothing.—A mere plot, a trick:
The masque dogg'd me, I hit it in the nick;
A fetch to get my diamond, my dear stone:
I'm[o] a hoary courtier, but lie close, close, close.—
I'll play, sir. [*Aside.*

Hip. Come.

Cur. But in my t'other hose. [*Exit.*

Omnes. Curvetto!

Hip. Let him go: I knew what hook would choke him, and therefore baited that for him to nibble upon. An old comb-pecked rascal, that was beaten out a' th' cock-pit, when I could not stand a' high lone[p] without I held by a thing, to come

[l] *suckets*] i. e. sweetmeats.

[m] *angels*] See note, p. 250.

[n] *bale*] i. e. pair.

[o] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[p] *a' high lone*] So in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3, where we now read, "For then she could stand *alone*," the 4to of 1597 has "stand *high lone*." Compare too W. Rowley's *A Shoomaker a Gentleman*, 1638; "The warres has lam'd many of my old customers, they cannot go *a hie lone*." Sig. B 4.

crowing among us! Hang him, lobster. Come, the same oath that your foreman took, take all, and sing.

SONG.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights, fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all in fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing;[q]
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is any thing, yet indeed is nothing.

During the song LAZARILLO *enters.*[r]

LAZ. Mars armipotent with his court of guard, give sharpness to my toledo! I am beleaguered. O Cupid, grant that my blushing prove not a linstock, and give fire too suddenly to the Roaring Meg[s] of my desires!—Most sanguine-cheeked ladies—

HIP. 'S foot, how now, Don Diego?[t] sanguine-cheeked? dost think their faces have been at

[q] *leesing*] i. e. losing.

[r] LAZARILLO *enters*] His entrance is not marked in the old copy, and perhaps the poet intended that he should come in with the masquers.

[s] *give fire too suddenly to the Roaring Meg of my desires*] A metaphor drawn from the celebrated gun, which Churchyard thus mentions in his *Siege of Edenbrough Castell;*

" With thondryng noyes was shot of *roeryng Meg,*
And throw the thickst she thompt orethawrt the waies," &c.
fol. 94—*Chippes*, ed. 1575.

[t] *Don Diego*] Old ed. " Don Dego,"—seems to have been ironically used for *Spaniard,* in consequence of a strange indecency committed by a personage of the name: see note on act iv. sc. 3, where Lazarillo declares that he is " kin to Don Diego."

cutler's?[u] out, you roaring, tawney-faced rascal! 'Twere a good deed to beat my hilts about's coxcomb, and then make him sanguine-cheeked too.

CAM. Nay, good Hippolito.

IMP. Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie; though I hate his company, I would not have my house to abuse his countenance; no, no, no, be not so contagious: I will send him hence with a flea in's ear.

HIP. Do, or I'll turn him into a flea, and make him skip under some of your petticoats.

IMP. Signior Lazarillo.

LAZ. Most sweet face, you need not hang out your silken tongue as a flag of truce, for I will drop at your feet ere I draw blood in your chamber. Yet I shall hardly drink up this wrong: for your sake I will wipe it out for this time. I would deal with you in secret, so you had a void room, about most deep and serious matters.

IMP. I'll send these hence.—Fie, fie, fie, I am so choked still with this man of gingerbread, and yet I can never be rid of him! but hark, Hippolito.

[*Whispers* HIPPOLITO.

HIP. Good; draw the curtains, put out candles; and, girls, to bed.

[*Exeunt all but* IMPERIA *and* LAZARILLO.[v]

[u] *Sanguine-cheeked! dost think their faces have been at cutler's?*] So Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Piso.* ——————— O' my life, he looks
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion
Than an old armory doublet.
Lod. I would send
His *face to th' cutler's then, and have it sanguin'd.*"
Captain, act ii. sc. 2.

"*Sanguine.* The bloud-stone wherewith cutlers do sanguine their hilts."—COTGRAVE'S *Dict.*

[v] *Exeunt*, &c.] The old ed. has no stage-direction here. The curtains, called *traverses*, sometimes used for scenes (see Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 88, ed. Boswell), were drawn, I suppose, after this speech of Hippolito.

Laz. Venus, give me suck from thine own most white and tender dugs, that I may batten in love. Dear instrument of many men's delight, are all these women?

Imp. No, no, no, they are half men and half women.

Laz. You apprehend too fast: I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, nor are maids women. If those unbearded gallants keep the doors of their wedlock, those ladies spend their hours of pastime but ill, O most rich armful of beauty! But if you can bring all those females into one ring, into one private place, I will read a lecture of discipline to their most great and honourable ears, wherein I will teach them so to carry their white bodies, either before their husbands or before their lovers, that they shall never fear to have milk thrown in their faces, nor I wine in mine, when I come to sit upon them in courtesy.

Imp. That were excellent: I'll have them all here at your pleasure.

Laz. I will shew them all the tricks and garbs of Spanish dames; I will study for apt and [e]legant phrase to tickle them with; and when my devise is ready, I will come. Will you inspire into your most divine spirits the most divine soul of tobacco?

Imp. No, no, no; fie, fie, fie, I should be choked up, if your pipe should kiss my underlip.

Laz. Henceforth, most deep stamp of feminine perfection, my pipe shall not be drawn before you but in secret.

Re-enter HIPPOLITO *and the rest of the Masquers, as before, dancing:* HIPPOLITO *takes* IMPERIA; *and then exeunt all except* LAZARILLO.

LAZ. Lament my case, since thou canst not provoke
Her nose to smell, love fill thine own with smoke.[w]
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street; before HIPPOLITO'S *House.*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* FRISCO.

FRIS. The wooden picture you sent her hath set her on fire; and she desires you, as you pity the case of a poor desperate gentlewoman, to serve that Monsieur in at supper to her.

Enter CAMILLO *with Musicians.*

HIP. The Frenchman? Saint Denis, let her carve him up. Stay, here's Camillo. Now, my fool in fashion, my sage idiot, up with these brims,[x] down with this devil, Melancholy! Are you decayed, concupiscentious innamorato? News, news; Imperia doats on Fontinelle.

CAM. What comfort speaks her love to my sick heart?

HIP. Marry, this, sir. Here's a yellow-hammer flew to me with thy water; and I cast it, and find that his mistress being given to this new falling sickness, will cure thee. The Frenchman,

[w] *with smoke*] There is something abrupt and awkward in the conclusion of this scene; and I am inclined to believe that part of it has been lost at the press.

[x] *these brims*] Old ed. "this brimmes."—I suppose Hippolito means to say, do not wear your hat so much over your face.

you see, has a soft marmalady heart, and shall no sooner feel Imperia's liquorish desire to lick at him, but straight he'll stick the brooch of her longing in it. Then, sir, may you, sir, come upon my sister, sir, with a fresh charge, sir; sa, sa, sa, sa! once giving back, and thrice coming forward; she yield, and the town of Brest[y] is taken.

CAM. This hath some taste of hope. Is that the Mercury
Who brings you notice of his mistress' love?

FRIS. I may be her Mercury, for my running of errands; but troth is, sir, I am Cerberus, for I am porter to hell.

CAM. Then, Cerberus, play thy part: here, search that hell; [*Gives him a key.*
There find and bring forth that false Fontinelle.
[*Exit* FRISCO.
If I can win his stray'd thoughts to retire
From her encounter'd eyes, whom I have singled
In Hymen's holy battle, he shall pass
From hence to France, in company and guard
Of mine own heart:—he comes, Hippolito.

Enter FONTINELLE, *talking with* FRISCO.

Still looks he like a lover: poor gentleman,
Love is the mind's strong physic, and the pill
That leaves the heart sick and o'erturns the will.

FONT. O happy persecution, I embrace thee
With an unfetter'd soul! So sweet a thing
Is it to sigh upon the rack of love,
Where each calamity is groaning witness
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats

[y] *Brest*] A play on words—*breast.*

The leaves off the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
Love bred on earth, is often nurs'd in hell;
By rote it reads woe, ere it learn to spell.

CAM. Good morrow, French lord.

HIP. *Bon jour, Monsieur.*

FONT. To your secure and more than happy self
I tender thanks, for you have honour'd me.
You are my jailor, and have penn'd me up,
Lest the poor fly, your prisoner, should alight
Upon your mistress' lip, and thence derive
The dimpled print of an infective touch.
Thou secure tyrant, yet unhappy lover,
Couldst thou chain mountains to my captive feet,
Yet Violetta's heart and mine should meet.

HIP. Hark, swaggerer, there's a little dapple-coloured rascal; ho, a bona-roba;[z] her name's Imperia; a gentlewoman, by my faith, of an ancient house, and has goodly rents and comings in of her own; and this ape would fain have thee chained to her in the holy state. Sirrah, she's fallen in love with thy picture; yes, faith. To her, woo her, and win her; leave my sister, and thy ransom's paid; all's paid, gentlemen: by th' Lord, Imperia is as good a girl as any is in Venice.

CAM. Upon mine honour, Fontinelle, 'tis true;
The lady doats on thy perfections:
Therefore resign my Violetta's heart
To me, the lord of it; and I will send thee—

FONT. O, whither? to damnation, wilt thou not?
Think'st thou the purity of my true soul
Can taste your leperous counsel? no, I defy you.
Incestancy[a] dwell on his rivell'd brow
That weds for dirt; or on th' enforced heart

[z] *bona-roba*] See note, p. 258.

[a] *Incestancy*] i. e. incest. I have not met with the word elsewhere.

That lags in rearward of his father's charge,
When to some negro-guelderling he's clogg'd
By the injunction of a golden fee!
When I call back my vows to Violetta,
May I then slip into an obscure grave,
Whose mould, unprest with stony monument,
Dwelling in open air, may drink the tears
Of the inconstant clouds, to rot me soon
Out of my private linen sepulchre!

CAM. Ay!
Is this your settled resolution?

FONT. By my love's best divinity, it is.

CAM. Then bear him to his prison back again.—
This tune must alter ere thy lodging mend:
To death, fond[b] Frenchman, thy slight love doth tend.

FONT. Then, constant heart, thy fate with joy pursue;
Draw wonder to thy death, expiring true. [*Exit.*

HIP. After him, Frisco; enforce thy mistress's passion. Thou shalt have access to him, to bring him love-tokens: if they prevail not, yet thou shalt still be in presence, be't but to spite him. In, honest Frisco.

FRIS. I'll vex him to the heart, sir; fear not me.
Yet here's a trick perchance may set him free.
[*Aside and exit.*

HIP. Come, wilt thou go laugh and lie down?[c]
Now sure there be some rebels in thy belly, for thine eyes do nothing but watch and ward: thou'st not slept these three nights.

CAM. Alas, how can I? he that truly loves
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;

[b] *fond*] i. e. silly.

[c] *laugh and lie down*] An allusion to the game at cards called *Laugh and lay down.*

And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the belman[d] in the lover's ears:
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, O, seldom wears!
The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by love's plaints disquieted,
And, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps:
But say a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.
Have you these golden charms?

Mrs. We have, my lord.

Cam. Bestow them sweetly; think a lover's heart
Dwells in each instrument, and let it melt
In weeping strains. Yonder direct your faces,
That the soft summons of a frightless parley
May creep into the casement. So, begin:
Music, speak movingly; assume my part:
For thou must now plead to a stony heart.

SONG.

Pity, pity, pity!
Pity, pity, pity!
That word begins that ends a true-love ditty.
Your blessed eyes, like a pair of suns,
Shine in the sphere of smiling;
Your pretty lips, like a pair of doves,
Are kisses still compiling.

[d] ——— *the owl, whose voice*
Shrieks like the belman] Here, perhaps, Middleton recollected *Macbeth*:

"It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal belman,
Which gives the stern'st good night."—Act ii. sc. 2.

Mercy hangs upon your brow, like a precious jewel:
O, let not then,
Most lovely maid, best to be lov'd of men,
Marble lie upon your heart, that will make you cruel!
Pity, pity, pity!
Pity, pity, pity!
That word begins that ends a true-love ditty.
[VIOLETTA *appears above.*

VIOL. Who owes[e] this salutation?

CAM. Thy Camillo.

VIOL. Is not your shadow there too, my sweet brother?

HIP. Here, sweet sister.

VIOL. I dreamt so. O, I am much bound to you!
For you, my lord, have us'd my love with honour.

CAM. Ever with honour.

VIOL. Indeed, indeed, you have.

HIP. 'S light, she means her French *garçon.*

VIOL. The same. Good night; trust me, 'tis somewhat late,
And this bleak wind nips dead all idle prate.
I must to bed: good night.

CAM. The god of rest
Play music to thine eyes! whilst on my breast
The Furies sit and beat, and keep care waking.

HIP. You will not leave my friend in this poor taking?

VIOL. Yes, by the velvet brow of darkness!

HIP. You scurvy tit,—'s foot, scurvy any thing!
Do you hear, Susanna? you punk, if I geld not your musk-cat! I'll do't, by Jesu. Let's go, Camillo.

VIOL. Nay but, pure swaggerer, ruffian, do you think
To fright me with your bugbear threats? go by!

[e] *owes*] i. e. owns.

Hark, *tosse*-pot, in your ear; the Frenchman's mine,
And by these hands I'll have him!

Hip. Rare rogue, fine!

Viol. He is my prisoner, by a deed of gift;
Therefore, Camillo, you have wrong'd me much
To wrong my prisoner. By my troth, I love him
The rather for the baseness he endures
For my unworthy self. I'll tell you what;
Release him, let him plead your love for you;
I love a' life[f] to hear a man speak French
Of his complexion; I would undergo
The instruction of that language rather far
Than be two weeks unmarried. By my life,
Because I'll speak true French, I'll be his wife.

Cam. O, scorn to my chaste love! burst, heart.

Hip. 'S wounds, hold!

Cam. Come, gentle friends, tie your most solemn tunes
By silver strings unto a leaden pace.
False fair, enjoy thy base belov'd: adieu:
He's far less noble, and shall prove less true.
[*Exeunt* Camillo, Hippolito, *and Musicians.*

Enter Truepenny *above with a letter.*

True. Lady, Imperia the courtesan's zany[g] hath brought you this letter from the poor gentleman in the deep dungeon, but would not stay till he had an answer.

Viol. Her groom employed by Fontinelle? O, strange!
I wonder how he got access to him.
I'll read, and reading my poor heart shall ache:
True love is jealous; fears the best love shake.
[*Reads.*

[f] *a' life*] i. e. as my life, extremely.
[g] *zany*] See note, p. 261.

Meet me at the end of the old chapel, next Saint Lorenzo's monastery. Furnish your company with a friar, that there he may consummate our holy vows. Till midnight, farewell. *Thine,* FONTINELLE.
Hath he got opportunity to 'scape?
O happy period of our separation!
Blest night, wrap Cynthia in a sable sheet,
That fearful lovers may securely meet! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Saint Lorenzo's Monastery.

Enter FRISCO *in* FONTINELLE'S *apparel, and* FONTINELLE *making himself ready*[h] *in* FRISCO'S: *they enter suddenly and in fear.*

FRIS. Play you my part bravely; you must look like a slave: and you shall see I'll counterfeit the Frenchman most knavishly. My mistress, for your sake, charged me on her blessing to fall to these shifts. I left her at cards: she'll sit up till you come, because she'll have you play a game at noddy.[i] You'll to her presently?

FONT. I will, upon mine honour.

FRIS. I think she does not greatly care whether you fall to her upon your honour or no. So, all's fit. Tell my lady that I go in a suit of durance for her sake. That's your way, and this pit-hole's mine. If I can 'scape hence, why so; if not, he that's hanged is nearer to heaven by half a score steps than he that dies in a bed: and so adieu, monsieur. [*Exit.*

[h] *making himself ready*] i. e. dressing himself.

[i] *noddy*] A game on the cards often alluded to by our dramatists: how it was played is doubtful.

FONT. Farewell, dear trusty slave. Shall I profane
This temple with an idol of strange love?
When I do so, let me dissolve in fire.
Yet one day will I see this dame, whose heart
Takes off my misery: I'll not be so rude
To pay her kindness with ingratitude.

Enter VIOLETTA *and a Friar apace.*

VIOL. My dearest Fontinelle!
FONT. My Violetta!
O God!
VIOL. O God!
FONT. Where is this reverend friar?
FRIAR. Here, overjoy'd young man.
VIOL. How didst thou 'scape?
How came Imperia's man——
FONT. No more of that.
VIOL. When did Imperia——
FONT. Questions now are thieves,
And lie[1] in ambush to surprise our joys.
[O] my most happy stars, shine still, shine on!
Away, come: love beset had need be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in IMPERIA'S *House.*

Enter CURVETTO *and* SIMPERINA.

CUR. I must not stay, thou sayst?
SIM. God's me, away!
CUR. Buss, buss again;—here's sixpence;—buss again,—
Farewell: I must not stay then?
SIM. Foh!

[1] *lie*] Old ed. "lyes."

CUR. Farewell:
At ten a' clock[k] thou sayst, and ring a bell,
Which thou wilt hang out at this window?
SIM. Lord!
She'll hear this fiddling.
CUR. No, close, on my word.
Farewell: just ten a' clock; I shall come in?
Remember to let down the cord,—just ten:
Thou'lt open, mouse? pray God thou dost. Amen![l]
I'm[m] an old courtier, wench, but I can spy
A young duck: close, mum; ten; close, 'tis not I.
[*Exit.*

SIM. Mistress, sweet ladies!

Enter IMPERIA *and Ladies with table-books.*[n]

IMP. Is his old rotten aqua-vitæ bottle stopt up? is he gone? Fie, fie, fie, fie, he so smells of ale and onions, and rosa-solis, fie. Bolt the door, stop the keyhole, lest his breath peep in. Burn some perfume. I do not love to handle these dried stockfishes, that ask so much tawing:[o] fie, fie, fie.

FIRST LADY. Nor I, trust me, lady; fie.

IMP. No, no, no, no. Stools and cushions; low stools, low stools; sit, sit, sit, round, ladies, round. [*They seat themselves.*] So, so, so, so; let your sweet beauties be spread to the full and most

[k] *At ten a' clock*] Did the author forget that Violetta, according to appointment, had, in the preceding scene, met Fontinelle *at midnight?*

[l] *Amen*] Old ed. "*Amen*, amen, amen."

[m] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[n] *table-books*] i. e. memorandum-books.

[o] *these dried stockfishes, that ask so much tawing*] To *taw* is, properly, to dress leather with allum:

"Yes, if they *taw* him, as they do whit-leather,
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stockfish."
BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER'S *Captain*, act iii. sc. 3.

moving advantage; for we are fallen into his hands, who, they say, has an A B C for the sticking in of the least white pin in any part of the body.

SECOND LADY. Madam Imperia, what stuff is he like to draw out before us?

IMP. Nay, nay, nay, 'tis Greek to me, 'tis Greek to me: I never had remnant of his Spanish-leather learning. Here he comes: your ears may now fit themselves out of the whole piece.

Enter LAZARILLO.[p]

LAZ. I do first deliver to your most skreet[q] and long-fingered hands this head, or top of all the members, bare and uncombed, to shew how deeply I stand in reverence of your naked female beauties. Bright and unclipt angels,[r] if I were to make a discovery of any new-found land, as Virginia or so, to ladies and courtiers, my speech should hoist up sails fit to bear up such lofty and well-rigged vessels: but because I am to deal only with the civil chitty-matron,[s] I will not lay upon your blushing and delicate cheek[s] any other colours than such as will give lustre to your chitty[t] faces: in and to that purpose, our thesis is taken out of that most plentiful, but most precious book, entitled the *Economical Cornucopia.*

FIRST LADY. The what?

LAZ. The *Economical Cornucopia:* thus,

Wise is that wife, who with apt wit complains
That she's kept under, yet rules all the reins.

[p] LAZARILLO] Old ed. here (and here only), "Lazarino."
[q] *skreet*] Query for *discreet?*
[r] *unclipt angels*] A play on words: see note, p. 250.
[s] *chitty-matron*] See note, p. 236.
[t] *chitty*] See note, p. 236.

SECOND LADY. O, again, sweet signior!—[*writing*] —— *complains*
That she's kept under ——
What follows?

LAZ. *Yet rules all the reins:*
Wise is that wife, who with apt wit complains
That she's kept under, yet rules all the reins.
Most pure and refined plants of nature, I will not, as this distinction enticeth, take up the parts as they lie here in order; as first, to touch your *wisdom*, it were folly; next, your *complaining*, 'tis too common; thirdly, your *keeping under*, 'tis above my capachity;[t] and, lastly, *the reins in your own hands*, that is the a-per-se[u] of all, the very cream of all, and therefore how to skim off that only, only listen: a wife wise, no matter; apt wit, no matter; complaining, no matter; kept under, no great matter; but to rule the roast is the matter.

THIRD LADY. That ruling of the roast goes with me.

FOURTH LADY. And me.

FIFTH LADY. And me; I'll have a cut of that roast.

LAZ. Since, then, a woman's only desire is to have the reins in her own white hand, your chief practice, the very same day that you are wived, must be to get hold of these reins; and being fully gotten, or wound about, *yet to complain, with apt wit, as though you had them not.*

IMP. How shall we know, signior, when we have them all or not?

LAZ. I will furnish your capable understandings out of my poor Spanish store with the chief implements, and their appurtenances. Observe; it shall be your first and finest praise to sing the note

[t] *capachity*] i. e. capacity: see note, p. 236.
[u] *the a-per-se*] i. e. the chiefest, most excellent: see Nares in *Gloss.*, and Todd in Johnson's *Dict.*

of every new fashion at first sight, and, if you can, to stretch that note above ela.[v]

OMNES. Good.

LAZ. The more you pinch your servants' bellies for this, the smoother will the fashion sit on your back: but if your goodman like not this music, as being too full of crotchets, your only way is, to learn to play upon the virginals,[w] and so nail his ears to your sweet humours. If this be out of time too, yet your labour will quit the cost: for by this means your secret friend may have free and open access to you, under the colour of pricking you lessons. Now, because you may tie your husband's love in most sweet knots, you shall never give over labouring till out of his purse you have digged *a garden*:[x] and that garden must stand a pretty distance from the chitty:[y] for by repairing thither, much good fruit may be grafted.

FIRST LADY. Mark that.

LAZ. Then, in the afternoon, when you address your sweet perfumed body to walk to this garden, there to gather a nosegay,—sops-in-wine,[z] cowslips, columbines, heart's-ease, &c.,—the first principle to learn is, that you stick black patches for the rheum on your delicate blue temples, though there be no room for the rheum: black patches are comely in most women, and being well fastened, draw men's eyes to shoot glances at you. Next, your ruff must stand in print;[a] and for that purpose, get

[v] *ela*] The highest note in the scale of music.

[w] *virginals*] An instrument of the spinnet kind: the most correct description of it is in Nares's *Gloss.*

[x] *a garden*] As these words are given in italics, they are probably intended as a quotation from the *Economical Cornucopia.*

[y] *chitty*] See note, p. 236.

[z] *sops-in-wine*] i. e. pinks: see much concerning the name in Nares's *Gloss.*

[a] *in print*] i. e. in exact and perfect manner.

poking-sticks[a] with fair and long handles, lest they scorch your lily sweating hands. Then your hat with a little brim, if you have a little face; if otherwise, otherwise. Besides, you must play the wag with your wanton fan; have your dog,—called Pearl, or Min, or Why ask you, or any other pretty name,—dance along by you; your embroidered muff before you, on your ravishing hands; but take heed who thrusts his fingers into your fur.

SECOND LADY. We'll watch for that.

LAZ. Once a quarter take state upon you, and be chick.[b] Being chick thus politicly, lie at your garden: your lip-sworn servant may there visit you as a physician; where[c] otherwise, if you languish at home, be sure your husband will look to your water. This chickness[d] may be increased, with giving out that you breed young bones; and to stick flesh upon those bones, it shall not be amiss if you long for peascods at ten groats the cod, and for cherries at a crown the cherry.

FIRST LADY. O dear tutor!

SECOND LADY. Interrupt him not.

LAZ. If, while this pleasing fit of chickness hold you, you be invited forth to supper, whimper and seem unwilling to go; but if your goodman, bestowing the sweet duck and kiss upon your moist lip, entreat, go. Marry, my counsel is, you eat little at table, because it may be said of you, you are no cormorant; yet at your coming home you may counterfeit a qualm, and so devour a posset. Your husband need not have his nose in that posset; no, trust your chambermaid only in this, and

[a] *poking-sticks*] i. e. irons for setting the plaits of the ruff.
[b] *chick*] i. e. sick. See note, p. 236.
[c] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[d] *chickness*] i. e. sickness: see note, p. 236.

scarcely her; for you cannot be too careful into whose hands you commit your secrets.

OMNES. That's certain.

LAZ. If you have daughters capable, marry them by no means to chittizens,[e] but choose for them some smooth-chinned, curled-headed gentlemen;[f] for gentlemen will lift up your daughters to their own content; and to make these curled-pated gallants come off the more roundly, make your husband go to the herald for arms; and let it be your daily care that he have a fair and comely crest; yea, go all the ways yourselves you can to be made ladies, especially if, without danger to his person, or for love or money, you can procure your husband to be dubbed. The goddess of memory lock up these jewels, which I have bestowed upon you, in your sweet brains! Let these be the rules to square out your life by, though you ne'er go level, but tread you[r] shoes awry. If you can get these reins into your lily hand[s], you shall need no coaches, but may drive your husbands. Put it down; and, according to that wise saying of you, be saints in the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your bed: upon which leaving you tumbling, pardon me that thus abruptly and openly I take you all up.

FIRST LADY. You have got so far into our books, signior, that you cannot 'scape without a pardon here, if you take us up never so snappishly.

IMP. Music there, to close our stomachs! How do you like him, madonna? [*Music.*

SECOND LADY. O, trust me, I like him most profoundly! why, he's able to put down twenty such as I am.

[e] *chittizens*] See note, p. 236.
[f] *gentlemen*] Old ed. "gentleman."

THIRD LADY. Let them build upon that; nay, more, we'll henceforth never go to a cunning woman, since men can teach us our lerry.[f]

FOURTH LADY. We are all fools to him; and our husbands, if we can hold these reins fast, shall be fools to us.

SECOND LADY. If we can keep but this bias, wenches, our goodmen may perchance once in a month get a fore-game of us; but, if they win a rubbers, let them throw their caps at it.

IMP. No, no, no, dear features, hold their noses to the grindstone, and they're gone. Thanks, worthy signior: fie, fie, fie, you stand bare too long. Come, bright mirrors, will you withdraw into a gallery, and taste a slight banquet?

FIRST LADY. We shall cloy ourselves with sweets, my sweet madonna.

SECOND LADY. Troth, I will not, madonna Imperia.

IMP. No, no, no. Fie, fie, fie, signior Lazarillo, either be you our foreman, or else put in these ladies, at your discretion, into the gallery, and cut off this striving.

LAZ. It shall be my office; my fees being, as they pass, to take toll of their alablaster[g] hands. [*Exeunt Ladies:* IMPERIA *stays.*] Admired creature, I summon you to a parley: you remember this is the night?

IMP. So, so, so, I do remember: here is a key; that is your chamber.—Lights, Simperina.—About twelve a' clock you shall take my beauty prisoner: —fie, fie, fie, how I blush!—at twelve a' clock.

LAZ. Rich argosy of all golden pleasure—

[f] *lerry*] i. e. learning, lesson.

[g] *alablaster*] So the word was formerly written,—even as late as the time of Milton: see the first editions of *Comus*, v. 660, and *Par. Lost*, b. iv. 544.

Imp. No, no, no, put up, put up your joys till anon: I will come, by my virginity. But I must tell you one thing, that all my chambers are many nights haunted, with what sprites none can see; but sometimes we hear birds singing, sometimes music playing, sometimes voices laughing: but stir not you, nor be frighted at any thing.

Laz. By Hercules, if any spirits rise, I will conjure them in their own circles with toledo.

Imp. So, so, so; lights for his chamber.—Is the trap-door ready? [*Aside.*

Simp. 'Tis set sure.

Imp. So, so, so, I will be rid of this broiled red sprat, that stinks so in my stomach, fie; I hate him worse than to have a tailor come a-wooing to me. [*Aside.*] God's me! the sweet ladies, the banquet, —I forget: fie, fie, fie, follow, dear signior.—The trap-door, Simperina. [*Aside, and exit.*

Simp. Signior, come away.

Laz. Cupid, I kiss the nock[g] of thy sweet bow:
A woman makes me yield; Mars could not so.
[*Exit with* Simperina.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street; before Imperia's *House; a cord hanging from the window.*

Enter Curvetto, *with a lantern.*

Cur. Just ten? 'tis ten just: that's the fixed hour
For payment of my love's due fees; that broke,
I forfeit a huge sum of joys: ho, love,
I'll keep time just to a minute, I;
A sweet guide's[h] loss is a deep penalty:

[g] *nock*] i. e. notch—where the string is fastened.
[h] *guide's*] Qy. "girl's?"

A night's so rich aventure[h] to taste wrack,[i]
Would make a lover bankrupt, break his back.
No, if to sit up late, early to rise,
Or if this goldfinch,[j] that with sweet notes flies,
And wakes the dull eye even of a puritan,
Can work, then, wenches, Curvetto is the man.
I am not young, yet have I youthful tricks,
Which peering day must not see; no, close, close,
Old courtier, perilous[k] fellow, I can lie;
Hug in your bosom, close, yet none shall spy.
Stay, here's the door, the window; hah, this, this!
Cord?—umph!—dear cord, thy blessed knot I kiss.
None peeps, I hope. Night, clap thy velvet hand
Upon all eyes! if now my friend thou stand,
I'll hang a jewel at thine ear, sweet night;
And here it is, lantern and candle-light.[l]
A peal, a lusty peal, set, ring love's knell;
I'll sweat, but thus I'll bear away the bell.

[*Pulls the cord hanging from the window, and is drenched with water.*

Enter SIMPERINA *above.*

SIM. Signior,—who's there? signior Curvetto?

CUR. Umph, drown'd! Noah's flood! duck'd over head and ears!
O sconce, and O sconce![m] an old soaker, O!
I sweat now till I drop: what, villains, O!

[h] *aventure*] i. e. adventure. [i] *wrack*] i. e. wreck.

[j] *goldfinch*] i. e. a piece of gold, or purse.

[k] *perilous*] i. e. dangerously shrewd: when the word is used in this sense by our early dramatists, it is generally written *parlous*, as at p. 286.

[l] *lantern and candle-light*] The old ed. gives these words in italics, with, perhaps, some allusion which I cannot explain. Of Dekker's tract *O per se O, or a new Crier of Lantern and Candle-light*, no edition is known anterior to the production of the present drama.

[m] *O sconce, and O sconce!*] i. e. (I suppose) O my head, and O my lantern!

Punks, punkateroes, nags, hags! I will ban:[n]
I've[o] catch'd my bane.

SIM. Who's there?

CUR. A water-man.

SIM. Who rings that scolding peal?

CUR. I am wringing wet,
I'm[p] wash'd: foh, here's rose-water sold by th' ounce!
This sconce shall batter down those windows—bounce!

SIM. What do you mean? why do you beat our doors?
What do you take us for?

CUR. You're all damn'd whores.

SIM. Signior Curvetto!

CUR. Signior coxcomb, no.

SIM. What makes you be so hot?

CUR. You lie, I'm[q] cool;
I'm an old courtier, but stinking fool.
Foh!

SIM. God's my life! what have you done? you are in a sweet pickle if you pulled at this rope.

CUR. Hang thyself in't, and I'll pull once again.

SIM. Marry muff,[r] will you up and ride? you're mine elder. By my pure maidenhead, here's a jest! why, this was a water-work to drown a rat that uses to creep in at this window.

CUR. Fire on your water-works! catch a drown'd rat?
That's me, I have it, God a-mercy, head!
Rat? me; I smell a rat, I strike it dead.

SIM. You smell a sodden sheep's-head: a rat? ay, a rat: and[s] you will not believe me, marry, foh! I have been believed of your betters, marry, snick up!

[n] *ban*] i. e. curse. [o] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[p] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[q] *I'm*] Old ed. here, and in next line (where "*courtier*" is a trisyllable), "I am."
[r] *Marry muff*] See note, p. 258. [s] *and*] i. e. if.

Cur. Simp, nay, sweet Simp, open again; why, Simperina!

Sim. Go from my window, go, go from, &c.,[t] away; go by, old Jeronimo:[u] nay, and[v] you shrink i' th' wetting, walk, walk, walk.

Cur. I cry thee mercy; if the bowl were set
To drown a rat, I shrink not, am not wet.

Sim. A rat by this hemp, and[w] you could ha' smelt. Hark you; here's the bell, ting, ting, ting: would the clapper were in my belly, if I am not mad at your foppery; I could scratch, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, as my mistress says. But go, hie you home, shift you, come back presently: here you shall find a ladder of cords; climb up; I'll receive you: my mistress lies alone; she's yours: away.

Cur. O Simp!

Sim. Nay, scud: you know what you promised me: I shall have simple yawling for this: begone, and mum.[x]

Cur. Thanks, mum, dear girl; I'm gone: 'twas for a rat,
A rat upon my life: thou shalt have gifts;
I love thee, though thou puts[t] me to my shifts.

[t] *&c.*] See note, p. 252.

[u] *go by, old Jeronimo*] A quotation from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which was written probably about 1590. The words are spoken by Hieronimo to himself:

"*King.* Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hier. Not I: Hieronimo, beware, go by, go by."

Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 163. new ed. Though this expression, and other lines of *The Spanish Tragedy*, are so often ridiculed by contemporary writers, the play possesses no ordinary merit. Coleridge (see his *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 129) thought that some passages of it were written by Shakespeare. We know (from Henslowe's MSS.) that Ben Jonson made "adycions" to it in 1601 and 1602.

[v] *and*] i. e. if.

[w] *and*] i. e. if.

[x] *mum*] Opposite this word the old ed. has a stage-direction "*Clap*"—which perhaps means that she is to *clap to* the window.

I knew[r] I could be over-reach'd by none;
A parlous[s] head! lie close, lie close: I'm[t] gone.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Imperia's *House.*

Music suddenly plays and birds sing: enter Lazarello *bareheaded, in his shirt, a pair of pantaples*[b] *on, a rapier in his hand and a tobacco-pipe: he seems amazed, and walks so up and down.*[c]

Laz. Saint Jacques and the Seven deadly Sins (that is, the Seven Wise Masters of the world), pardon me, for this night I will kill the devil!

[*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Laz. Thou prince of blackamoors, thou shalt have small cause to laugh, if I run thee through. This chamber is haunted: would I had not been brought a' bed in it, or else were well delivered! for my heart tells me 'tis no good luck to have any thing to do with the devil; he's a paltry merchant.

[*Song within.*]

Midnight's bell goes ting, ting, ting, ting, ting;
Then dogs do howl; and not a bird does sing
But the nightingale, and she cries twit, twit, twit, twit;
Owls then on every bough do sit;
Ravens croak on chimneys' tops;
The cricket in the chamber hops;
And the cats cry mew, mew, mew;
The nibbling mouse is not asleep,
But he goes peep, peep, peep, peep, peep;

[r] *knew*] Old ed. "know."
[s] *parlous*] Old ed. "Paulons:" see note, p. 283.
[t] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[b] *pantaples*] or *pantables*—i. e. a kind of slippers.
[c] *up and down*] The old ed. adds, "*A song presently within*,"—a direction intended to warn the singers and musicians to be in readiness.

And the cats cry[d] *mew, mew, mew,*
And still the cats cry mew, mew, mew.

LAZ. I shall be moused by puss-cats, but I had rather die a dog's death: they have nine lives a piece (like a woman), and they will make it up ten lives, if they and I fall a-scratching. Bright Helena of this house, would thy Troy were a-fire, for I am a-cold; or else would I had the Greeks' wooden curtal[e] to ride away. Most ambrosian-lipped creature, come away quickly, for this night's lodging lies cold at my heart. [*The Spanish pavin*[f] *played within.*] The Spanish pavin? I thought the devil could not understand Spanish: but since thou art my countryman, O thou tawny Satan,[g] I will dance after thy pipe. [*He dances the Spanish pavin.*] Ho,[h] sweet devil, ho! thou wilt make any man weary of thee, though he deal with thee in his shirt.
Sweet beauty! she'll not come: I'll fall to sleep,
And dream of her; love-dreams are ne'er too deep.
[*Lies down and falls through a trap-door.*

Enter FRISCO *above laughing.*

FRIS. Ha, ha, ha!

LAZ. Ho, ho, Frisco, madonna! I am in hell, but here is no fire; hell-fire is all put out. What ho, so ho, ho! I shall be drowned. I beseech thee, dear Frisco, raise Blurt the constable, or some scavenger, to come and make clean these kennels of

[d] *cry*] Old ed. here and in the next line, "cryes."
[e] *curtal*] i. e. horse.
[f] *The Spanish pavin*] A grave and stately dance. Sir J. Hawkins says,—"Every *pavan* had its *galliard*, a lighter kind of air made out of the former:" see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.
[g] *Satan*] Old ed. "Satin,"—a play on the words *Satan* and *satin*.
[h] *Ho*] The word here (as in our very earliest poets) is equivalent to "stop."

hell; for they stink so, that I shall cast[i] away my precious self.

Enter IMPERIA *above.*

IMP. Is he down, Frisco?

FRIS. He's down: he cries out he's in hell; it's heaven to me to have him cry so.

IMP. Fie, fie, fie, let him lie, and get all to bed.
[*Exit.*

FRIS. Not all; I've[j] fatting knavery in hand.
He cries he's damn'd in hell: the next shall cry
He's climbing up to heaven; and here's the gin:[k]
One woodcock's ta'en; I'll have his brother in.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street; before IMPERIA's *House; a ladder of ropes hanging from the window.*

Enter CURVETTO *with a lantern.*

CUR. Brisk as a capering tailor! I was wash'd,
But did they shave me? no, I am too wise;
Lie close i' th' bosom of their knaveries;
I'm[l] an old hoary courtier, and strike dead;
I hit my marks: ware, ware, a perilous[m] head!
Cast,[n]—I must find a ladder made of ropes;

Enter BLURT, SLUBBER, WOODCOCK, *and the rest of the Watch.*

Ladder and rope; what follow? hanging; ay;
But where? ah ha, there does the riddle lie.
I have 'scap'd drowning; but, but, but, I hope
I shall not 'scape the ladder and the rope.

WOOD. Yonder's a light, master constable.

[i] *cast*] i. e. vomit.
[j] *I've*] Old ed. "I have."
[k] *gin*] i. e. snare.
[l] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[m] *perilous*] See note, p. 283.
[n] *Cast*] i. e. let me consider.

BLURT. Peace, Woodcock, the sconce[o] approaches.

CUR. Whew!

BLURT. Ay, whistling?—Slubber, jog the watch, and give the lantern a flap.

CUR. Whew! Simp, Simperina!

Enter FRISCO *above.*

FRIS. Who's there?

CUR. Who's there?

FRIS. Signior Curvetto? here's the ladder; I watch to do you a good turn: I am Frisco. Is not Blurt abroad and his bill-men?[p]

CUR. No matter if they be; I hear none nigh;
I will snug close; out goes my candle's eye;
My sconce takes this in snuff;[q] all's one; I care not.

FRIS. Why, when?[r]

CUR. I come; close, close; hold, rope, and spare not. [*Begins to ascend the ladder.*

SLUB. Now the candle's out.

BLURT. Peace!

CUR. Frisco, light, light! my foot is slipt; call help.

FRIS. Help, help, help! thieves, thieves! help, thieves, &c.[s]

BLURT. Thieves? where? Follow close. Slubber, the lantern.—Hold, I charge you, in the duke's name, stand: sirrah, you're like to hang for this.—Down with him. [*They take* CURVETTO *down.*

FRIS. Master Blurt, master constable, here's his

[o] *sconce*] i. e. lantern. [p] *bill-men*] See note, p. 237.

[q] *My sconce takes this in snuff*] A poor conceit: to *take in snuff* is, to be angry, to take offence. So Shakespeare:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff."
Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. 2.

[r] *when?*] An elliptical expression of impatience, very frequent in our old dramatists.

[s] *&c.*] See note, p. 252.

ladder: he comes to rob my mistress. I have been scared out of my wits above seven times by him, and it's forty to one if ever they come in again. I lay felony to his charge.

Cur. Felony? you cony-catching[t] slave.

Fris. Cony-catching will bear an action. I'll cony-catch you for this.—If I can find our key, I will aid you, Master Blurt: if not, look to him, as you will answer it upon your deathbed.

Blurt. What are you?

Cur. A Venetian gentleman.—Woodcock, how dost thou, Woodcock?[u]

Wood. Thank your worship.

Blurt. Woodcock, you are of our side[v] now, and therefore your acquaintance cannot serve. And[w] you were a gentleman of velvet, I would commit you.

Cur. Why, what are you, sir?

Blurt. What am I, sir? do not you know this staff? I am, sir, the duke's own image: at this time the duke's tongue (for fault of a better) lies in my mouth; I am constable, sir.

Cur. Constable, and commit me? marry, Blurt master-constable.

Blurt. Away with him! [*He strives.*

Omnes. It's folly to strive.

Blurt. I say, away with him.—I'll Blurt you; I'll teach you to stand covered to authority: your

[t] *cony-catching*] i. e. cheating, deceiving: the *cony*, or rabbit, was reckoned a simple animal. The tricks of the *cony-catchers*, or sharpers, with whom London used to abound, were described by R. Greene in several pamphlets: see the full titles of them in my ed. of his *Dram. Works*, vol. i. p. cvi.

[u] *Woodcock, how dost thou, Woodcock?*] The old ed. gives these words to Blurt.

[v] *Woodcock, you are of our side*] A proverbial expression, which, I suppose, originated in some game: see note, p. 203.

[w] *And*] i. e. if.

hoary head shall be knocked when this staff is in place.

CUR. Ay, but, master-constable——

BLURT. No, pardon me, you abuse the duke in me, that am his cipher.—I say, away with him; Gulch, away with him; Woodcock, keep you with me. I will be known for more than Blurt.

[*Exit, the rest of the Watch carrying off* CURVETTO.

Enter LAZARILLO.

LAZ. Thou honest fellow, the man in the moon, I beseech thee set fire on thy bush of thorns, to light and warm me, for I am dung-wet. I fell like Lucifer, I think, into hell, and am crawled out, but in worse pickle than my lean Pilcher.[x] Hereabout is the hothouse of my love. Ho, ho! why ho, there!

FRIS. Who's that? What devil stands hohing at my door so late?

LAZ. I beseech thee, Frisco, take in Lazarillo's ghost.

FRIS. Lazarillo's ghost? haunt me not, I charge thee; I know thee not: I am in a dream of a dry summer, therefore appear not to me.

LAZ. Is not this the mansion of the cherry-lipped madonna Imperia?

FRIS. Yes; how then? You fly-blown rascal, what art thou?

LAZ. Lazarillo de Tormes: sweet blood, I have a poor Spanish suit[y] depending in your house; let me enter, most precious Frisco; the mistress of this mansion is my beautiful hostess.

[x] *my lean Pilcher*] i. e. his page, with an allusion to his name: see p. 243 and note.

[y] *I have a poor Spanish suit*, &c.] Lazarillo had escaped in his shirt: see p. 286.

FRIS. How, you turpentine pill, my wife your hostess? away, you Spanish vermin!

LAZ. I beseech thee, most pitiful Frisco, allow my lamentation.

FRIS. And[z] you lament here, I'll stone you with brickbats: I am asleep.

LAZ. My slop[a] and mandillion[b] lie at thy mercy, fine Frisco; I beseech thee, let not my case be thine: I must and will lament.

FRIS. Must you? I'll wash off your tears; away, you hog's-face!

[*Drenches him with foul water, and exit.*

LAZ. Thou hast soused my poor hog's-face. O Frisco, thou art a scurvy doctor, to cast my water no better! it is most rammish urine: Mars shall not save thee; I will make a brown toast of thy heart, and drink it in a pot of thy strong blood.

Enter BLURT *and all his Watch.*

BLURT. Such fellows must be taken down. Stand. What white thing is yonder?

SLUB. Who goes there? come before the constable.

LAZ. My dear host Blurt!

BLURT. You have Blurted fair: I am by my office to examine you, where you have spent these two nights.

LAZ. Most big Blurt, I answer thy great authority, that I have been in hell, and am scratched to death with puss-cats.

[z] *And*] i. e. if.

[a] *slop*] i. e. breeches.

[b] *mandillion*] "Mandiglione, a iacket, a mandillion." Florio's *New World of Words*, ed. 1611.—Stubbes (*apud* Strutt, *Dress and Habits*, vol. ii. p. 267.) says that it covered the whole body down to the thighs; and R. Holmes (*ibid.*) describes it as a loose garment having holes to put the arms through.

BLURT. Do you run a' th' score at an officer's house, and then run above twelve score off?

LAZ. I did not run, my sweet-faced Blurt: the Spanish fleet is bringing gold enough to discharge all from the Indies: lodge me, most pitiful bill-man.[b]

BLURT. Marry, and will. I am, in the duke's name, to charge you with despicious of felony; and burglary is committed this night; and we are to reprehend any that we think to be faulty. Were not you at madonna freckle-face's house?

LAZ. *Signior, si.*

BLURT. Away with him, clap him up.

LAZ. Most thundering Blurt, do not clap me; most thundering[c] Blurt, do not clap me.

BLURT. Master Lazarus, I know you are a sore fellow where you take, and therefore I charge you, in the duke's name, to go without wrasling, though you be in your shirt.

LAZ. Commendable Blurt——

BLURT. The end of my commendations is to commit you.

LAZ. I am kin to Don Diego,[d] the Spanish adelantado.[e]

BLURT. If you be kin to Don Diego that was smelt out in Paul's,[f] you pack; your lantedoes nor

[b] *bill-man*] See note, p. 237.

[c] *most thundering*, &c.] This repetition is perhaps an error of the old ed.

[d] *Don Diego*] Old ed. here and in the next speech, "*Don* Dego."

[e] *adelantado*] See note, p. 241.

[f] *Don Diego that was smelt out in Paul's*] So in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

——— "now you *Don Diegoes,*
You that made Paules to stinke."—Part I. p. 51.

And in Dekker and Webster's *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, 1607: "There came but one *Dondego* into England, and *he made all*

your lanteeroes cannot serve your turn. I charge you, let me commit you to the tuition——

Laz. Worshipful Blurt, do not commit me into the hands of dogs.

Omnes. Dogs!

Blurt. Master Lazarus, there's not a dog shall bite you: these are true bill-men,[g] that fight under the commonwealth's flag.

Laz. Blurt ——

Blurt. Blurt me no Blurts; I'll teach all Spaniards how to meddle with whores.

Laz. Most cunning constable, all Spaniards know that already; I have meddled with none.

Blurt. Your being in your shirt bewrays[h] you.

Laz. I beseech thee, most honest Blurt, let not my shirt bewray me.

Blurt. I say, away with him. [*Music.*] Music? that's in the courtesan's; they are about some ungodly act; but I'll play a part in't ere morning. Away with Lazarus.

Omnes. Come, Spaniard.

Laz. Thy kites and thee for this shall watch in dirt,
To feed on carrion.

Blurt. Hence, ptrooh!

Laz. O base Blurt!
O base Blurt! O base Blurt! [*Exeunt.*

Paul's stink again." Vol. ii. p. 298 of Webster's *Works*,—where (vol. iv. p. 293.) I have given an explanation of these passages, which I am unwilling to repeat here.

[g] *bill-men*] See note, p. 237.

[h] *bewrays*] i. e. betrays, discovers.—Lazarillo immediately plays on the word,—*beray*, to foul.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in CAMILLO'S *House.*

Enter CAMILLO, HIPPOLITO, VIRGILIO, ASORINO, BAPTISTA, BENTIVOGLIO, DOYT, *and* DANDYPRAT, *all weaponed, their rapiers' sheaths*[1] *in their hands.*

CAM. Gentlemen and noble Italians, whom I love best, who know best what wrongs I have stood under, being laid on by him who is to thank me for his life: I did bestow him, as the prize of mine honour, upon my love, the most fair Violetta: my love's merit was basely sold to him by the most false Violetta. Not content with this felony, he hath dared to add the sweet theft of ignoble marriage: she's now none's but his; and he, treacherous villain, any one's but hers: he doats, my honoured friends, on a painted courtesan; and, in scorn of our Italian laws, our family, our revenge, loathes Violetta's bed, for a harlot's bosom. I conjure you, therefore, by all the bonds of gentility, that as you have solemnly sworn a most sharp, so let the revenge be most sudden.

VIR. Be not yourself a bar to that suddenness by this protraction.

OMNES. Away, gentlemen, away then!

HIP. As for that light hobbyhorse, my sister, whose foul name I will rase out with my poniard, by the honour of my family, which her lust hath profaned, I swear—and, gentlemen, be in this my sworn brothers—I swear, that as all Venice does admire her beauty, so all the world shall be amazed at her punishment. Follow, therefore.

VIR. Stay, let our resolutions keep together: whither go we first?

[1] *sheaths*] Qy. "sheathed."

CAM. To the strumpet Imperia's.

OMNES. Agreed: what then?

CAM. There to find Fontinelle: found, to kill him——

VIR. And killed, to hang out his reeking body at his harlot's window.

CAM. And by his body, the strumpet's ——

HIP. And between both, my sister's.

VIR. The tragedy is just: on then, begin.

CAM. As you go, every hand pull in a friend, to strengthen us against all opposites. He that has any drop of true Italian blood in him, thus vow, this morning, to shed others', or let out his own. If you consent to this, follow me.

OMNES. *Via*,[j] away! the treacherous Frenchman dies.

HIP. Catso,[k] Saint Mark, my pistol! thus death flies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in IMPERIA'S *House.*

Enter FONTINELLE *and* IMPERIA, *arm in arm.*

IMP. Ah, you little effeminate sweet chevalier, why dost thou not get a loose periwig of hair on thy chin, to set thy French face off? By the panting pulse of Venus, thou art welcome a thousand degrees beyond the reach of arithmetic. Good, good, good; your lip is moist and moving; it hath the truest French close, even like Mapew,[l] la, la, la, &c.

[j] *Via*] See note, p. 245.

[k] *Catso*] Old ed. "At so." This word, of obscene meaning, is borrowed from the Italian. So in *The Malcontent*:

"*Pietro.* Vengeance and torture!
Mal. Catso!
Pietro. O revenge!"

See my ed. of Webster's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 28.

[l] *Mapew*] Qy. the beginning of some French song—*Mais peu?*

FONT. Dear lady! O life of love, what sweetness dwells
In love's variety! The soul that plods
In one harsh book of beauty, but repeats
The stale and tedious learning, that hath oft
Faded the senses; when, in reading more,
We glide in new sweets, and are starv'd with store.
Now, by the heart of love, my Violet
Is a foul weed, (O pure Italian flower!)
She[m] a black negro, to the white compare
Of this unequall'd beauty? O most accurst,
That I have given her leave to challenge me!
But, lady, poison speaks Italian well,
And in a loath'd kiss I'll include her hell.

IMP. So, so, so; do, do, do. Come, come, come, will you condemn the mute rushes[n] to be pressed to death by your sweet body? Down, down, down; here, here, here; lean your head upon the lap of my gown; good, good, good. O Saint Mark! here is a love-mark able to wear more ladies' eyes for jewels than—O, lie still, lie still! I will level a true Venetian kiss over your right shoulder.

FONT. Shoot home, fair mistress, and as that kiss flies
From lip to lip, wound me with your sharp eyes.

IMP. No, no, no, I'll beat this cherry-tree thus, and thus, and thus, and[o] you name wound.

[*Kisses him.*

FONT. I will offend so, to be beaten still.

IMP. Do, do, do; and if you make any more such lips when I beat you, by my virginity, you shall buss this rod. Music, I pray thee be not a puritan; sister to the rest of the sciences, I knew the time when thou couldst abide handling. [*Loud music.*] O fie, fie, fie, forbear! thou art like a

[m] *She*] Qy. "Yea?"
[n] *rushes*] See note, p. 234.
[o] *and*] i. e. if.

puny barber, new come to the trade; thou pickst[p] our ears too deep. So, so, so; will my sweet princess entertain a poor Italian song?

Fost. O most willingly, my dear madonna!

Imp. I care not if I persuade my bad voice to wrestle with this music, and catch a strain: so, so, so: keep time, keep time, keep time. [*Sings.*

Love for such a cherry lip
Would be glad to pawn his arrows;
Venus here to take a sip
Would sell her doves and team of sparrows.
But they shall not so;
Hey nonny, nonny no!
None but I this lip must owe;[q]
Hey nonny, nonny no!

Fost. Your voice does teach the music.

Imp. No, no, no.

Fost. Again, dear love.

Imp. Hey nonny, nonny no!

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
Ganymede must wait no longer;
Did Phœbe here one night lie,[r]
Would change her face and look much younger.
But they shall not so;
Hey nonny, nonny no!
None but I this lip must owe;
Hey nonny, nonny no!

Enter Frisco, Trivia, *and* Simperina, *running.*

Fris. O madonna!

Triv. Mistress!

Sim. Madonna!

Fris. Case up this gentleman: there's rapping at door; and one, in a small voice, says there's Camillo and Hippolito.

[p] *pickst*] Qy. "prickst?"
[q] *owe*] i. e. own.
[r] *Did Phœbe here*, &c.] Old ed. "*Phœbe here one night did lie.*"

SIM. And they will come in.

FONT. Upon their deaths they shall, for they seek mine.

IMP. No, no, no: lock the doors fast; Trivia, Simperina, stir.

TRIV. *and* SIM. Alas!

FONT. Come they in shape of devils, this angel by, I'm[s] arm'd; let them come in; ud's foot, they die.

IMP. Fie, fie, fie; I will not have thy white body——

VIOL. [*within*] What ho, madonna!

[*Knocking within.*

IMP. O hark! Not hurt for the Rialto! go, go, go, put up;[t] by my virginity, you shall put up.

VIOL. [*within*] Here are Camillo and Hippolito.

IMP. Into that little room; you are there as safe as in France or the Low Countries.

FONT. O God! [*Exit.*

IMP. So, so, so; let them enter. Trivia, Simperina, smooth my gown, tread down the rushes;[u] let them enter; do, do, do. [*Exit* FRISCO.]—No words, pretty darling.—La, la, la, hey nonny, nonny no! [*Singing.*

Re-enter FRISCO *with* VIOLETTA.

FRIS. Are two men transformed into one woman?

IMP. How now? what motion's this?[v]

VIOL. By your leave, sweet beauty, pardon my excuse, which, under the mask of Camillo's and my brother's names, sought entrance into this house. Good sweetness, have you not a property here improper to your house, my husband?

IMP. Hah! your husband here?

[s] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

[t] *put up*] i. e. sheathe your sword.

[u] *rushes*] See note, p. 234.

[v] *what motion's this*] See note, p. 229.

VIOL. Nay, be as you seem to be, white dove, without gall.

IMP. Gall? your husband? ha, ha, ha! by my ventoy,[w] yellow[x] lady, you take your mark improper; no, no, no, my sugar-candy mistress, your goodman is not here, I assure you: here? ha, ha!

TRIV. *and* SIM. Here?

FRIS. Much husbands here![y]

VIOL. Do not mock me, fairest Venetian; come, I know he's here. Good faith, I do not blame him; for your beauty gilds[z] over his error. Troth, I am right glad that you, my countrywoman, have received the pawn of my affections: you cannot be hard-hearted, loving him; nor hate me, for I love him too. Since we both love him, let us not leave him, till we have called home the ill husbandry of a sweet straggler. Prithee, good wench, use him well.

IMP. So, so, so!

VIOL. If he deserve not to be used well (as I'd be loath he should deserve it), I'll engage myself, dear beauty, to thine honest heart: give me leave to love him, and I'll give him a kind of leave to love thee. I know he hears me: I prithee, try mine eyes if they know him, that have almost drowned themselves in their own salt water, because they cannot see him. In troth, I'll not chide him: if I speak words rougher than soft kisses, my penance shall be to see him kiss thee, yet to hold my peace.

FRIS. And that's torment enough: alas, poor wench!

[w] *ventoy*] i. e. fan.

[x] *yellow*] i. e. jealous.

[y] *Much husbands here!*] See note, p. 257. So Shakespeare: "Is it not past two o'clock? and here *much* Orlando!" *As you like it*, act iv. sc. 3.

[z] *gilds*] Old ed. "glides."

SIM. She's an ass, by the crown of my maidenhead: I'd scratch her eyes out, if my man[a] stood in her tables.

VIOL. Good partner, lodge me in thy private bed,
Where, in supposed folly, he may end
Determin'd sin. Thou smil'st: I know thou wilt.
What looseness may term dotage, truly read,
Is love ripe-gather'd, not soon withered.

IMP. Good troth, pretty wedlock, thou makest my little eyes smart with washing themselves in brine. I keep your cock from his own roost, and mar such a sweet face, and wipe off that dainty red, and make Cupid toll the bell for your love-sick heart? no, no, no; if he were Jove's own ingle,[b] Ganymede: fie, fie, fie, I'll none. Your chamber-fellow is within: thou shalt enjoy my bed and thine own pleasure this night.—Simperina, conduct in this lady.—Frisco, silence. Ha, ha, ha! I am sorry to see a woman so tame a fool. Come, come, come.

VIOL. Star of Venetian beauty, thanks.—O, who
Can bear this wrong, and be a woman too?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street; before IMPERIA'S *House.*

Enter, on one side, CAMILLO, HIPPOLITO, VIRGILIO, ASORINO, BAPTISTA, BENTIVOGLIO, DOYT, *and* DANDYPRAT; *on the other, the* DUKE *and Gentlemen, and* BLURT *and his Watch with torches.*

OMNES.[c] We are dishonour'd; give us way; he dies,
He dies ——

[a] *if my man,* &c.] A metaphor drawn from the game of *tables.* [b] *ingle*] i. e. male favourite.

[c] *Omnes*] The speeches which in the present scene have this prefix may be assigned to whatever individuals of Camillo's party the reader pleases to select.

DUKE. I charge you, by your duties to
The state, and love to country, sheathe your weapons.

BLURT. Sound: I charge you, put up your naked weapons, and we'll put up our rusty bills.[d]

CAM. Up to the hilts we will in his French body:
My lord, we charge you, by the ravish'd honour
Of an Italian lady, by our wrongs,
By that eternal blot, which, if this slave
Pass free without revenge, like leprosy
Will run o'er[e] all the body of our fames;
Give open way to our just wrath, lest, barr'd——

DUKE. Gentlemen——

CAM. Breaking the bonds of honour and of duty,
We cut a passage through you with our swords.

OMNES. He that withstands us, run him through.

BLURT. I charge you, i' th' duke's name, before his own face, to keep the peace.

CAM. Keep thou the peace, that hast a peasant's heart.

WATCH. Peasant!

CAM. Our peace must have her cheeks painted with blood.

OMNES. Away through——

BLURT. Sweet gentlemen, though you have called the duke's own ghost peasant, for I walk for him i' th' night—Kilderkin and Piss-breech hold out—yet hear me, dear bloods. The duke here, for fault of a better, and myself—Cuckoo, fly not hence—for fault of a better, are to lay you by the heels, if you go thus with fire and sword; for the duke is the head, and I, Blurt, am the purtenance.—Woodcock, keep by my side.—Now, sir[s]——

OMNES. A plague upon this Woodcock! kill the watch.

[d] *bills*] See note, p. 237. [e] *o'er*] Old ed. "over."

DUKE. Now, in the name of manhood, I conjure ye,
Appear in your true shapes, Italians;
You kill your honours more in this revenge
Than in his murder. Stay, stand; here's the house.

BLURT. Right, sir, this is the whore-house; here he calls and sets in his staff.

DUKE. Sheathe all your weapons, worthy gentlemen;
And by my life I swear, if Fontinelle
Have stain'd the honour of your sister's bed,
The fact being death, I'll pay you his proud head.

CAM. Arrest him then before our eyes; and see,
Our fury sleeps.

DUKE. This honest officer ——

BLURT. Blurt, sir ——

DUKE. Shall fetch him forth.—Go, sirrah, in our name
Attach the French lord.

BLURT. Garlic, and the rest, follow strongly.
[*Exit with Watch.*

DUKE. O what a scandal were it to a state,
To have a stranger, and a prisoner,
Murder'd by such a troop! Besides, through Venice
Are numbers of his countrymen dispers'd,
Whose rage meeting with yours, none can prevent
The mischief of a bloody consequent.

Re-enter BLURT *and Watch, holding* FONTINELLE *and his weapons.*

BLURT. The duke is within an inch of your nose, and therefore I dare play with it, if you put not up; deliver, I advise you.

FONT. Yield up my weapons, and my foe[s] so nigh!
Myself and weapons shall together yield:
Come any one, come all.

OFFICER. Kill, kill the Frenchman! kill him!

DUKE. Be satisfied, my noble countrymen:
I'll trust you with his life, so you will pawn
The faiths of gentlemen, no desperate hand
Shall rob him of it: otherwise, he runs
Upon this dangerous point, that dares oppose[f]
His rage 'gainst our authority.—French lord,
Yield up this strength; our word shall be your guard.

FONT. Who defies death, needs none; he's well prepar'd.

DUKE. My honest fellow, with a good defence,
Enter again; fetch out the courtesan,
And all that are within.

BLURT. I'll tickle her: it shall ne'er be said that a brown bill[g] looked pale. [*Exit with Watch.*

CAM. Frenchman, thou art indebted to our duke.

FONT. For what?

CAM. Thy life; for, but for him, thy soul
Had long ere this hung trembling in the air,
Being frighted from thy bosom with our swords.

FONT. I do not thank your duke; yet, if you will,
Turn bloody executioners: who dies
For so bright beauty 's a bright sacrifice.

DUKE. The beauty you adore so is profane;
The breach of wedlock, by our law, is death.

FONT. Law, give me law.

DUKE. With all severity.

FONT. In my love's eyes immortal joys do dwell;
She is my heaven; she from me, I'm[h] in hell:
Therefore your law, your law.

DUKE. Make way, she comes.

[f] *appose*] i. e. oppose. [g] *brown bill*] See note, p. 237.
[h] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."

Re-enter BLURT *leading* IMPERIA, *the rest of the Watch with* VIOLETTA *masqued.*

IMP. Fie, fie, fie.

BLURT. Your fie, fie, fie, nor your foh, foh, foh, cannot serve your turn; you must now bear it off with head and shoulders.

DUKE. Now fetch Curvetto and the Spaniard hither;
Their punishments shall lie under one doom.
What is she masqu'd?

BLURT. A punk too.—Follow, fellows: Slubber, afore. [*Exit with Watch.*

VIOL. She that is masqu'd is leader of this masque.
What's here? bows, bills, and guns! Noble Camillo, [*Unmasquing.*
I'm sure you're lord of this misrule:[i] I pray,
For whose sake do you make this swaggering fray?

CAM. For yours, and for our[j] own; we come resolv'd
To murder him that poisons your chaste bed,
To take revenge on you for your false heart;
And, wanton dame, our wrath here must not sleep;
Your sin being deep'st, your share shall be most deep.

VIOL. With pardon of your grace, myself to you all,
At your own weapons, thus do answer all.
For paying away my heart, that was my own;
Fight not to win that, in good troth, 'tis gone.
For my dear love's abusing my chaste bed,
And her[k] sweet theft, alack, you are misled!

[i] *I'm sure you're lord of this misrule*] Old ed. "I am *sure* you are *lord of* all *this misrule.*" In great houses the master of the Christmas sports was called *the Lord of Misrule.*

[j] *our*] Old ed. "your." [k] *her*] i. e. Imperia's.

This was a plot of mine, only to try
Your love's strange temper; sooth, I do not lie.
My Fontinelle ne'er dallied in her arms;
She never bound his heart with amorous charms:
My Fontinelle ne'er loath'd my sweet embrace:
She never drew love's picture by his face:
When he from her white hand would strive to go,
She never cried, fie, fie, nor no, no, no.
With prayers and bribes we hir'd her, both to lie
Under that roof: for this must my love die?
Who dare be so hard-hearted? Look you, we kiss,
And if he loathe his Violet,[1] judge by this.
[*Kissing him.*

FONT. O sweetest Violet! I blush——

VIOL. Good figure,
Wear still that maiden blush, but still be mine.

FONT. I seal myself thine own with both my hands,
In this true deed of gift. Gallants, here stands
This lady's champion: at his foot I'll lie[m]
That dares touch her: who taints my constancy,
I am no man for him; fight he with her,
And yield, for she's a noble conqueror.

DUKE. This combat shall not need; for see, asham'd
Of their rash vows, these gentlemen here break
This storm, and do with hands what tongues should speak.

OMNES. All friends, all friends!

HIP. Punk, you may laugh at this:
Here's tricks! but, mouth, I'll stop you with a kiss.

Enter CURVETTO *and* LAZARILLO, *led by* BLURT *and the Watch.*

BLURT. Room; keep all the scabs back, for here comes Lazarus.

[1] *Violet*] Old ed. "Violetta."
[m] *lie*] i. e. lay—for the sake of the rhyme.

DUKE. O, here's our other spirits that walk i' th' night!
Signior Curvetto, by complaint from her,
And by your writing here, I reach the depth
Of your offence. They charge your climbing up
To be to rob her: if so, then by law
You are to die, unless she marry you.

IMP. I? fie, fie, fie, I will be burnt to ashes first.

CUR. How, die, or marry her? then call me daw:[n]
Marry her—she's more common than the law—
For boys to call me ox? no, I'm[o] not drunk;
I'll play with her, but, hang her! wed no punk.
I shall be a hoary courtier then indeed,
And have a perilous[p] head; then I were best
Lie close, lie close, to hide my forked crest.
No, fie, fie, fie; hang me before the door
Where I was drown'd, ere I marry with a whore.

DUKE. Well, signior, for we rightly understand,
From your accusers, how you stood her guest,
We pardon you, and pass it as a jest:
And for the Spaniard sped so hardly too,
Discharge him, Blurt: signior, we pardon you.

BLURT. Sir, he's not to be discharged, nor so to be shot off: I have put him into a new suit, and have entered into him with an action; he owes me two-and-thirty shillings.

LAZ. It is thy honour to have me die in thy debt.

BLURT. It would be more honour to thee to pay me before thou diest: twenty shillings of this debt came out of his nose.

LAZ. Bear witness, great duke, he's paid twenty shillings.

BLURT. Signior, no, you cannot smoke me so.

[n] *daw*] i. e. simpleton.
[o] *I'm*] Old ed. "I am."
[p] *perilous*] See note, p. 283.

He took twenty shillings of it in a fume,[q] and the rest I charge him with for his lying.

LAZ. My lying, most pitiful prince, was abominable.

BLURT. He did lie, for the time, as well as any knight of the post[r] did ever lie.

LAZ. I do here put off thy suit, and appeal: I warn thee to the court of conscience, and will pay thee by twopence a-week, which I will rake out of the hot embers of tobacco-ashes, and then travel on foot to the Indies for more gold, whose red cheeks I will kiss, and beat thee, Blurt, if thou watch for me.

HIP. There be many of your countrymen in Ireland, signior; travel to them.

LAZ. No, I will fall no more into bogs.

DUKE. Sirrah, his debt ourself will satisfy.

BLURT. Blurt, my lord, dare take your word for as much more.

DUKE. And since this heat of fury is all spent,
And tragic shapes meet comical event,
Let this bright morning merrily be crown'd
With dances, banquets, and choice music's sound.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[q] *a fume*] i. e. in smoking tobacco.

[r] *knight of the post*] i. e. cheat, sharper.—This cant term means, properly, a hireling evidence; or a person hired to give false bail in case of arrest.

Note omitted at p. 239, *l.* 10.

a precept] i. e. a justice's or magistrate's warrant.

THE PHŒNIX.

The Phoenix, as it hath beene sundrye times Acted by the Children of Paules, And presented before his Maiestie. London Printed by E. A. for A. I., and are to be solde at the signe of the white horse in Paules Churchyard. 1607. 4to.

A second edition, from which frequently words, and sometimes whole passages, have dropt out, appeared in 1630, 4to. The acts and scenes are not distinguished in the old copies.

The Phœnix was licensed, by Sir George Bucke, 9th May, 1607. Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 200.

According to the *Biographia Dramatica* (a work on which I place no reliance), the plot of this play is taken from a Spanish novel, called *The Force of Love*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF FERRARA.
PHŒNIX, *his son.*
PRODITOR, } *nobles.*
LUSCURIOSO. }
INFESTO, }
FIDELIO, *son to* CASTIZA.
CAPTAIN, *married to* CASTIZA.
FALSO, *a justice of peace.*
LATRONELLO, } *his servants.*
FUCATO, }
FURTIVO,[a] }
KNIGHT.
TANGLE.
QUIETO.
Groom.
Constable.
Boy.
Drawer.
Soldiers.
Suitors.
Nobles, Gentlemen, Officers, &c.

CASTIZA, *mother to* FIDELIO, *and married to the* CAPTAIN.
Jeweller's wife, daughter to FALSO.
Niece to FALSO.
Maid to Jeweller's wife.

SCENE, FERRARA.

[a] On the death of Falso's brother, Furtivo passes into his service.

THE PHŒNIX.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in the Palace of the Duke of Ferrara.

Enter the DUKE, PRODITOR, LUSSURIOSO, INFESTO, *and other nobles, with attendants.*

DUKE. My lords,
Know that we, far from any natural pride,
Or touch of temporal sway, have seen our face
In our grave council's foreheads, where doth stand
Our truest glass, made by Time's wrinkled hand.
We know we're old; my days proclaim me so;
Forty-five years I've gently rul'd this dukedom;
Pray heaven it be no fault!
For there's as much disease, though not to th' eye,
In too much pity as in tyranny.
INFES. Your grace hath spoke it right.
DUKE. I know that life
Has not long course in me; 'twill not be long
Before I shew that kings have mortal bodies
As well as subjects: therefore to my comfort,
And your successful hopes, I have a son,
Whom I dare boast of ——
LUS. Whom we all do boast of;
A prince elder in virtues than in years.
INFES. His judgment is a father to his youth.
PROD. Ay, ay, would he were from court! [*Aside.*

INFES. Our largest hopes grow in him.
PROD. And 'tis the greatest pity, noble lord,
He is untravelled.
LOS. 'Tis indeed, my lord.
PROD. Had he but travel to his time and virtue—
O, he should ne'er return again! [Aside.
DUKE. It shall be so: what is in hope begun,[a]
Experience quickens: travel confirms the man.
Who[b] else lives doubtful, and his days oft sorry:
Who's rich in knowledge has the stock of glory.
PROD. Most true, my royal lord.
DUKE. Some one attend our son.
INFES. See, here he comes, my lord.

Enter PHŒNIX, *attended by* FIDELIO.

DUKE. O, you come well.
PHŒ. 'Tis always my desire, my worthy father.
DUKE. Your serious studies, and those fruitful hours
That grow up into judgment, well become
Your birth, and all our loves: I weep that you are my son,
But virtuously I weep, the more my gladness.
We have thought good and meet, by the consent
Of these our nobles, to move you toward travel,
The better to approve you to yourself,
And give your apter power foundation:
To see affections actually presented,
E'en by those men that owe[c] them, yield[s] more profit,
Ay, more content, than singly to read of them,
Since love or fear make writers partial.

[a] *begun*] Qy. "began" for the rhyme.
[b] *Who*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "Who's."
[c] *owe*] i. e. own.

The good and free example which you find
In other countries, match it with your own,
The ill to shame the ill; which will in time
Fully instruct you how to set in frame
A kingdom all in pieces.
PHŒ. Honour'd father,
With care and duty I have listen'd to you.
What you desire, in me it is obedience:
I do obey in all, knowing for right,
Experience is a kingdom's better sight.
PROD. O, 'tis the very lustre of a prince,
Travel! 'tis sweet and generous.
DUKE. He that knows how to obey, knows how to reign;
And that true knowledge have we found in you.
Make choice of your attendants.
PHŒ. They're soon chose;
Only this man, my lord, a loving servant of mine.
DUKE. What! none but he?
PHŒ. I do intreat no more;
For that's the benefit a private gentleman
Enjoys beyond our state, when he notes all,
Himself unnoted.
For, should I bear the fashion of a prince,
I should then win more flattery than profit,
And I should give 'em time and warning then
To hide their actions from me: if I appear a sun,
They'll run into the shade with their ill deeds,
And so prevent[c] me.
PROD. A little too wise,[d] a little too wise to live long. [*Aside*

[c] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.
[d] *a little too wise*, &c.] So Shakespeare:
"So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long."
Richard III., act iii. sc. 1.

DUKE. You have answer'd us with wisdom: let it be;
Things private are best known through privacy.
[*Exeunt all but* PHŒNIX *and* FIDELIO.
PHŒ. Stay you, my elected servant.
FID. My kind lord.
PHŒ. The duke my father has a heavy burden
Of years upon him.
FID. My lord, it seems so, for they make him stoop.
PHŒ. Without dissemblance he is deep in age;
He bows unto his grave. I wonder much
Which of his wild nobility it should be
(For none of his sad[e] council has a voice in't),
Should so far travel into his consent,
To set me over into other kingdoms,
Upon the stroke and minute of his death?
FID. My lord, 'tis easier to suspect them all,
Than truly to name one.
PHŒ. Since it is thus,
By absence I'll obey the duke my father,
And yet not wrong myself.
FID. Therein, my lord,
You might be happy twice.
PHŒ. So it shall be;
I'll stay at home, and travel.
FID. Would your grace
Could make that good!
PHŒ. I can: and, indeed, a prince need no[t] travel farther than his own kingdom, if he apply himself faithfully, worthy the glory of himself and expectation of others: and it would appear far nobler industry in him to reform those fashions that are already in his country, than to bring new

[e] *sad*] i. e. serious, grave.

ones in, which have neither true form nor fashion; to make his court an owl, city an ape, and the country a wolf preying upon the ridiculous pride of either: and therefore I hold it a safer stern,[f] upon this lucky advantage, since my father is near his setting, and I upon the eastern hill to take my rise, to look into the heart and bowels of this duke-dom, and, in disguise, mark all abuses ready for reformation or punishment.

FID. Give me but leave unfeignedly to admire you,
Your wisdom is so spacious and so honest.

PHŒ. So much have the complaints and suits of men, seven, nay, seventeen years neglected, still interposed by coin and great enemies, prevailed with my pity, that I cannot otherwise think but there are infectious dealings in most offices, and foul mysteries throughout all professions: and therefore I nothing doubt but to find travel enough within myself, and experience, I fear, too much: nor will I be curious[g] to fit my body to the humblest form and bearing, so the labour may be fruitful; for how can abuses that keep low, come to the right view of a prince, unless his looks lie level with them, which else will be longest hid from him?—he shall be the last man sees 'em.

For oft between kings' eyes and subjects' crimes
Stands there a bar of bribes: the under office
Flatters him next above it, he the next,
And so of most, or many.
Every abuse will choose a brother:
'Tis through the world, this hand will rub the other.

[f] *a safer stern*] i. e. (I suppose) a safer course to steer. *Stern* is used by our early writers in the sense of steerage, helm.

[g] *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.

FID. You have set down the world briefly, my lord.

PHŒ. But how am I assur'd of faith in thee?
Yet I durst trust thee.

FID. Let my soul be lost,
When it shall loose your secrets: nor will I
Only be a preserver of them, but,
If you so please, an assister.

PHŒ. It suffices:
That king stands sur'st who by his virtue rises
More than by birth or blood; that prince is rare,
Who strives in youth to save his age from care.
Let's be prepar'd; away.

FID. I'll follow your grace.— [*Exit* PHŒNIX.
Thou wonder of all princes, president, and glory,
True Phœnix, made of an unusual strain!
Who labours to reform is fit to reign.
How can that king be safe that studies not
The profit of his people? See where comes
The best part of my heart, my love.

Enter NIECE.[h]

NIECE. Sir, I am bound to find you: I heard newly
Of sudden travel which his grace intends,
And only but yourself to accompany him.

FID. You heard in that little beside the truth;
Yet not so sudden as to want those manners,
To leave you unregarded.

NIECE. I did not think so unfashionably of you.
How long is your return?

FID. 'Tis not yet come to me, scarce to my lord,
Unless the duke refer it to his pleasure;

[h] *Niece*] i. e. the *niece* of Justice Falso. Her name is not given in any part of the play.

But long I think it is not: the duke's age,
If not his apt experience, will forbid it.
NIECE. His grace commands, I must not think amiss:
Farewell.
FID. Nay, stay, and take this comfort;
You shall hear often from us; I'll direct
Where you shall surely know; and I desire you
Write me the truth, how my new father-in-law
The captain bears himself toward my mother;
For that marriage
Knew nothing of my mind, it never flourish'd
In any part of my affection.
NIECE. Methinks sh'as much disgrac'd herself.
FID. Nothing so,
If he be good, and will abide the touch;
A captain may marry a lady, if he can sail
Into her good will.
NIECE. Indeed that's all.
FID. 'Tis all
In all; commend me to thy breast; farewell.
[*Exit* NIECE.
So by my lord's firm policy we may see,
To present view, what absent forms would be.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the CAPTAIN'S *House.*

Enter the CAPTAIN *with soldiering fellows.*

FIRST SOL. There's noble purchase,[1] captain.
SECOND SOL. Nay, admirable purchase.
THIRD SOL. Enough to make us proud for ever.
CAP. Hah?

[1] *purchase*] i. e. booty. It was, properly, a cant term among thieves for stolen goods.

First Sol. Never was opportunity so gallant.

Cap. Why, you make me mad.

Second Sol. Three ships, not a poop less.

Third Sol. And every one so wealthily burdened, upon my manhood.

Cap. Pox on't, and now am I tied e'en as the devil would ha't.

First Sol. Captain, of all men living, I would ha' sworn thou wouldst ne'er have married.

Cap. 'S foot, so would I myself, man; give me my due; you know I ha' sworn all heaven over and over?

First Sol. That you have, i'faith.

Cap. Why, go to then.

First Sol. Of a man that has tasted salt water to commit such a fresh trick!

Cap. Why, 'tis abominable! I grant you, now I see't.

First Sol. Had there been fewer women ——

Second Sol. And among those women fewer drabs ——

Third Sol. And among those drabs fewer pleasing ——

Cap. Then 't had been something ——

First Sol. But when there are more women, more common, pretty sweethearts, than ever any age could boast of ——

Cap. And I to play the artificer and marry! to have my wife dance at home, and my ship at sea, and both take in salt water together! O lieutenant, thou'rt happy! thou keepest a wench.

First Sol. I hope I am happier than so, captain, for a' my troth, she keeps me.

Cap. How? is there any such fortunate man breathing? and I so miserable to live honest! I envy thee, lieutenant, I envy thee, that thou art

such a happy knave. Here's my hand among you; share it equally; I'll to sea with you.

SECOND SOL. There spoke a noble captain!

CAP. Let's hear from you; there will be news shortly.

FIRST SOL. Doubt it not, captain.

[*Exeunt all but* CAPTAIN.

CAP. What lustful passion came aboard of me, that I should marry? was I drunk? yet that cannot altogether hold, for it was four a' clock i' th' morning; had it been five, I would ha' sworn it. That a man is in danger every minute to be cast away, without he have an extraordinary pilot that can perform more than a man can do! and to say truth too, when I'm abroad, what can I do at home? no man living can reach so far: and what a horrible thing 'twould be to have horns brought me at sea, to look as if the devil were i' th' ship! and all the great tempests would be thought of my raising! to be the general curse of all merchants! and yet they likely are as deep in as myself; and that's a comfort. O, that a captain should live to be married! nay, I that have been such a gallant salt-thief, should yet live to be married! What a fortunate elder brother is he, whose father being a rammish ploughman, himself a perfumed gentleman spending the labouring reek from his father's nostrils in tobacco, the sweat of his father's body in monthly physic for his pretty queasy[j] harlot! he sows apace i' th' country; the tailor o'ertakes him i' th' city, so that oftentimes before the corn comes to earing,[k] 'tis up to the ears in high collars, and so at every harvest the reapers take pains for the mercers: ha! why, this is stirring happiness in-

[j] *queasy*] i. e. squeamish.

[k] *earing*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "earning."

deed. Would my father had held a plough a
fed upon squeezed curds and onions, that I
have bathed in sensuality! but he was too r
himself to let me thrive under him; consum
before he got me; and that makes me so wre
now to be shackled with a wife, and not g
rich neither.

Enter CASTIZA.[1]

CAS. Captain, my husband.

CAP. 'S life, call me husband again, and I'll
the captain and beat you.

CAS. What has disturb'd you, sir, that you
look
So like an enemy upon me?

CAP. Go make a widower [of me], hang thy
How comes it that you are so opposite
To love and kindness? I deserve more respec
But that you please to be forgetful of it.

CAS. For love to you, did I neglect my stat
Chide better fortunes from me,
Gave the world talk, laid all my friends at wa

CAP. The more fool you: could you like
but me?
Could none but I supply you? I am sure
You were sued to by far worthier men,
Deeper in wealth and gentry.
What couldst thou see in me, to make thee do
So on me? If I know I am a villain,
What a torment's this! Why didst thou marry
You think, as most of your insatiate widows,
That captains can do wonders; when, alas,[m]
The name does often prove the better man!

[1] *Castiza*] Old eds. "*his Lady.*" We learn her name
several subsequent parts of the play.

[m] *alas*] Old eds. "'lasse."

CAS. That which you urge should rather give me cause
To repent than yourself.
CAP. Then to that end
I do it.[n]
CAS. What a miserable state
Am I led into!

Enter Servant.[o]

CAP. How now, sir?
SERV. Count Proditor
Is now alighted.
CAP. What, my lord? I must
Make much of him; he'll one day write me cuckold;
It is[p] good to make much of such a man:
E'en to my face he plies it hard,—I thank him.

Enter PRODITOR.

What, my worthy lord?
PROD. I'll come to you
In order, captain. [*Kisses* CASTIZA.
CAP. O that's in order!
A kiss is the gamut to pricksong.
PROD. Let me salute you, captain.
[*Exit* CASTIZA.
CAP. My dear
Esteemed count, I have a life for you.
PROD. Hear you the news?
CAP. What may it be, my lord?
PROD. My lord, the duke's son, is upon his travel
To several kingdoms.
CAP. May it be possible, my lord,
And yet so little rumour'd?

[n] *do it*] Old eds. "doo't."
[o] *Servant*] Old eds. "Seruus."
[p] *It is*] Old eds. "'Tis."

PROD. Take't of my truth;[q]
Nay, 'twas well manag'd; things are as they are handl'd:
But all my care is still, pray heaven he return
Safe, without danger, captain.

CAP. Why, is there any doubt
To be had of that, my lord?

PROD. Ay, by my faith, captain:
Princes have private enemies, and great.
Put case a man should grudge him for his virtues,
Or envy him for his wisdom; why, you know,
This makes him lie bare-breasted to his foe.

CAP. That's full of certainty, my lord; but who
Be his attendants?

PROD. Thence, captain, comes the fear;
But singly[r] attended neither (my best gladness),
Only by your son-in-law, Fidelio.

CAP. Is it to be believed? I promise you, my lord, then I begin to fear him myself; that fellow will undo him: I durst undertake to corrupt him with twelvepence over and above, and that's a small matter; has a whorish conscience; he's an inseparable knave,[s] and I could ne'er speak well of that fellow.

PROD. All we of the younger house, I can tell you, do doubt him much. The lady's removed: shall we have your sweet society, captain?

CAP. Though it be in mine own house, I desire I may follow your lordship.

PROD. I love to avoid strife.—
Not many months Phœnix shall keep his life.
[*Aside and exit.*

[q] *Take't of my truth*, &c.] The metre seems to have suffered by corruption of the text.

[r] *singly*] Ed. 1630, "simplie."

[s] *an inseparable knave*] i. e., I presume, one whose knavery cannot be separated from himself.

CAP. So; his way is in; he knows it.
We must not be uncourteous to a lord;
Warn him our house 'twere vild.[t]
His presence is an honour: if he lie with our wives, 'tis for our credit; we shall be the better trusted; 'tis a sign we shall live i' th' world. O, tempests and whirlwinds! who but that man whom the forefinger[u] cannot daunt, that makes his shame his living—who but that man, I say, could endure to be throughly married? Nothing but a divorce can relieve me: any way to be rid of her would rid my torment; if all means fail, I'll kill or poison her, and purge my fault at sea. But first I'll make gentle try of a divorce: but how shall I accuse her subtle honesty? I'll attach this lord's coming to her, take hold of that, ask counsel: and now I remember, I have acquaintance with an old crafty client, who, by the puzzle of suits and shifting of courts, has more tricks and starting-holes than the dizzy pates of fifteen attorneys; one that has been muzzled in law like a bear, and led by the ring of his spectacles from office to office.
Him I'll seek out with haste; all paths I'll tread,
All deaths I'll die, ere I die married. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the CAPTAIN'S *House.*

Enter PRODITOR *and* CASTIZA.

PROD. Pooh, you do resist me hardly.
CAS. I beseech your lordship, cease in this: 'tis

[t] *vild*] See note, p. 94.
[u] *the forefinger*] i. e. the forefinger pointed at him.

never to be granted. If you come as a friend unto my honour, and my husband, you shall be ever welcome: if not, I must entreat it ——

PROD. Why, assure yourself, madam, 'tis not the fashion.

CAS. 'Tis more my grief, my lord; such as myself
Are judg'd the worse for such.

PROD. Faith, you're too nice:
You'll see me kindly forth?

CAS. And honourably welcome.[v] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter Groom lighting in PHŒNIX *and* FIDELIO.

GROOM. Gentlemen, you're most neatly welcome.

PHŒ. You're very cleanly, sir: prithee, have a care to our geldings.

GROOM. Your geldings shall be well considered.

FID. Considered?

PHŒ. Sirrah, what guess[w] does this inn hold now?

GROOM. Some five and twenty gentlemen, besides their beasts.

PHŒ. Their beasts?

GROOM. Their wenches, I mean, sir; for your worship knows those that are under men are beasts.

[v] *honourably welcome*] What she has just said explains the meaning of these words.

[w] *guess*] A familiar corruption of *guests*, which Middleton uses elsewhere. See also Webster's *Cure for a Cuckold*, and my note there, *Works*, vol. iii. p. 357.

PHŒ. How does your mother, sir?

GROOM. Very well in health, I thank you heartily, sir.

PHŒ. And so is my mare, i'faith.

GROOM. I'll do her commendations indeed, sir.

FID. Well kept up, shuttlecock!

PHŒ. But what old fellow was he that newly alighted before us?

GROOM. Who, he? as arrant a crafty fellow as e'er made water on horseback. Some say, he's as good as a lawyer; marry, I'm sure he's as bad as a knave: if you have any suits in law, he's the fittest man for your company; has been so towed[x] and lugged himself, that he is able to afford you more knavish counsel for ten groats than another for ten shillings.

PHŒ. A fine fellow! but do you know him to be a knave, and will lodge him?

GROOM. Your worship begins to talk idly; your bed shall be made presently: if we should not lodge knaves, I wonder how we should be able to live honestly: are there honest men enough, think you, in a term-time to fill all the inns in the town? and, as far as I can see, a knave's gelding eats no more hay than an honest man's; nay, a[y] thief's gelding eats less, I'll stand to't; his master allows him a better ordinary; yet I have my eightpence day and night: 'twere more for our profit, I wus,[z] you were all thieves, if you were so contented. I shall be called for: give your worships good morrow. [*Exit.*

[x] *towed*] Old eds. "toward."

[y] *a*] So ed. of 1630.—Not in 1st ed.

[z] *I wus*] A vulgar form of *I wis* (which is the reading of ed. 1630), I think, or rather *i-wis*, certainly, truly.

PHŒ. A royal knave, i'faith: we have happened into a godly inn.

FID. Assure you, my lord, they belong all to one church.

PHŒ. This should be some old, busy, turbulent fellow: [a] villanous law-worm, that eats holes into poor men's causes.

Enter TANGLE *with two Suitors, and Groom.*

FIRST SUIT. May it please your worship to give me leave?

TAN. I give you leave, sir; you have your *veniam*. —Now fill me a brown toast, sirrah.

GROOM. Will you have no drink to't, sir?

TAN. Is that a question in law?

GROOM. Yes, in the lowest court, i' th' cellar, sir.

TAN. Let me ha't removed presently, sir.

GROOM. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

TAN. Now as you were saying, sir,—I'll come to you immediately too.

PHŒ. O, very well, sir.

TAN. *Non ad judicium*, do you fear corruption? then I'll relieve you again; you shall get a *supersedeas non molestandum*, and remove it higher.

FIRST SUIT. Very good.

TAN. Now if it should ever come to a *testificandum*, what be his witnesses?

FIRST SUIT. I little fear his witnesses.

TAN. *Non metuis testes?* more valiant man than Orestes.

FIRST SUIT. Please you, sir, to dissolve this into wine, ale, or beer. [*Giving money.*] I come a hundred mile to you, I protest, and leave all other counsel behind me.

TAN. Nay, you shall always find me a sound card: I stood not a' th' pillory for nothing in 88; all the world knows that.—Now let me despatch you, sir.—I come to you *presenter*.

SECOND SUIT. Faith, the party hath removed both body and cause with a *habeas corpus*.

TAN. Has he that knavery? but has he put in bail above, canst tell?

SECOND SUIT. That I can assure your worship he has not.

TAN. Why, then, thy best course shall be, to lay out more money, take out a *procedendo*, and bring down the cause and him with a vengeance.

SECOND SUIT. Then he will come indeed.

TAN. As for the other party, let the *audita querela* alone; take me out a special *supplicavit*, which will cost you enough, and then you pepper him. For the first party after the *procedendo* you'll get costs; the cause being found, you'll have a judgment; *nunc pro tunc*, you'll get a *venire facias* to warn your jury, a *decem tales* to fill up the number, and a *capias utlagatum* for your execution.

SECOND SUIT. I thank you, my learned counsel.

PHŒ. What a busy caterpillar's this! let's ac him in that manner.

FID. Content, my lord.

PHŒ. O my old admirable fellow, how hav all this while thirsted to salute thee! I knew t in *octavo* of the duke ——

TAN. In *octavo* of the duke? I remember year well.

PHŒ. By th' mass, a lusty, proper[a] man!

TAN. O, was I?

PHŒ. But still in law.

TANG. Still in law? I had not breathed now; 'tis very marrow, very manna to me to b law; I'd been dead ere this else. I have fo such sweet pleasure in the vexation of others, t I could wish my years over and over again, to that fellow a beggar, that bawling knave a gen man, a matter brought e'en to a judgment to-d as far as e'er 'twas to begin again to-morrow: raptures! here a writ of demur, there a *proceder* here a *sursurrara*,[b] there a *capiendo*, tricks, del money-laws!

PHŒ. Is it possible, old lad?

TAN. I have been a term-trotter[c] myself time this five and forty years; a goodly time a gracious: in which space I ha' been at least teen times beggared, and got up again; and in mire again, that I have stunk again, and yet got again.

PHŒ. And so clean and handsome now?

TAN. You see it apparently; I cannot hid from you: nay, more, in *felici hora* be it spok

[a] *proper*] i. e. handsome.

[b] *sursurrara*] or *sasarara*—a corruption of *certiorari*.

[c] *term-trotter*] i. e. a resorter to the capital during te time.

you see I'm old, yet have I at this present nine and twenty suits in law.

PHŒ. Deliver us, man!

TAN. And all not worth forty shillings.

PHŒ. May it be believed?

TAN. The pleasure of a man is all.

PHŒ. An old fellow, and such a stinger!

TAN. A stake pulled out of my hedge, there's one; I was well beaten, I remember, that's two; I took one a-bed with my wife again[d] her will, that's three; I was called cuckold for my labour, that's four; I took another a-bed again, that's five; then one called me wittol,[e] that's six; he killed my dog for barking, seven; my maid-servant was knocked at that time, eight; my wife miscarried with a push, nine; *et sic de cæteris.* I have so vexed and beggared the whole parish with process, subpœnas, and such-like molestations, they are not able to spare so much ready money from a term, as would set up a new weathercock; the churchwardens are fain to go to law with the poors' money.

PHŒ. Fie, fie!

TAN. And I so fetch up all the men every term-time, that 'tis impossible to be at civil cuckoldry within ourselves, unless the whole country rise upon our wives.

FID. A' my faith, a pretty policy!

PHŒ. Nay, an excellent stratagem: but of all I most wonder at the continual substance of thy wit, that, having had so many suits in law from time to time, thou hast still money to relieve 'em.

FID. Has the best fortune for that; I never knew him without.

[d] *again*] i. e. against.
[e] *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.

Tan. Why do you so much wonder at t
Why, this is my course: my mare and I com
some five days before a term.

Phœ. A good decorum!

Tan. Here I lodge, as you see, amongst
and places of most receipt ——

Phœ. Very wittily.

Tan. By which advantage I dive into cou
men's causes; furnish 'em with knavish cou
little to their profit; buzzing into their ears
course, that writ, this office, that *ultimum refug*
as you know I have words enow for the purpo

Phœ. Enow a' conscience, i'faith.

Tan. Enow a' law, no matter for consci
For which busy and laborious sweating cour
they cannot choose but feed me with money
which I maintain mine own suits: hoh, hoh, h

Phœ. Why, let me hug thee: caper in
arms.

Tan. Another special trick I have, no body
know it, which is, to prefer most of those m
one attorney, whom I affect best: to answer w
kindness of mine, he will sweat the better in
cause, and do them the less good: take't o
word, I helped my attorney to more clients
last term than he will despatch all his lifetim
did it.

Phœ. What a noble, memorable deed was th

Re-enter Groom.

Groom. Sir.

Tan. Now, sir?

Groom. There's a kind of captain very ro
tiously inquires for you.

Tan. For me? a man of war? A man of l
fit for a man of war: we have no leisure to

prayers; we both kill a' Sunday mornings. I'll not be long from your sweet company.

PHŒ. O, no, I beseech you.

[*Exit* TANGLE *with Groom.*

FID. What captain might this be?

PHŒ. Thou angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
Made with meek eyes, persuading action,
No loud immodest tongue,
Voic'd like a virgin, and as chaste from sale,
Save only to be heard, but not to rail;
How has abuse deform'd thee to all eyes,
That where thy virtues sat, thy vices rise!
Yet why so rashly for one villain's fault
Do I arraign whole man? Admired Law,
Thy upper parts must needs be sacred, pure,[f]
And incorruptible; they're grave and wise:
'Tis but the dross beneath 'em, and the clouds
That get between thy glory and their praise,
That make the visible and foul eclipse;
For those that are near to thee are upright,
As noble in their conscience as their birth;
Know that damnation is in every bribe,
And rarely[g] put it from 'em; rate the presenters,
And scourge 'em with five years' imprisonment,
For offering but to tempt 'em.
Thus is true justice exercis'd and us'd:
Woe to the giver when the bribe's refus'd!
'Tis not their will to have law worse than war,
Where still the poor'st die first;
To send a man without a sheet to his grave,
Or bury him in his papers;
'Tis not their mind it should be, nor to have

[f] *sacred, pure*] In Campbell's *Spec. of British Poets*, vol. iii. p. 134, where this passage is quoted, the reading is "wholly *pure*"—an alteration by the editor.

[g] *rarely*] i. e. finely, nobly.

A suit hang longer than a man in chains,
Let him be ne'er so fasten'd. They least know
That are above the tedious steps below:
I thank my time, I do.

FID. I long to know what captain this should

PHŒ. See where the bane of every cause retu

Re-enter TANGLE *with* CAPTAIN.

FID. 'S foot, 'tis the captain my father-in- my lord.

PHŒ. Take heed.

CAP. The divorce shall rest then, and the hundred crowns shall stand in full force and vir

TAN. Then do you wisely, captain.

CAP. Away sail I: fare thee well.

TAN. A lusty crack of wind go with thee!

CAP. But ah ——

TAN. Hah?

CAP. Remember, a scrivener.

TAN. I'll have him for thee. [*Exit* CAPTAIN Why, thus am I sought after by all professi Here's a weather-beaten captain, who, not since new married to a lady widow, would now have sued a divorce between her and him, but her honesty is his only hinderance: to be ri which, he does determine to turn her into v money; and there's a lord, his chapman, ha five hundred crowns for her already.

FID. How?

TAN. Or for his part or whole in her.

PHŒ. Why, does he mean to sell his wife?

TAN. His wife? Ay, by th' mass, he would his soul if he knew what merchant would lay money upon't; and some of 'em have need of they swear so fast.

PHŒ. Why, I never heard of the like.

TAN. *Non audivisti*, didst ne'er hear of that trick? Why, Pistor, a baker, sold his wife t'other day to a cheesemonger, that made cake and cheese; another to a cofferer; a third to a common player: why, you see 'tis common. Ne'er fear the captain: he has not so much wit to be a precedent himself. I promised to furnish him with an odd scrivener of mine own, to draw the bargain and sale of his lady. Your horses stand here, gentlemen?[h]

PHŒ. Ay, ay, ay.

TAN. I shall be busily plunged till towards bed-time above the chin *in profundis*. [*Exit.*

PHŒ. What monstrous days are these!
Not only to be vicious most men study,
But in it to be ugly; strive to exceed
Each other in the most deformed deed.

FID. Was this her private choice? did she neglect
The presence and opinion of her friends
For this?

PHŒ. I wonder who that one should be,
Should so disgrace that reverend name of lord,
So loathsomely to buy adultery?

FID. We may make means to know.

PHŒ. Take courage, man; we'll beget some defence.

FID. I'm[i] bound by nature.

PHŒ. I by conscience.
To sell his lady! Indeed, she was a beast
To marry him; and so he makes of her.—
Come, I'll thorough now I'm enter'd. [*Exeunt.*

[h] *gentlemen*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "gentleman."
[i] *I'm*] Old eds. "I am."

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter Jeweller's Wife and Boy.

Jew. Wife. Is my sweet knight coming? you certain he's coming?

Boy. Certain, forsooth: I am sure I saw out of the barber's shop, ere I would come awa

Jew. Wife. A barber's shop? O, he's a knight! would he venture his body into a barb shop, when he knows 'tis as dangerous as a p of Ireland? O, yonder, yonder he comes! you back again, and look you say as I advised

Boy. You know me, mistress.

Jew. Wife. My mask, my mask. [*Exit*

Enter Knight, *and Lackey following at some distance.*

Knight. My sweet Revenue!

Jew. Wife. My Pleasure, welcome! I have single; none but you shall accompany me to justice of peace, my father's.

Knight. Why, is thy father justice of peace, I not know it?

Jew. Wife. My father? i'faith, sir, ay; sim though I stand here a citizen's wife, I am a jus of peace's daughter.

Knight. I love thee the better for thy birth.

Jew. Wife. Is that your lackey yonder, in steaks[1] of velvet?

Knight. He's at thy service, my sweet Reven for thy money paid for 'em.

[1] *steaks*] Old eds. "steakes." Some sort of dress o mented with guards or facings, is meant, I suppose—if reading be right.

JEW. WIFE. Why, then, let him run a little before, I beseech thee; for, a' my troth, he will discover us else.

KNIGHT. He shall obey thee.—Before, sirrah, trudge. [*Exit Lackey.*]—But do you mean to lie at your father's all night?

JEW. WIFE. Why should I desire your company else?

KNIGHT. 'S foot, where shall I lie then?

JEW. WIFE. What an idle question 's that! why, do you think I cannot make room for you in my father's house as well as in my husband's? they're both good for nothing else.

KNIGHT. A man so resolute in valour as a woman in desire, were an absolute leader. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in FALSO's *House.*

Enter FALSO *and two Suitors.*

FIRST SUIT. May it please your good worship, master justice ——

FAL. Please me and please yourself; that's my word.

FIRST SUIT. The party your worship sent for will by no means be brought to appear.

FAL. He will not? then what would you advise me to do therein?

FIRST SUIT. Only to grant your worship's warrant, which is of sufficient force to compel him.

FAL. No, by my faith, you shall not have me in that trap: am I sworn justice of peace, and shall I give my warrant to fetch a man against his will? why, there the peace is broken. We must do all quietly: if he come, he's welcome; and as far as I

can see yet, he's a fool to be absent,—ay, by gold is he—which he gave me this morning.

[A

First Suit. Why, but may it please your g worship ——

Fal. I say again, please me and please yours that's my word still.

First Suit. Sir, the world esteems it a coun favour, upon the contempt of the party, the jus to grant his warrant.

Fal. Ay, 'tis so common, 'tis the worse ag 'twere the better for me 'twere otherwise.

First Suit. I protest, sir, and this gentle can say as much, it lies upon my half undoing.

Fal. I cannot see yet that it should be so, see not a cross yet.) [A

First Suit. I beseech your worship shew your immediate favour, and accept this small t but as a remembrance to my succeeding thi fulness.

Fal. Angels?[k] I'll not meddle with them; give 'em to my wife, not to me.

First Suit. Ay, ay, sir.

Fal. But I pray tell me now, did the party *voce*, with his own mouth, deliver that conten that he would not appear, or did you but jest in

First Suit. Jest? no, a' my troth, sir; such his insolent answer.

Fal. And do you think it stood with my cr to put up such an abuse? Will he not app says he? I'll make him appear with a vengeanc Latronello!

[j] *I see not a cross yet*] i. e. I see no money yet: *vide* p. 246.

[k] *angels*] See note, p. 250.

Enter LATRONELLO.

LAT. Does your worship call?

FAL. Draw me a strong-limbed warrant for the gentleman speedily; he will be bountiful to thee. —Go and thank him within.

FIRST SUIT. I shall know your worship hereafter.

FAL. Ay, I prithee do. [*Exeunt Suitors with* LATRONELLO.] Two angels one party, four another: and I think it a great spark of wisdom and policy, if a man come to me for justice, first to know his griefs by his fees, which be light, and which be heavy; he may counterfeit else, and make me do justice for nothing: I like not that; for when I mean to be just, let me be paid well for't: the deed so rare purges the bribe.

Enter FURTIVO.

How now? what's the news, thou art come so hastily? how fares my knightly brother?

FUR. Troth, he ne'er fared worse in his life, sir; he ne'er had less stomach to his meat since I knew him.

FAL. Why, sir?

FUR. Indeed he's dead, sir.

FAL. How, sir?

FUR. Newly deceased, I can assure your worship: the tobacco-pipe new dropt out of his mouth before I took horse; a shrewd sign; I knew then there was no way but one with him; the poor pipe was the last man he took leave of in this world, who fell in three pieces before him, and seemed to mourn inwardly, for it looked as black i' th' mouth as my master.

FAL. Would he die so like a politician, and not once write his mind to me?

Fur. No. I'll say that for him, sir, he died in perfect state of memory: made your worship full and whole executor, bequeathing his daug and with her all his wealth, only to your di sition.

Fal. Did he make such a godly end, sayest th did he die so comfortably, and bequeath all to

Fur. Your niece is at hand, sir, the will, and witnesses.

Fal. What a precious joy and comfort 's that a justice's brother can die so well, nay, in a good and happy memory, to make me full cutor! Well, he was too honest to live, and made him die so soon. Now I beshrew my h I am glad he's in heaven, has left all his cares troubles with me, and that great vexation of tel of money: yet I hope he had so much grace be he died to turn his white money into gold, a g ease to his executor.

Fur. See, here comes your niece, my young tress, sir.

Enter Niece *and two Gentlemen.*

Fal. Ah, my sweet niece, let me kiss thee, drop a tear between thy lips! one tear from an man is a great matter; the cocks of age are Thou hast lost a virtuous father, to gain a not uncle.

Niece. My hopes now rest in you next un heaven.

Fal. Let 'em rest, let 'em rest.

First Gent. Sir ——

Fal. You're most welcome ere ye begin, sir.

First Gent. We are both led by oath and dre ful promise,
Made to the dying man at his last sense,

First to deliver these into your hands,
The sureties and revealers of his state ——
[*Giving papers.*

FAL. Good.

FIRST GENT. With this his only daughter, and your niece,
Whose fortunes are at your disposing set;
Uncle and father are in you both met.

FAL. Good, i'faith; a well-spoken gentleman! You're not an esquire, sir?

FIRST GENT. Not, sir.

FAL. Not, sir? more's the pity; by my faith, better men than you are, but a great many worse: you see I have been a scholar in my time, though I'm a justice now.—Niece, you're most happily welcome: the charge of you is wholly and solely mine own; and since you are so fortunately come, niece, I'll rest a perpetual widower.

NIECE. I take the meaning chaster than the words:
Yet I hope well of both, since it is thus,
His phrase offends least that's known humorous.

FAL. [*reading the will.*] *I make my brother*, says he, *full and whole executor:* honestly done of him, i'faith! seldom can a man get such a brother: and here again says he, very virtuously, *I bequeath all to him and his disposing.* An excellent fellow, a' my troth! Would you might all die no worse, gentlemen!

Enter KNIGHT *and* JEWELLER'S WIFE.

FIRST GENT. But as much better as might be.

KNIGHT. Bless your uprightness, master justice!

FAL. You're most soberly welcome, sir.—Daughter, you've that ye kneel for: rise, salute your weeping cousin.

JEW. WIFE. Weeping, cousin?

NIECE. Ay, cousin.

KNIGHT. Eye to weeping is very proper, and is the party that spake it; believe me, a pret fine, slender, straight, delicate-knit body: O, how it moves a pleasure through our senses! How small are women's waists to their expenses I cannot see her face, that's under water yet.

JEW. WIFE. News as cold to the heart as an c man's kindness; my uncle dead!

NIECE. I have lost the dearest father!

FAL. [*reading the will.*] *If she marry by your c sent, choice, and liking, make her dowry five thousa crowns:* hum, five thousand crowns? therefore my consent she shall ne'er marry; I will neitl choose for her, like of it, nor consent to't. [*Asi*

KNIGHT. Now, by the pleasure of my blood, pretty cousin! I would not care if I were as ne kin to her as I have been to her kinswoman. [*Asi*

FAL. Daughter, what gentleman might this be

JEW. WIFE. No gentleman, sir; he's a knight.

FAL. Is he but a knight? troth, I would a' swc had been a gentleman, to see, to see, to see.

JEW. WIFE. He's my husband's own brother, can tell you, sir.

FAL. Thy husband's brother? speak certain prithee.

JEW. WIFE. I can assure you, father, my husba and he have[1] lain both in one belly.

FAL. I'll swear then he is his brother indeed, a by the surer side.—I crave hearty pardon, swe kinsman, that thou hast stood so long unsaluted the way of kindred:

[1] *have*] Old eds. "has."

Welcome[m] to my board: I have a bed for thee:
My daughter's husband's brother shall command
Keys of my chests and chambers:
I have stable for thy horse, chamber for thyself,
and a loft above for thy lousy lackey, all fit.
Away with handkerchers, [and] dry up eyes:
At funeral we must cry; now let's be wise.

[*Exeunt all but* KNIGHT *and* JEWELLER'S WIFE.

JEW. WIFE. I told you his affection.

KNIGHT.[n] It falls sweetly.

JEW. WIFE. But here I bar you from all plots to-night,
The time is yet too heavy to be light.

KNIGHT. Why, I'm content; I'll sleep as chaste as you,
And wager night by night who keeps most true.

JEW. WIFE. Well, we shall see your temper.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter PHŒNIX *and* FIDELIO.

PHŒ. Fear not me, Fidelio: become you that invisible ropemaker the scrivener, that binds a man as he walks, yet all his joints at liberty, as well as I'll fit that common folly of gentry, the easy-affecting venturer; and no doubt our purpose will arrive most happily.

FID. Chaste duty, my lord, works powerfully in me; and rather than the poor lady my mother

[m] *Welcome*, &c.] One of those snatches of blank verse (and printed as such in the old eds.) which sometimes occur in the midst of prose speeches.

[n] *Knight*] Old eds. "*Fal.*"

should fall upon the common side of rumo
beggar her name, I would not only underg
habits, offices, disguised professions, though
opposite to the temper my blood holds; but i
stainless quarrel of her reputation, alter my
for ever.

Phœ. I love thee wealthier; thou hast a
touch:[a] and by this means, which is the only
means to preserve thy mother from such an
land and sea monster as a counterfeit capta
he resigning and basely selling all his estate,
right, and interest in his lady, as the form
writing shall testify,

What otherwise can follow but to have
A lady safe deliver'd of a knave?

Fid. I am in debt my life to the free goodne
your inventions.

Phœ. O, they must ever strive to be so goo
Who sells his vow is stamp'd the slave of bloo
[*Ex*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Captain's *House.*

Enter Captain, *and* Castiza *following him.*

Cap. Away!

Cas. Captain, my husband ——

Cap. Hence! we're at a price for thee,
price;
Wants but the telling and the sealing; then —

[a] *a noble touch*] So Shakespeare:

"Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of *noble touch*:"

Coriol. act iv. sc.

which Warburton rightly explains,—of true metal unall
a metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone.

CAS. Have you no sense, neither of my good name
Or your own credit?
CAP. Credit? pox of credit,
That makes me owe so much! it had been
Better for me by a thousand royals[o]
I had lost my credit seven year ago.
It has[p] undone me: that's it that makes me fly:
What need I to sea else, in the spring-time,
When woods have leaves, to look upon bald oak?
Happier that man, say I, whom no man trusts!
It makes him valiant, dares outface the prisons;
Upon whose carcass no gown'd raven jets:[q]
O, he that has no credit owes no debts!
'Tis time I were rid on't.
CAS. O, why do you
So wilfully cherish your own poison,
And breathe against the best of life, chaste credit?
Well may I call it chaste; for, like a maid,
Once falsely broke, it ever lives decay'd.
O captain, husband! you name that dishonest,
By whose good power all that are honest live:
What madness is it to speak ill of that,
Which makes all men speak well! Take away credit,
By which men amongst men are well reputed,
That man may live, but still lives executed.
O, then, shew pity to that noble title,
Which else you do usurp! you're no true captain,
To let your enemies lead you: foul disdain
And everlasting scandal, O, believe it!
The money you receive for my good name
Will not be half enough to pay your shame.

[o] *royals*] Gold pieces current for 15*s.* in Middleton's time.
[p] *It has*] Old eds. "T'as." [q] *jets*] i. e. struts.

CAP. No! I'll sell thee then to the smock:
here comes
My honourable chapman.

Enter PRODICTOR *and* LUCKY.

CAP. O my poison!
Him whom mine honour and mine eye abhors.
[

PROD. Lady,—what, so unjovially departed?

CAP. Fine she-policy! she makes my back
bolster; but before my face she not endures
tricks!

PROD. Captain, how hape it she remov'
strangely?*

CAP. O, for modesty's cause, awhile, my lor
She must restrain herself; she's not yours yet.
Beside, it were not wisdom to appear
Easy before my sight.
Faugh! wherefore serves modesty but to plea
a lady now and then, and help her from susp
that's the best use 'tis put to.

PROD. Well observed of a captain!

CAP. No doubt you'll be soon friends, my lo

PROD. I think no less.

CAP. And make what haste I can to my sh
durst wager you'll be under sail before me.

PROD. A pleasant voyage, captain!

CAP. Ay, a very pleasant voyage as can be
see the hour is ripe:

* *so strangely*] i. e. so coyly—with such an appearan
coldness. In Johnson's *Dict.* (even in Todd's ed.), the
from Shakespeare's *Two Gent. of Verona*, act i. sc. 2.

"She makes it *strange*; but she would be best pleas
To be so anger'd with another letter,"—

are absurdly cited for an example of the word *strange* i
sense of *remote*.

Here comes the prison's bawd, the bond-maker,
One that binds heirs before they are begot.

PROD. And here are the crowns, captain.
[*Giving him money.*

Enter PHŒNIX *and* FIDELIO, *both disguised.*

Go, attend: let our bay-courser wait.

LACKEY. It shall be obeyed. [*Exit.*

CAP. A farmer's son, is't true?

FID. Has crowns to scatter.

CAP. I give you your salute, sir.

PHŒ. I take it not unthankfully, sir.

CAP. I hear a good report of you, sir; you've money.

PHŒ. I have so, true.

CAP. An excellent virtue.

PHŒ. Ay, to keep from you. [*Aside.*
Hear you me, captain? I have a certain generous itch, sir, to lose a few angels[s] in the way of profit: 'tis but a game at tennis, where, if
The ship keep above line, 'tis three to one;
If not, there's but three hundred angels gone.

CAP. Is your venture three hundred? you're very preciously welcome: here's a voyage toward[t] will make us all ——

PHŒ. Beggarly fools and swarming knaves.
[*Aside.*

PROD. Captain, what's he?

CAP. Fear him not, my lord; he's a gull: he ventures with me; some filthy farmer's son; the father's a Jew, and the son a gentleman: faugh!

PROD. Yet he should be a Jew too, for he is new come from giving over swine.

[s] *angels*] See note, p. 250.
[t] *toward*] i. e. in a state of preparation, at hand.

CAP. Why, that in our country makes him a g tleman.

PROD. Go to; tell your money, captain.

CAP. Read aloft, scrivener.—One, two. [*Counting the mon*

FID. [*reads.*] *To all good and honest Christ people, to whom this present writing shall come: k you for a certain, that I captain, for and in the c sideration of the sum of five hundred crowns, h clearly bargained, sold, given, granted, assigned, set over, and by these presents do clearly bargain, s give, grant, assign, and set over, all the right, est title, interest, demand, possession, and term of ye to come, which I the said captain have, or ough have* ——

PHŒ. If I were as good as I should be. [*As*

FID. *In and to Madonna Castiza, my most virtu modest, loving, and obedient wife* ——

CAP. By my troth, my lord, and so she is Three, four, five, six, seven. [*Counting the mo*

PHŒ. The more slave he that says it, and sees it. [*As*

FID. *Together with all and singular those adv able qualities with which her noble breast is furnish*

CAP. Well said, scrivener; hast put 'em all in You shall hear now, my lord.

FID. *In primis, the beauties of her mind, chas temperance, and, above all, patience* ——

CAP. You have bought a jewel, i'faith, my l —Nine and thirty, forty. [*Counting the mo*

FID. *Excellent in the best of music, in voice a cious, in conference wise and pleasing, of age tentful, neither too young to be apish, nor too old t sottish* ——

CAP. You have bought as lovely a pennywo my lord, as e'er you bought in your life.

PROD. Why should I buy her else, captain?

FID. *And which is the best of a wife, a most comfortable sweet companion.*

CAP. I could not afford her so, i'faith, but that I am going to sea, and have need of money.

FID. *A most comfortable sweet companion.*

PROD. What, again? the scrivener reads in passion.[u]

FID. I read as the words move me; yet if that be a fault, it shall be seen no more:—*which said Madonna Castiza lying and yet being in the occupation of the said captain* ——

CAP. Nineteen—[*counting the money*]—occupation? Pox on't, out with occupation; a captain is of no occupation, man.

PHŒ. Nor thou of no religion. [*Aside.*

FID. Now I come to the *habendum,—to have and to hold, use, and* ——

CAP. Use? put out use too, for shame, till we are all gone, I prithee.

FID. *And to be acquitted of and from all former bargains, former sales* ——

CAP. Former sales?—nine and twenty, thirty—[*counting the money*]—by my troth, my lord, this is the first time that ever I sold her.

PROD. Yet the writing must run so, captain.

CAP. Let it run on then,—nine and forty, fifty. [*Counting the money.*

FID. *Former sales, gifts, grants, surrenders, re-entries* ——

CAP. For re-entries I will not swear for her.

FID. *And furthermore, I the said, of and for the consideration of the sum of five hundred crowns to set me aboard, before these presents, utterly disclaim for ever any title, estate, right, interest, demand, or pos-*

[u] *passion*] i. e. in a sorrowful tone, with emotion.

session, in or to the said Madonna Castiza, my late virtuous and unfortunate wife ——

Phœ. Unfortunate indeed! that was well plac'd. [*Aside.*

Fid. *As also neither to touch, attempt, molest, or incumber any part or parts whatsoever, either to be named or not to be named, either hidden or unhidden, either those that boldly look abroad, or those that dare not shew their face*[*s*] ——

Cap. Faces? I know what you mean by faces scrivener, there's a great figure in faces.

Fid. *In witness whereof, I the said captain have interchangeably set to my hand and seal, in presence of all these, the day and date above written.*

Cap. Very good, sir; I'll be ready for you presently—four hundred and twenty, one, two, three, four, five. [*Counting the money.*

Phœ. Of all deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound
Into my apprehension.
Reverend and honourable Matrimony,[v]

[v] *Reverend and honourable Matrimony*, &c.] In a note on the Aldine edition of Milton, I have pointed out the resemblance between the present passage and that in *Par. Lost*, b. iv. 750;

" Hail, wedded love, mysterious law," &c.:

and I take this opportunity of observing, that some lines in a play by a dramatist contemporary with Middleton seem to have been in Milton's memory when he described the fall of Vulcan;

" How high I tumbled, who can gesse aright,
Falling a summers day from morne to night."
Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613, sig. I.

" *from morn*
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun," &c.
Par. Lost, b. i. 742.

Homer has merely;

ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι, κ. τ. λ.
Il. I. 592.

Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
Dangerless pleasures! thou that mak'st the bed
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful!
Without thee,[w]
All the whole world were soiled bastardy.
Thou art the only and the greatest form
That put'st a difference between our desires
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts,
Making their mates those that stand next their lusts.
Then,—
With what base injury is thy goodness paid!
First, rare to have a bride commence a maid,
But does beguile joy of the purity,
And is made strict by power of drugs and art,
An artificial maid, a doctor'd virgin,
And so deceives the glory of his bed;
A foul contempt against the spotless power
Of sacred wedlock! But if chaste and honest,
There is another devil haunts marriage—
None fondly loves but knows it—jealousy,
That wedlock's[x] yellow sickness,
That whispering separation every minute,
And thus the curse takes his effect or progress.
The most of men in their first sudden furies
Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
And call't a prison; then it is most just,
That the disease a' th' prison, jealousy,
Should still affect a'm.[y] But O! here I am fix'd,
To make sale of a wife, monstrous and foul,
An act abhorr'd in nature, cold in soul:

[w] *Without thee*] The earlier part of this line seems to have dropt out.

[x] *That wedlock's*, &c.] This line is imperfect; and after the next line, something is lost.

[y] *a'm*] i. e. *them*: a' is often used for *he* in our early dramas.

Who that has man in him could so resign
To make his shame the prey to the coin?

CAP. Right, i'faith, my lord: fully five hundred

PROD. I said how you should find it, captain and with this competent sum you rest amply con tented?

CAP. Amply contented.

FID. Here's the pen, captain: your name to th sale.

CAP. 'S foot, dost take me to be a penman? protest I could ne'er write more than A B C, thos three letters, in my life.

FID. Why, those will serve, captain.

CAP. I could ne'er get further.

PHŒ. Would you have got further than A B C Ah, base captain! that's far enough, i'faith.

FID. Take the seal off, captain.

CAP. It goes on hardly, and comes off easily.

PHŒ. Ay, just like a coward.

FID. Will you write witness, gentleman?

CAP. He? he shall. Prithee, come and set th hand for witness, rogue: thou shalt venture wi me!

PHŒ. Nay, then I ha' reason, captain, that co mands me. [*Writ*

CAP. What a fair fist the pretty whorson writ as if he had had manners and bringing up! A fi mer's son! his father damns himself to sell mu corn, while he ventures the money: 'twill pros well at sea, no doubt; he shall ne'er see't again.

FID. So, captain, you deliver this as your deed

CAP. As my deed; what else, sir?

PHŒ. The ugliest deed that e'er mine eye witness. [*As*

CAP. So, my lord, you have her; clip[1] her, enj

[1] *clip*] i. e. embrace.

her; she's your own: and let me be proud to tell you now, my lord, she's as good a soul if a man had a mind to live honest and keep a wench, the kindest, sweetest, comfortablest rogue ——

PROD. Hark in thine ear,—
The baser slave art thou; and so I'll tell her:
I love the pearl thou sold'st, hate thee the seller.
Go to sea; the end of thee—is lousy.

CAP. This [is] fine work! a very brave end, hum ——

PROD. Well thought upon, this scrivener may furnish me. [*Whispers* FIDELIO.

PHŒ. Why should this fellow be a lord by birth,
Being by blood a knave, one that would sell
His lordship if he lik'd her ladyship? [*Aside.*

FID. Yes, my lord.

PHŒ. What's here now?

PROD. I have employment for a trusty fellow,
Bold, sure,—

FID. What if he be a knave, my lord?

PROD. There thou com'st to me: why, he should be so;
And men of your quill are not unacquainted.

FID. Indeed all[a] our chief living, my lord, is by fools and knaves; we could not keep open shop else; fools that enter into bonds, and knaves that bind 'em.

PROD. Why, now we meet.

FID. And, as my memory happily leads me, I know a fellow of a standing estate, never flowing:
I durst convey treason into his bosom,
And keep it safe nine years.

PROD. A goodly time.

[a] *Indeed all, &c.*] Probably in this and the next speech of Fidelio, the metre is lost by the corruption of the text.

FID. And if need were, would press to an attempt,
And cleave to desperate action.
PROD. That last fits me;
Thou hast the measure right: look I hear from thee.
FID. With duteous speed.
PROD. Expect a large reward.—
I will find time of her to find regard. [*Exit.*
CAP. The end of me is lousy!
FID. O my lord, I have strange words to tell you!
PHŒ. Stranger yet?
I'll choose some other hour to listen to thee;
I am yet sick of this. Discover quickly.[b]
FID. Why, will you make yourself known, my lord?
PHŒ. Ay:
Who scourgeth sin let him do't dreadfully.
CAP. Pox of his dissemblance! I will to sea.
PHŒ. Nay, you shall to sea, thou wouldst poison the whole land else. [*Aside.*]—Why, how now

FID. I'd make him come.

PHŒ. But what if the duke should hear of this?

FID. Ay, or your son-in-law Fidelio know[c] of the sale of his mother?

CAP. What and[d] they did? I sell none but mine own. As for the duke, he's abroad by this time; and for Fidelio, he's in labour.

PHŒ. He in labour?

CAP. What call you travelling?

PHŒ. That's true: but let me tell you, captain, whether the duke hear on't, or Fidelio know on't, or both, or neither, 'twas a most filthy, loathsome part ——

FID. A base, unnatural deed ——

[*They discover themselves, and lay hands on him.*

CAP. Slave, and fool —— Ha, who? O! ——

PHŒ. Thou hateful villain! thou shouldst choose to sink,
To keep thy baseness shrouded.

Enter CASTIZA.

FID. Ugly wretch!

CAS. Who hath laid violence upon my husband,
My dear sweet captain? Help!

PHŒ. Lady, you wrong your value:
Call you him dear that has sold you so cheap?

CAS. I do beseech your pardon, good my lord.
[*Kneels.*

PHŒ. Rise.

FID. My abused mother!

CAS. My kind son!
Whose liking I neglected in this match.

FID. Not that alone, but your far happier fortunes.

[c] *know*] Old eds. "knowes."
[d] *and*] i. e. if.

CAP. Is this the scrivener and the farmer's son?
Fire on his lordship! he told me they travell'd.
PHŒ. And see the sum told out to buy the jewel,
More precious in a woman than her eye,
Her honour.—
Nay, take it to you, lady; and I judge it
Too slight a recompense for your great wrong,
But that his riddance helps it.
CAP. 'S foot, he undoes me! I'm[e] a rogue and beggar:
The Egyptian plague creeps over me already;
I begin to be lousy.
PHŒ. Thus happily prevented, you're set free,
Or else made over to adultery.
CAS. To heaven and to you my modest thanks.
PHŒ. Monster, to sea! spit thy abhorred foam
Where it may do least harm; there's air and room
Thou'rt dangerous in a chamber, virulent venom
Unto a lady's name and her chaste breath.
If past this evening's verge the dukedom hold the
Thou art reserv'd for abject punishment.
CAP. I do beseech your good lordship, consid
the state of a poor downcast captain.
PHŒ. Captain? off with that noble title! tho
becomest it vildly;[f] I ne'er saw the name fit worse
I'll sooner allow a pander a captain than thee.
CAP. More's the pity.
PHŒ. Sue to thy lady for pardon.
CAS. I give it without suit.
CAP. I do beseech your ladyship not so much f
pardon, as to bestow a few of those crowns upon
poor unfeathered rover, that will as truly pray f

[e] *I'm*] Old eds. "I am."
[f] *vildly*] i. e. vilely: see note, p. 94.

you,—and wish you hanged, [*aside*]—as any man breathing.

CAS. I give it freely all.

PHŒ. Nay, by your favour;
I will contain[h] you, lady.—Here, be gone:
Use slaves like slaves: wealth keeps their faults unknown.

CAP. Well, I'm yet glad I've liberty and these:
The land has plagu'd me, and I'll plague the seas.
[*Exit.*

PHŒ. The scene is clear'd, the bane of brightness fled;
Who sought the death of honour is struck dead.—
Come, modest lady.

FID. My most honest mother!

PHŒ. Thy virtue shall live safe from reach of shames:
That act ends nobly preserves ladies' fames.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in FALSO'S *House.*

Enter FALSO, KNIGHT, *and* JEWELLER'S WIFE.

FAL. Why, this is but the second time of your coming, kinsman; visit me oftener.—Daughter, I charge you bring this gentleman along with you:—gentleman! I cry ye mercy, sir; I call you gentleman still; I forget you're but a knight; you must pardon me, sir.

KNIGHT. For your worship's kindness—worship! I cry you mercy, sir; I call you worshipful still; I forget you're but a justice.

[h] *contain*] i. e. restrain.

FAL. I am no more, i'faith.

KNIGHT. You must pardon me, sir.

FAL. 'Tis quickly done, sir: you see I ma bold with you, kinsman, thrust my daughter a you into one chamber.

KNIGHT. Best of all, sir: kindred you know m lie any where.

FAL. True, true, sir.—Daughter, receive yo blessing: take heed the coach jopper not too muc have a care to the fruits of your body.—Look her, kinsman.

KNIGHT. Fear it not, sir.

JEW. WIFE. Nay, father, though I say it, th should not say it, he looks to me more like a hu band than a kinsman.

FAL. I hear good commendations of you, sir.

KNIGHT. You hear the worst of me, I hope, si I salute my leave, sir.

FAL. You're welcome all over your body, s [*Exeunt* KNIGHT *and* JEWELLER'S WIFE.]—Nay, can behave myself courtly, though I keep house th' country. What, does my niece hide hersel not present, ha?—Latronello.

Enter LATRONELLO.

LAT. Sir.

FAL. Call my niece to me.

LAT. Yes, sir. [*Ex*

FAL. A foolish, coy, bashful thing it is; she afraid to lie with her own uncle: I'd do her harm, i'faith. I keep myself a widower a' purpos yet the foolish girl will not look into't: she shou have all, i'faith; she knows I have but a time, ca not hold long. See, where she comes.

Enter NIECE.

Pray, who[i] am I, niece?

NIECE. I hope you're yourself,
Uncle to me, and brother to my father.

FAL. O, am I so? it does not appear so, for surely you would love your father's brother for your father's sake, your uncle for your own sake.

NIECE. I do so.

FAL. Nay, you do nothing, niece.

NIECE. In that love which becomes you best I love you.

FAL. How should I know that love becomes me best?

NIECE. Because 'tis chaste and honourable.

FAL. Honourable? it cannot become me then, niece,
For I'm scarce worshipful. Is this an age
To entertain bare love without the fruits?
When I receiv'd thee first, I look'd
Thou shouldst have been a wife unto my house,
And sav'd me from the charge of marriage.
Do you think your father's five thousand pound would ha' made me take you else? no, you should ne'er ha'[j] been a charge to me. As far as I can perceive yet by you, I've as much need to marry as e'er I had: would not this be a great grief to your friends, think you, if they were alive again?

NIECE. 'Twould be a grief indeed.

FAL. You have[k] confess'd,
All about house, that young Fidelio,
Who in his travels does attend the prince,
Is your vow'd love.

NIECE. Most true, he's my vow'd husband.

[i] *who*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "whome."
[j] *ha'*] Old eds. "a *ha.*" [k] *You have*] Old eds. "Y'aue."

[illegible] and what's a [illegible]? Is not a [illegible] a stranger [illegible] and will you lie with a [illegible] before you lie with your own uncle? Take [illegible] what [illegible] [illegible] I counsel you for the [illegible] strangers are drunken fellows. I can tell you: [illegible] will come home [illegible] a nights, beat their wives, [illegible] nothing but [illegible] if you marry, [illegible] stubbornness is your dowry. Five thousand [illegible] were bequeathed to you, true, if you marry [illegible] my consent [illegible] but if [illegible] you go to marrying by [illegible] consent, I'll go to hanging by yours: go to, [illegible] and [illegible] your uncle.

Niece. I should have cause then to rep[illegible] indeed.

Do you so far forget the offices
Of blushing modesty? Uncles are half fathers
Why, they come so near our bloods, they're [illegible] part of it.

Fal. Why, how you come to me, niece: if [illegible] uncle be part of your own flesh and blood, [illegible] not then fit your own flesh and blood should c[illegible] nearest to you? answer me to that, niece.

Niece. You do allude all to incestuous will,
Nothing to modest purpose. Turn me forth;
Be like an uncle of these latter days,
Perjur'd enough, enough unnatural;
Play your executorship in tyranny,
Restrain my fortunes, keep me poor,—I care n[illegible]
In this alone most women I'll excel,
I'll rather yield to beggary than to hell. [A[illegible]

Fal. Very good; a' my troth, my niece is [illegible] liant: sh'as made me richer by five thou[illegible] crowns, the price of her dowry. Are you so hon[illegible] I do not fear but I shall have the conscienc[illegible] keep you poor enough, niece, or else I am [illegible] altered a' late.

Enter LATRONELLO.

The news, may it please you, sir?

LAT. Sir, there's an old fellow, a kind of law-driver, entreats conference with your worship.

FAL. A law-driver? prithee, drive him hither.

[*Exit* LATRONELLO.

Enter TANGLE.

TAN. No, no, I say; if it be for defect of apparance,[j] take me out a special *significavit.*

SUITOR[k] [*within.*] Very good, sir.

TAN. Then if he purchase an *alias* or *capias*, which are writs of custom, only to delay time, your *procedendo* does you knight's service—that's nothing at all; get your *distringas* out as soon as you can for a jury.

SUIT. [*within*] I'll attend your good[l] worship's coming out.

TAN. Do, I prithee, attend me; I'll take it kindly, *a voluntate.*

FAL. What, old signior Tangle!

TAN. I am in debt to your worship's remembrance.

FAL. My old master of fence! come, come, come, I have not exercised this twelve moons; I have almost forgot all my law-weapons.

TAN. They are under fine and recovery; your worship shall easily recover them.

FAL. I hope so.—When,[m] there?

[j] *apparance*] i. e. appearance.

[k] *Suitor*] This word I have substituted for the "*Whin.*" of the 1st ed. and the "*Whi.*" of the second.—Perhaps Tangle ought not to enter till Falso says, "What, old signior," &c.

[l] *good*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "gour."

[m] *When*] So ed. 1630. First ed. has "Wheu:" but *when*,

Enter LATRONELLO.

LAT. Sir?

FAL. The rapier and dagger foils instantly.—[*Exit* LATRONELLO.]—And what's thy suit to me old Tangle? I'll grant it presently.

TAN. Nothing but this, sir; to set your worship's hand to the commendation of a knave whom nobody speaks well on.

FAL. The more shame for 'em: what was his offence, I pray?

TAN. *Vestras deducite culpas;* nothing but robbing a vestry.

FAL. What, what? alas, poor knave! Give me the paper. He did but save the churchwardens a labour: come, come, he has done a better deed in than the parish is aware of, to prevent[n] the knaves he robs but seldom, they once a quarter: methinks 'twere a part of good justice to hang 'em at year's end, when they come out of their office, to the true terrifying of all collectors and sidemen.[o]

TAN. Your worship would make a fruitful commonwealth's man: the constable lets 'em alone looks on, and says nothing.

FAL. Alas, good man! he lets 'em alone for quietness-sake, and takes half a share with 'em: they know well enough too he has an impediment in his tongue; he's always drunk when he should speak.

as an expression of impatience, occurs often in our early dramatists:

"*When*, Lucius, *when?* Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Call'd you, my lord?"

SHAKESPEARE'S *Jul. Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 1.

See also p. 289 and note.

[n] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

[o] *sidemen*] Or *sidesmen*—i. e. assistants to the church warden.

TAN. Indeed, your worship speaks true in that, sir: they blind him with beer, and make him so narrow-eyed, that he winks naturally at all their knaveries.

FAL. So, so; here's my hand to his commendations. [*Signs the paper.*

TAN. *A caritate*, you do a charitable deed in't, sir.

FAL. Nay, if it be but a vestry matter, visit me at any time, old Signior Law-thistle.

Re-enter LATRONELLO *with rapier and dagger foils, and then exit.*

O well done! here are the foils: come, come, sir; I'll try a law-bout with you.

TAN. I am afraid I shall overthrow you, sir, i'faith.

FAL. 'Tis but for want of use then, sir.

TAN. Indeed, that same odd word, use, makes a man a good lawyer, and a woman an arrant —— tuh, tuh, tuh, tuh, tuh! Now am I for you, sir: but first to bring you into form; can your worship name all your weapons?

FAL. That I can, I hope. Let me see: Longsword, what's Longsword? I am so dulled with doing justice, that I have forgot all, i'faith.

TAN. Your Longsword, that's *a writ of delay*.

FAL. Mass, that sword's long enough, indeed; I ha' known it reach the length of fifteen terms.

TAN. Fifteen terms? that's but a short sword.

FAL. Methinks 'tis long enough: proceed, sir.

TAN. *A writ of delay*, Longsword; *scandala magnatum*,[p] Backsword.

[p] *scandala magnatum*] This form seems to have been common; so Taylor, the water-poet;

"From *scandala magnatum* I am cleare."

Farewell to the Tower-bottles, p. 126—*Workes*, ed. 1630.

See also *The Sculler*, p. 29, *ibid.*

Fal. Scandals are backswords indeed.

Tan. *Capias coniuus*, Case of Rapiers.

Fal. O desperate!

Tan. A *latitat*, Sword and Dagger; *a writ execution*, Rapier and Dagger.[q]

Fal. Thou art come to our present weapo but what call you Sword and Buckler, then?

Tan. O, that's out of use now! Sword and Buckl was called *a good conscience*, but that weapon's l long ago: that was too manly a fight, too sou a weapon for these our days. 'Slid, we are scar able to lift up a buckler now, our arms are bound to the pox; one good bang upon a buckl would make most of our gentlemen fly a' piece 'tis not for these linty times: our lawyers are go rapier and dagger men; they'll quickly despat your—money.

Fal. Indeed, since sword and buckler time, have observed there has been nothing so mu fighting: where be all our gallant swaggerer there are no good frays a' late.

Tan. O, sir, the property's altered; you shall s less fighting every day than other; for every o gets him a mistress, and she gives him woun enow; and you know the surgeons cannot be h and there too: if there were red wounds too, w would become of the Reinish[r] wounds?

Fal. Thou sayst true, i'faith; they would but ill-favouredly looked to then.

Tan. Very well, sir.

Fal. I expect you, sir.

Tan. I lie in this court for you, sir; my Rap is my attorney, and my Dagger his clerk.

[q] *a writ of execution, Rapier and Dagger*] These words given to Falso in the old eds.—Ed. 1630 makes sad work the distribution of the speeches here.

[r] *Reinish*] a wretched pun—*Rhenish*.

FAL. Your attorney wants a little oiling, methinks; he looks very rustily.

TAN. 'Tis but his proper colour, sir; his father was an ironmonger; he will ne'er look brighter, the rust has so eat into him; has never any leisure to be made clean.

FAL. Not in the vacation?

TAN. *Non vacat exiguis rebus adesse Jovi.*[s]

FAL. Then Jove will not be at leisure to scour him, because he ne'er came to him before.

TAN. You're excellent at it, sir: and now you least think on't, I arrest you, sir.

FAL. Very good, sir.

TAN. Nay, very bad, sir, by my faith: I follow you still, as the officers will follow you, as long as you have a penny.

FAL. You speak sentences, sir: by this time have I tried my friends, and now I thrust in bail.

TAN. This bail will not be taken, sir; they must be two citizens that are no cuckolds.

FAL. Byrlady,[t] then I'm like to lie by it; I had rather 'twere a hundred that were.

TAN. Take heed I bring you not to an *nisi prius*, sir.

FAL. I must ward myself as well as I may, sir.

TAN. 'Tis court-day now; *declarat attturnatus*, my attorney gapes for money.

FAL. You shall have no advantage yet; I put in my answer.

TAN.[u] I follow the suit still, sir.

FAL. I like not this court, byrlady: I take me out a writ of remove; a writ of remove, do you see, sir?

[s] *Non vacat*, &c.] Ovid. *Trist.* ii. 216.
[t] *Byrlady*] a corruption of *By our Lady*.
[u] *Tan.*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "*Fals.*"

TAN. Very well, sir.

FAL. And place my cause higher.

TAN. There you started me, sir: yet for all you demurs, *pluries*, and *sursurraras*,[v] which are a Longswords,[w] that's delays, all the comfort is, nine years a man may overthrow you.

FAL. You must thank your good friends the sir.

TAN. Let nine years pass, five hundred crown cast away a' both sides, and the suit not twent my counsellor's wife must have another hood, yo know, and my attorney's wife will have a new for part: yet see at length law, I shall have law: no beware, I bring you to a narrow exigent, and I no means can you avoid the proclamation.

FAL. O!

TAN. Now follows a writ of execution; a *capi utlagatum* gives you a wound mortal, trips up yo heels, and lays you i' th' counter. [*Overthrows hi*

FAL. O villain!

TAN. I cry your worship heartily mercy, sir; thought we had been in law together, *adversari contra adversarium*, by my troth.

FAL. O, reach me thy hand! I ne'er had su an overthrow in my life.

TAN. 'Twas 'long of your attorney there; might a' stayed the execution of *capias utlagatu* and removed you, with a *supersedeas non molesta dum*, into the court of equity.

FAL. Pox on him, he fell out of my hand wh I had most need of him.

TAN. I was bound to follow the suit, sir.

FAL. Thou couldst do no less than overthr me, I must needs say so.

[v] *sursurraras*] See note, p. 330.

[w] *Longswords*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "Longsword."

TAN. You had recovered cost else, sir.

FAL. And now, by th'[x] mass, I think I shall hardly recover without cost.

TAN. Nay, that's *certo scio*, an execution is very chargeable.

FAL. Well, it shall teach me wit as long as I am a justice. I perceive by this trial, if a man have a sound fall in law, he[y] shall feel it in his bones all his life after.

TAN. Nay, that's *recto* upon record; for I myself was overthrown in 88 by a tailor, and I have had a stitch in my side ever since,—O! [*Exeunt.*[z]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in FALSO'S *House.*

Enter FALSO *untrussed.*

FAL. Why, Latronello! Furtivo! Fucato! Where be these lazy knaves that should truss me?[a] not one stirring yet?

[*A Cry within.*] Follow, follow, follow!

FAL. What news there?

[*A Cry within.*] This way, this way; follow, follow!

FAL. Hark, you sluggish soporiferous villains! there's knaves abroad when you are a-bed: are ye not ashamed on't? a justice's men should be up first, and give example to[b] all knaves.

[x] *by th'*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "*by th'* the."

[y] *he*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "heele."

[z] *Exeunt*] After this word in the old eds. is the following direction, intended for the benefit of the performers, not of the reader: "*Toward the close of the musick* [played between the acts] *the Justices three men prepare for a robberie.*"

[a] *truss me*] To *truss* means to tie the points or tagged laces by which the hose or breeches was attached to the doublet.

[b] *to*] So ed. 1630. Not in First ed.

Enter LATRONELLO *and* FUCATO, *tumbling in, in false beards.*

LAT. O, I beseech your good worship!

FUC. Your worshipful worship!

FAL. Thieves! my two-hand sword! I'm robbed i' th' hall. Latronello, knaves, come down! my two-hand sword, I say!

LAT. I am Latronello, I beseech your worship.

FAL. Thou Latronello? thou liest; my men scorn to have beards.

LAT. We forget our beards. [*They take off their false beards.*]—Now, I beseech your worship quickly remember us.

FAL. How now?

FUC. Nay, there's no time to talk of *how now;* 'tis done.

[*A Cry within.*] Follow, follow, follow!

LAT. Four mark and a livery is not able to keep life and soul together: we must fly out once a quarter; 'tis for your worship's credit to have money in our purse. Our fellow Furtivo is taken in the action.

FAL. A pox on him for a lazy knave! would he be taken?

FUC. They bring him along to your worship; you're the next justice. Now or never shew yourself a good master, an upright magistrate, and deliver him out of their hands.

FAL. Nay, he shall find me—apt enough to do him good, I warrant him.

LAT. He comes in a false beard, sir.

FAL. 'S foot, what should he do here else? there's no coming to me in a true one, if he had one. The slave to be taken! do not I keep geldings swift enough?

LAT. The goodliest geldings of any gentleman in the shire.

FAL. Which did the whorson knave ride upon?

LAT. Upon one of your best, sir.

FUC. Stand-and-deliver.

FAL. Upon Stand-and-deliver? the very gelding I choose for mine own riding; as nimble as Pegasus the flying horse yonder. Go shift yourselves into your coats; bring hither a great chair and a little table.

FUC. With all present speed, sir.

FAL. And, Latronello ——

LAT. Ay, sir.

FAL. Sit you down, and very soberly take the examination.

LAT. I'll draw a few horse-heads in a paper; make a shew. I hope I shall keep my countenance.

[*Exeunt* LATRONELLO *and* FUCATO.

FAL. Pox on him again! would he be taken? he frets me. I have been a youth myself: I ha' seen the day I could have told money out of other men's purses,—mass, so I can do now,—nor will I keep that fellow about me that dares not bid a man stand; for as long as drunkenness is a vice, stand is a virtue: but I would not have 'em taken. I remember now betimes in a morning, I would have peeped through the green boughs, and have had the party presently, and then to ride away finely in fear: 'twas e'en venery[c] to me, i'faith, the pleasantest course of life! one would think every woodcock a constable, and every owl an officer. But those days are past with me; and, a' my troth, I think I am a greater thief now, and in no danger. I can take my ease, sit in my chair, look in your

[c] *venery*] i. e. hunting.

[illegible] now, and you too: make you bring your money by authority, put off your hat, and thank me for robbing of you. O, there is nothing to a thief under covert barn.[4]

Enter PHILIPPO *and* FRANCISCO, *Constable and Officers with* [illegible] *and* LATRONELLO *and* FUCATO *bringing in a chair and table.*

CON. Come, officers, bring him away.

FAL. Nay, I see thee through thy false beard, thou [illegible] rascal. [*Aside.*]—How now, my masters, what's he? ha!

CON. Your worship knows I never come but I bring a thief with me.

FAL. Thou hast left thy work else, constable.

PHI. Sir, we understand you to be the only uprightness of this place.

FAL. But I scarce understand you, sir.

PHI. Why, then, you understand not yourself, sir.

FAL. Such another word, and you shall change places with the thief.

PHI. A maintainer of equal causes, I mean.

FAL. Now I have you: proceed, sir.

PHI. This gentleman and myself, being led hither by occasion of business, have been offered the discourtesy of the country, set upon by three thieves, and robbed.

FAL. What are become of the other two?—Latronello.[5]

LAT. Here, sir.

[4] *under covert barn*] i. e. when he may rob under protection. *Barn* is a familiar corruption of *baron*. A wife is said in law to be *under covert baron*, as sheltered by marriage under her husband.

[5] *Latronello*] Old eds. "*Latronello*, and Fuca."

PHŒ. They both made away from us; the cry pursues 'em, but as yet none but this taken.

FAL. Latronello.

LAT. Sir?

FAL. Take his examination.

LAT. Yes, sir.

FAL. Let the knave stand single.

FUR. Thank your good worship.

FAL. Has been a suitor at court, sure; he thanks me for nothing.

PHŒ. He's a thief now, sure.

FAL. That we must know of him.—What are ye, sir?

FUR. A piece next to the tail, sir, a servingman.

FAL. By my troth, a pretty phrase, and very cleanly handled! Put it down, Latronello; thou mayst make use on't.—Is he of honour or worship whom thou servest?

FUR. Of both, dear sir; honourable in mind, and worshipful in body.

FAL. Why, would one wish a man to speak better?

PHŒ. O, sir, they most commonly speak best that do worst.

FAL. Say you so, sir? then we'll try him farther. —Does your right worshipful master go before you as an ensample of vice, and so encourage you to this slinking[1] iniquity? He is not a lawyer, is he?

FUR. Has the more wrong, sir; both for his conscience and honesty he deserves to be one.

FAL. Pity he's a thief, i'faith; I should entertain him else.

PHŒ. Ay, if he were not as he is, he would be better than himself.

[1] *slinking*] Ed. 1630, "stinking."

Fur. No, 'tis well known, sir, I have a maste the very picture of wisdom ——

Lat. For indeed he speaks not one wise word. [*Aside*

Fur. And no man but will admire to hear of hi virtues ——

Lat. Because he ne'er had any in all his life. [*Aside*

Fal. You write all down, Latronello?

Lat. I warrant you, sir.

Fur. So sober, so discreet, so judicious ——

Fal. Hum.

Fur. And above all, of most reverend gravity.

Fal. I like him for one quality; he speaks w of his master; he will fare the better.—Now, s let me touch you.

Fur. Ay, sir.

Fal. Why, serving a gentleman of such worsh and wisdom, such sobriety and virtue, such d cretion and judgment, as your master is, do y take such a beastly course, to stop horses, hinc gentlewomen from their meetings, and make citize never ride but a' Sundays, only to avoid morni prayer and you? Is it because your worship master feeds you with lean spits, pays you w Irish money, or clothes you in northern dozens?

‹ *northern dozens*] In *The Rates of the Custome House*, 1582, among the cloths enumerated we find

" Kerseyes of all sorts
Northen dosens
Bridge Waters" &c. &c.
Sig. c. 2.

Strutt cites the following act: " Every *Northern cloth* s be seven quarters of a yard in width, from twenty-thre twenty-five yards in length, and weigh sixty-six pounds ‹ every the half piece of each cloth, called *dozens*, shall

FUR. Far be it from his mind, or my report. 'Tis well known he kept worshipful cheer the day of his wife's burial; pays our four marks a-year as duly by twelve pence a-quarter as can be ——

PHŒ. His wisdom swallows it. [*Aside.*

FUR. And for northern dozens—fie, fie, we were ne'er troubled with so many.

FAL. Receiving then such plenteous blessings from your virtuous and bountiful master, what cause have you to be thief now? answer me to that gear.[h]

FUR. 'Tis e'en as a man gives his mind to't, sir.

FAL. How, sir?

FUR. For, alas, if the whole world were but of one trade, traffic were nothing! if we were all true men,[i] we should be of no trade: what a pitiful world would here be! heaven forbid we should be all true men! Then how should your worship's next suit be made? not a tailor left in the land: of what stuff would you have it made? not a merchant left to deliver it: would your worship go in that suit still? You would ha' more thieves about you than those you have banished, and be glad to call the great ones home again, to destroy the little.

PHŒ. A notable rogue!

FAL. A' my troth, a fine knave, and has answered me gloriously.—What wages wilt thou take after thou art hanged?

FUR. More than your worship's able to give: I would think foul scorn to be a justice then.

FAL. He says true too, i'faith; for we are all

from twelve to thirteen yards in length, the breadth being the same, and shall weigh thirty-six pounds."—*Dress and Habits*, &c. vol. ii. p. 197.

[h] *gear*] i. e. matter. [i] *true men*] See note, p. 158.

full of corruption here. [*Aside.*]—Hark you, my friends.

PHŒ. Sir?

FAL. By my troth, if you were no crueller than I, I could find in my heart to let him go.

PHŒ. Could you so, sir? the more pitiful justice you.

FAL. Nay, I did but to try you; if you have no pity, I'll ha' none.—Away! he's a thief; to prison with him!

FUR. I am content, sir.

FAL. Are you content?—Bring him back.—Nay then, you shall not go.—I'll be as cruel as you can wish.—You're content? belike you have a trick to break prison, or a bribe for the officers.

CON. For us, sir?

FAL. For you, sir! what colour's silver, I pray? you ne'er saw money in your life: I'll not trust you with him.—Latronello and Fucato, lay hold upon him; to your charge I commit him.

FUR. O, I beseech you, sir!

FAL. Nay, if I must be cruel, I will be cruel.

FUR. Good sir, let me rather go to prison.

FAL. You desire that? I'll trust no prison with you: I'll make you lie in mine own house, or I'll know why I shall not.

FUR. Merciful sir!

FAL. Since you have no pity, I will be cruel.

PHŒ. Very good, sir; you please us well.

FAL. You shall appear to-morrow, sirs.

FUR. Upon my knees, sir!

FAL. You shall be hanged out a' th' way.—Away with him, Latronello and Fucato!—Officers, I discharge you my house; I like not your company. Report me as you see me, fire and fuel;
If men be Jews, justices must be cruel.

[*Exeunt all but* PHŒNIX *and* FIDELIO.

PHŒ. So, sir, extremes set off all actions thus,
Either too tame, or else too tyrannous:
He being bent to fury, I doubt now
We shall not gain access unto your love,
Or she to us.
FID. Most wishfully here she comes.

Enter NIECE.

PHŒ. Is that she?
FID. This is she, my lord.
PHŒ. A modest presence.
FID. Virtue bless you, lady!
NIECE. You wish me well, sir.
FID. I'd first in charge this kiss, and next this paper;
You'll know the language; 'tis Fidelio's.
NIECE. My ever-vowed love! how is his health?
FID. As fair as is his favour with the prince.
NIECE. I'm sick with joy: does the prince love him so?
FID. His life cannot requite it.
Not to wrong the remembrance of his love,
I had a token for you, kept it safe,
Till by misfortune of the way this morning,
Thieves set upon this gentleman and myself,
And with the rest robb'd that.
NIECE. Was it your loss?
O me, I'm dearly sorry for your chance!
They boldly look you in the face that robb'd you;
No farther villains than my uncle's men.
PHŒ. What, lady?

} *Was it your loss*, &c.] Old eds.

"O me, I'm dearly sorry for your chance, was it your loss?"

which destroys the metre.

NIECE. 'Tis my grief I speak so true.
FID. Why my lord? ——
PHIL. But give me pausing, lady: was he one
That took in examination!
NIECE. One, and the chief.
PHIL. Henceforth hang him that is no way thief:
Then I hope few will suffer.
Nay, all the jest was, he committed him
In the charge of his fellows, and the rogue
Made it lamentable, cried to leave 'em:
None live so wise but fools may once deceive 'em
FID. An uncle so insatiate!
PHIL. Ay, is't not strange too,
That all should be by nature vicious,
And be bad against nature!
NIECE. Then you have heard the sum of all m wrongs?
PHIL. Lady, we have, and desire rather now
To heal 'em than to hear 'em:
For by a letter from Fidelio
Direct to us, we are intreated jointly
To hasten your remove from this foul den
Of theft and purpos'd incest.
NIECE. I rejoice
In his chaste care of me: I'll soon be furnish'd.
FID. He writes that his return cannot be long.
NIECE. I'm chiefly glad,—but whither is t place?
PHIL. To the safe seat of his late wrong mother.
NIECE. I desire it;
Her conference will fit mine: well you prevail.
PHIL. At next grove we'll expect you.
NIECE. I'll not fail. [*Exeu*

[k] *lord*] Ed. 1630, "lady."

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter KNIGHT *and* JEWELLER'S WIFE.

KNIGHT. It stands upon the frame of my reputation, I protest, lady.

JEW. WIFE. Lady? that word is worth an hundred angels[l] at all times, for it cost more: if I live till to-morrow night, my sweet Pleasure, thou shalt have them.

KNIGHT. Could you not make 'em a hundred and fifty, think you?

JEW. WIFE. I'll do my best endeavour to multiply, I assure you.

KNIGHT. Could you not make 'em two hundred?

JEW. WIFE. No, by my faith ——

KNIGHT. Peace; I'll rather be confined in the hundred and fifty.

JEW. WIFE. Come e'en much about this time, when taverns give up their ghosts, and gentlemen are in their first cast[m] ——

KNIGHT. I'll observe the season.

JEW. WIFE. And do but whirl the ring a' th' door once about: my maid-servant shall be taught to understand the language.

KNIGHT. Enough, my sweet Revenue.

JEW. WIFE. Good rest, my effectual Pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*[n]

[l] *angels*] See note, p. 250.

[m] *cast*] i. e. vomit.

[n] *Exeunt*] I found it impossible to preserve an equality in the length of the acts in this drama. The stage-direction in the old copies (see p. 367, note), shews plainly that a new act commences with the entrance of "*False untrussed;*" and it was necessary to close that act with the present scene, where the Jeweller's Wife, parting from her paramour at night, desires him to come to her "to-morrow" about the same hour.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street: before the Jeweller's House, and the Court of Law.

Enter PRODITOR *and* PHŒNIX.

PROD. Come hither, Phœnix.[o]
PHŒ. What makes your honour break so early?
PROD. A toy, I have a toy.[p]
PHŒ. A toy, my lord?
PROD. Before thou lay'st thy wrath upon the duke,
Be advis'd.
PHŒ. Ay, ay, I warrant you, my lord.
PROD. Nay, give my words honour; hear me.
I'll strive to bring this act into such form
And credit amongst men, they shall suppose,
Nay, verily believe, the prince, his son,
To be the plotter of his father's murder.

The morning of that "to-morrow" has arrived, when Phœnix and Proditor enter in the next scene; during which, as the reader will observe, time is supposed to pass away with astonishing rapidity.

[o] *Phœnix*] How happens Proditor to address the pretended assassin by his real name, not only here but also at the commencement of act v., where the word, forming part of a line cannot be thrown out as a printer's interpolation?

> "PROD. Now, *Phœnix*.
> PHŒ. Now, my lord.
> PROD. Let princely blood
> Nourish our hopes," &c.

That Proditor knew the prince by the name of Phœnix appears from act i. sc. 2, where he says,

> "Not many months *Phœnix* shall keep his life."

Perhaps Middleton committed this oversight in the haste of composition.

[p] *toy*] i. e. whim, fancy, conceit.

PHŒ. O that were infinitely admirable!
PROD. Were't not? it pleaseth me beyond my bliss.
Then if his son meet death as he returns,
Or by my hired instruments turn up,
The general voice will cry, O happy vengeance!
PHŒ. O blessed vengeance!
PROD. Ay, I'll turn my brain
Into a thousand uses, tire my inventions,
Make my blood sick with study, and mine eye
More hollow than my heart, but I will fashion,
Nay, I will fashion it. Canst counterfeit?
PHŒ. The prince's hand most[q] truly, most direct;
You shall admire it.
PROD. Necessary mischief,
Next to a woman, but more close in secrets!
Thou'rt all the kindred that my breast vouchsafes.
Look into me anon: I must frame, and muse,
And fashion. [*Exit.*
PHŒ. 'Twas time to look into thee, in whose heart
Treason grows ripe, and therefore fit to fall:
That slave first sinks whose envy threatens all.
Now is his venom at full height. [*Voices within.*
FIRST VOICE. [*within*] Lying or being in the said county, in the tenure and occupation aforesaid.
SECOND VOICE. [*within*] No more then; a writ of course upon the matter of ——
THIRD VOICE. [*within*] Silence!
FOURTH VOICE. [*within*] O-o-o-o-yes! Carlo Turbulenzo, appear, or lose twenty mark in the suits.
PHŒ. Hah, whither have my thoughts conveyed me?
I am now
Within the dizzy murmur of the law.

[q] *most*] Old eds. "more."

First Voice. [*within*] So that then, the cause being found clear, upon the last citation ——

Fourth Voice. [*within*] Carlo Turbulenzo, come into the court.

Enter Tangle *and two Suitors after him.*

Tan. Now, now, now, now, now, upon my knees I praise Mercury, the god of law! I have two suits at issue, two suits at issue.

First Suit. Do you hear, sir?

Tan. I will not hear; I've other business.

First Suit. I beseech you, my learned counsel—

Tan. Beseech not me, beseech not me; I am a mortal man, a client as you are; beseech not me.

First Suit. I would do all by your worship's direction.

Tan. Then hang thyself.

Second Suit. Shall I take out a special *supplicavit?*

Tan. Mad me not, torment me not, tear me not you'll give me leave to hear mine own cause, mine own cause.

First Voice. [*within*] Nay, moreover and farther ——

Tan. Well said, my lawyer, well said, well said

First Voice. [*within*] All the opprobrious speeches that man could invent, all malicious invectives, called wittol[r] to his face.

Tan. That's I, that's I: thank you, my learned counsel, for your good remembrance. I hope I shall overthrow him horse and foot.[s]

First Suit. Nay but, good sir ——

[r] *wittol*] See note, p. 331.

[s] *horse and foot*] So in *The Famous Historye of Thomas Stukeley*, 1605: "Shee's mine *horse and foote*."—Sig. B. 2.

TAN. No more, sir: he that brings me happy news first I'll relieve first.

BOTH SUIT. Sound executions rot thy cause and thee! [*Exeunt.*

TAN. Ay, ay, ay, pray so still, pray so still; they'll thrive the better.

PHŒ. I wonder how this fellow keeps out madness;
What stuff his brains are made on.

TAN. I suffer, I suffer, till I hear a judgment!

PHŒ. What, old signior?

TAN. Prithee, I will not know thee now; 'tis a busy time, a busy time with me.

PHŒ. What, not me, signior?

TAN. O, cry thee mercy! give me thy hand—fare thee well.—Has no relief again[t] me then; his demurs will not help him; his sursurraras[u] will but play the knaves with him.

Enter FALSO.

PHŒ. The justice? 'tis he.

FAL. Have I found thee, i'faith? I thought where I should smell thee out, old Tangle.

TAN. What, old signior justicer? embrace me another time and[v] you can possible:—how do[w] all thy wife's children,—well? that's well said, i'faith.

FAL. Hear me, old Tangle.

TAN. Prithee, do not ravish me; let me go.

FAL. I must use some of thy counsel first.

TAN. Sirrah, I ha' brought him to an exigent: hark! that's my cause, that's my cause yonder: I twinged him, I twinged him.

FAL. My niece is stolen away.

[t] *again*] i. e. against.
[u] *sursurraras*] See note, p. 330.
[v] *and*] i. e. if. [w] *do*] Old eds. "do's."

TAN. Ah, get me a *ne exeat regno* quickly! nay you must not stay upon't; I'd fain have you gone.

FAL. A *ne exeat regno?* I'll about it presently; adieu. [*Exit*

PHŒ. You seek to catch her, justice; she'll catch you.

Re-enter FIRST SUITOR.

FIRST SUIT. A judgment, a judgment!

TAN. What, what, what?

FIRST SUIT. Overthrown, overthrown, overthrown!

TAN. Ha?—ah, ah! ——

Re-enter SECOND SUITOR.

SECOND SUIT. News, news, news!

TAN. The devil, the devil, the devil!

SECOND SUIT. Twice Tangle's overthrown, twice Tangle's overthrown!

TAN. Hold!

PHŒ. Now, old cheater of the law ——

TAN. Pray, give me leave to be mad.

PHŒ. Thou that hast found such sweet pleasure in the vexation of others ——

TAN. May I not be mad in quiet?

PHŒ. Very marrow, very manna to thee to be in law ——

TAN. Very syrup of toads and preserved adders.

PHŒ. Thou that hast vexed and beggared the whole parish, and made the honest churchwardens go to law with the poor's money ——

TAN. Hear me, do but hear me! I pronounce a terrible, horrible curse upon you all, and wish you to my attorney. See where a *præmunire* comes,

* *Thou that hast found such sweet pleasure*, &c.] See p. 330.

dedimus potestatem, and that most dreadful execution, *excommunicato capiendo!* There's no bail to be taken; I shall rot in fifteen jails: make dice of my bones, and let my counsellor's son play away his father's money with 'em; may my bones revenge my quarrel! A *capias cominus?* here, here, here, here; quickly dip your quills in my blood, off with my skin, and write fourteen lines of a side. There's an honest conscionable fellow; he takes but ten shillings of a bellows-mender: here's another deals all with charity; you shall give him nothing, only his wife an embroidered petticoat, a gold fringe for her tail, or a border for her head. Ah, sirrah, you shall catch me no more in the springe of your knaveries! [*Exit.*

FIRST SUIT. Follow, follow him still; a little thing now sets him forward. [*Exeunt* SUITORS.

PHŒ. None can except against him; the man's mad,
And privileg'd by the moon, if he say true:
Less madness 'tis to speak sin than to do.
This wretch, that lov'd before his food his strife,
This punishment falls even with his life.
His pleasure was vexation, all his bliss
The torment of another;
Their hurt[x] his health, their starved hopes his store:
Who so loves law dies either mad or poor.

Enter FIDELIO.

FID. A miracle, a miracle!

PHŒ. How now, Fidelio?

FID. My lord, a miracle!

PHŒ. What is't?

FID. I have found
One quiet, suffering, and unlawyer'd man;

[x] *hurt*] Old eds. "heart."

An opposite, a very contrary
To the old turbulent fellow.

PHŒ. Why, he's mad.

FIL. Mad! why, he is in his right wits: cou
he be madder than he was! if he be any way alter
from what he was, 'tis for the better, my lord.

PHŒ. Well, but where's this wonder?

FIL. 'Tis coming,[1] my lord: a man so truly
man, so indifferently a creature, using the wo
in his right nature but to tread upon: one th
would not bruise the cowardliest enemy to m
the worm, that dares not shew his malice till
are dead: nay, my lord, you will admire his temp
see where he comes.

Enter QUIETO.

I promis'd your acquaintance, sir: you is
The gentleman I did commend for temper.

QUI. Let me embrace you simply,
That's perfectly, and more in heart than hand:
Let affectation keep at court.

PHŒ. Ay, let it.

QUI. 'Tis told me you love quiet.

PHŒ. Above wealth.

QUI. I above life: I have been wild and rash
Committed many and unnatural crimes,
Which I have since repented.

PHŒ. 'Twas well spent.

QUI. I was mad, stark mad, nine years toget

PHŒ. I pray, as how?

QUI. Going to law, i'faith, it made me mad.

PHŒ. With the like frenzy, not an hour since
An aged man was struck.

[1] *'Tis coming*, &c.] A speech which seems to have originally all verse.

QUI. Alas, I pity him!
PHŒ. He's not worth pitying, for 'twas still his gladness
To be at variance.
QUI. Yet a man's worth pity:
My quiet blood has blest me with this gift:
I have cur'd some; and if his wits be not
Too deeply cut, I will assay to help 'em.
PHŒ. Sufferance does teach you pity.

Enter BOY.

BOY. O master, master! your abominable next neighbour came into the house, being half in drink, and took away your best carpet.[y]
QUI. Has he it?
BOY. Alas, sir!
QUI. Let him go; trouble him not: lock the door quietly after him, and have a safer care who comes in next.
PHŒ. But, sir, might I advise you, in such a cause as this a man might boldly, nay, with conscience, go to law.
QUI. O, I'll give him the table too first! Better endure a fist than a sharp sword: I had rather they should pull off my clothes than flay off my skin, and hang that on mine enemy's hedge.

[y] *carpet*] i. e. table-cover.—Gifford (Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 182) explains it "embroidered rug:" but why "*rug?*" the finest Turkey carpets were formerly used for covering tables, as many old pictures testify.—That *carpet* also meant sometimes a bed-cover appears from the following passage of Brathwaite:

"Downe goes the silken *carpet* all the while,
Showing these sheets," &c.

Strappado for the Diuell, 1615, p. 43.

PHŒ. Why,
For such good causes was the law ordain'd.
QUI. True,
And in itself 'tis glorious and divine;
Law is the very masterpiece of heaven:
But see yonder,
There's many clouds between the sun and us;
There's too much cloth before we see the law.
PHŒ. I'm content with that answer; be mild still:
'Tis honour to forgive those you could kill.
QUI. There do I keep.
PHŒ. Reach me your hand: I love you,
And you shall know me better.
QUI. 'Tis my suit.
PHŒ. The night grows deep, and——

Enter two Officers.

FIRST OFF. Come away, this way, this way.
PHŒ. Who be those? stand close a little.

[*As they retire,* PHŒNIX *happens to jar the ring of the Jeweller's door; the Maid enters from the house and catches hold of him.*

MAID. O, you're come as well as e'er you came in your life! my master's new gone to bed. Give me your knightly hand: I must lead you into the blind parlour; my mistress will be down to you presently. [*Takes in* PHŒNIX.

FIRST OFF. I tell you our safest course will be to arrest him when he comes out a' th' tavern, for then he will be half drunk, and will not stand upon his weapon.

SECOND OFF. Our safest course indeed, for he will draw.

FIRST OFF. That he will, though he put it up again, which is more of his courtesy than of our deserving. [*Exeunt Officers.*

QUI. The world is nothing but vexation,
Spite, and uncharitable action.
FID. Did you see the gentleman?
QUI. Not I.
FID. Where should he be? it may be he's past by:
Good sir, let's overtake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Jeweller's House.

Enter PHŒNIX *and Maid.*

MAID. Here, sir: now you are there, sir, she'll come down to you instantly. I must not stay with you; my mistress would be jealous: you must do nothing to me; my mistress would find it quickly. [*Exit.*

PHŒ. 'S foot, whither am I led? brought in by th' hand? I hope it can be no harm to stay for a woman, though indeed they were never more dangerous: I have ventured hitherto and safe, and I must venture to stay now. This should be a fair room, but I see it not: the blind parlour calls she it?

Enter JEWELLER'S WIFE.

JEW. WIFE. Where art thou, O my knight?
PHŒ. Your knight? I am the duke's knight.
JEW. WIFE. I say you're my knight, for I'm sure I paid for you.
PHŒ. Paid for you?—hum.—'S foot, a light!
[*Snatches in a light, and then extinguishes it.*
JEW. WIFE. Now out upon the marmoset![a] Hast thou served me so long, and offer to bring in a candle?

[a] *marmoset*] i. e. little monkey.

PHŒ. Fair room, villanous face, and worse woman! I'm learnt something by a glimpse a' th' candle. [Aside.

JEW. WIFE. How happened it you came so soon? I looked not for you these two hours: yet, as the sweet chance is, you came as well as a thing could come, for my husband's newly brought a-bed.

PHŒ. And what has Jove sent him?

JEW. WIFE. He ne'er sent him any thing since I knew him: he's a man of a bad nature to his wife; none but his maids can thrive under him.

PHŒ. Out upon him!

JEW. WIFE. Ay, judge whether I have a cause to be a courtesan or no? to do as I do? An elderly fellow as he is, if he were married to a young virgin, he were able to break her heart, though he could break nothing else. Here, here; there's just a hundred and fifty [*giving money*]; but I stole 'em so hardly from him, 'twould e'en have grieved you to have seen it.

PHŒ. So 'twould, i'faith.

JEW. WIFE. Therefore, prithee, my sweet Pleasure, do not keep company so much. How do you think I am able to maintain you? Though I be a jeweller's wife, jewels are like women, they rise and fall; we must be content to lose sometimes, to gain often; but you're content always to lose, and never to gain. What need you ride with a footman before you?

PHŒ. O, that's the grace!

JEW. WIFE. The grace? 'tis sufficient grace that you've a horse to ride upon. You should think thus with yourself every time you go to bed,—if my head were laid, what would become of that horse? he would run a bad race then, as well as his master.

PHŒ. Nay, and[a] you give me money to chide me——

JEW. WIFE. No, if it were as much more, I would think it foul scorn to chide you. I advise you to be thrifty, to take the time now, while you have it: you shall seldom get such another fool as I am, I warrant you. Why, there's Metreza[b] Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at: her friend can go a' foot like a good husband, walk in worsted stockings, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary.[c]

PHŒ. Pox on't, and would you have me so base?

JEW. WIFE. No, I would not have you so base neither: but now and then, when you keep your chamber, you might let your footman out for eighteenpence a-day; a great relief at year's end, I can tell you.

PHŒ. The age must needs be foul when vice reforms it. [*Aside.*

JEW. WIFE. Nay, I've a greater quarrel to you yet.

PHŒ. I'faith, what is't?

JEW. WIFE. You made me believe at first the prince had you in great estimation, and would not offer to travel without you, nay, that he could not travel without your direction and intelligence.

PHŒ. I'm sorry I said so, i'faith; but sure I

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

[b] *Metreza*] See note, vol. iii. p. 628.

[c] *sixpenny ordinary*] There were ordinaries of all prices. Our author notices, in *Father Hubburd's Tales*, a three-halfpenny ordinary; in *No Wit, no Help like a Woman's*, a twelvepenny ordinary, act ii. sc. 3; in *The Black Book*, an eighteenpenny ordinary; in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, a two-shilling ordinary, act i. sc. 1; Fletcher, in *The Wild-Goose Chase*, a ten-crown ordinary, act i. sc. 1; and our author, in *Father Hubburd's Tales*, mentions a person who had spent five pounds at a sitting in an ordinary.

was overflown: when I spoke it, I could ne'er ha' said it else.

Jew. Wife. Nay more: you swore to me that you were the first that taught him to ride a great horse, and tread[4] the ring with agility.

Phœ. By my troth, I must needs confess I swore a great lie in that, and I was a villain to do it, for I could ne'er ride great horse in my life.

Jew. Wife. Why, lo, who would love you now but a citizen's wife? so inconstant, so forsworn! You say women are false creatures; but, take away men, and they'd be honester than you. Nay, last of all, which offends me most of all, you told me you could countenance me at court; and you know we esteem a friend there more worth than a husband here.

Phœ. What I spake of that, lady, I'll maintain.

Jew. Wife. You maintain? you seen at court?

Phœ. Why, by this diamond ——

Jew. Wife. O, take heed! you cannot have that; 'tis always in the eye of my husband.

Phœ. I protest I will not keep it, but only use it for this virtue, as a token to fetch you, and approve[5] my power, where you shall not only be received, but made known to the best and chiefest.

[3] *overflown*] i. e. drunk.—"The young Gentleman is come in, Madam, and as you foresaw very high *flowne*, but not so drunke as to forget your promise."—Brome's *Mad Couple well Match'd*, act iv. sc. 2. *Five New Playes*, 1653.

[4] *tread*] A friend would read "thread,"—with an allusion to the sport called Running at the Ring, when the tilter, riding at full speed, endeavoured to thrust the point of his lance through, and to bear away, the ring, which was suspended at a fixed height. But the text is quite right. G. Markham gives particular directions how to make a horse *tread the ring*—i. e. perform various movements in different directions within a ring marked out on a piece of ground: see *Cheape and good Husbandry*, &c., p. 18, sqq. ed. 1631.

[5] *approve*] i. e. prove.

JEW. WIFE. O, are you true?

PHŒ. Let me lose my revenue[e] else.

JEW. WIFE. That's your word, indeed! and upon that condition take it, this kiss, and my love for ever. [*Giving the diamond.*

PHŒ. Enough.

JEW. WIFE. Give me thy hand, I'll lead thee forth.

PHŒ. I'm sick of all professions; my thoughts burn:
He travels best that knows when to return. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street: before the Jeweller's House.

Enter KNIGHT, *two Officers watching for him.*

KNIGHT. Adieu, farewell;[f] to bed you; I to my sweet city-bird, my precious Revenue: the very thought of a hundred and fifty angels[g] increases oil and spirit, ho!

FIRST OFF. I arrest you, sir.

KNIGHT. O!

FIRST OFF. You have made us wait a goodly time for you, have you not, think you? You are in your rouses[h] and mullwines,[i] a pox on you! and have no care of poor officers staying for you.

[e] *revenue*] Phœnix accidentally uses the word by which, as the reader will remember, the Knight is accustomed to address the Jeweller's Wife.

[f] *Adieu, farewell,* &c.] The Knight is supposed to enter from a tavern, and to be taking leave of the companions with whom he had been carousing.

[g] *angels*] See note, p. 250.

[h] *rouses*] i. e. bumpers: see Gifford's note on *The Duke of Milan*, Massinger's *Works*, vol. i. p. 239, sec. ed.

[i] *mullwines*] A vulgar corruption of *mulled wines*.

arrested! We'll have but ten for waiting; and then thou shalt choose whether thou wilt run away from us, or we from thee.

KNIGHT. A match at running! come, come, follow me.

SECOND OFF. Nay, fear not that.

KNIGHT. Peace; you may happen to see toys,[n] but do not see 'em.

FIRST OFF. Pah!

KNIGHT. That's the door.

FIRST OFF. This? [*Knocks.*

KNIGHT. 'S foot, officer, you have spoiled all already.

FIRST OFF. Why?

KNIGHT. Why? you shall see: you should have but whirled the ring once about, and there's a maid-servant brought up to understand it.

MAID. [*opening the door*] Who's at door?

KNIGHT. All's well again.—Phist, 'tis I, 'tis I.

MAID. You? what are you?

KNIGHT. Pooh! where's thy mistress?

MAID. What of her?

KNIGHT. Tell her one—she knows who—her Pleasure's here, say.

MAID. Her pleasure? my mistress scorns to be without her pleasure at this time of night. Is she so void of friends, think you? take that for thinking so.

[*Gives him a box on the ear, and shuts the door.*

FIRST OFF. The hundred and fifty angels are locked up in a box; we shall not see 'em to-night.

KNIGHT. How's this? am I used like a hundred-pound gentleman? does my Revenue forsake me?

[n] *toys*] i. e. whimsical, odd things: see note, p. 378.

Damn me, if ever I be her Pleasure again!—Well, I must to prison.

First Off. Go prepare his room; there's no remedy: I'll bring him along: he's tame enough now. [*Exit Second Officer.*

Knight. Dare my tailor presume to use me in this sort?
He steals, and I must lie in prison for't.

First Off. Come, come, away, sir!

Enter a Gentleman and a Drawer.

Gent. Art sure thou sawest him arrested, drawer?

Dra. If mine eyes be sober.

Gent. And that's a question. Mass, here he goes! he shall not go to prison; I have a trick shall bail him: away! [*Exit Drawer.*

[*Blinds the First Officer, while the* Knight *escapes.*

First Off. O!

Gent. Guess, guess! who am I? who am I?

First Off. Who the devil are you? let go: a pox on you! who are you? I have lost my prisoner.

Gent. Prisoner? I've mistook; I cry you heartily mercy; I have done you infinite injury; a' my troth, I took you to be an honest man.

First Off. Where were your eyes? could you not see I was an officer?—Stop, stop, stop, stop!

Gent. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Presence-Chamber in the Duke of Ferrara's Palace.

Enter PRODITOR *and* PHŒNIX.

PROD. Now, Phœnix.°
PHŒ. Now, my lord.
PROD. Let princely blood
Nourish our hopes; we bring confusion now.
PHŒ. A terrible sudden blow.
PROD. Ay: what day
Is this hangs over us?
PHŒ. By th' mass, Monday.
PROD. As I could wish; my purpose will thrive best:
'Twas first my birth-day, now my fortune's day.
I see whom fate will raise needs never pray.
PHŒ. Never.
PROD. How is the air?
PHŒ. O, full of trouble!
PROD. Does not the sky look piteously black?
PHŒ. As if 'twere hung with rich men's consciences.
PROD. Ah, stuck not a comet, like a carbuncle,
Upon the dreadful brow of twelve last night?
PHŒ. Twelve? no, 'twas about one.
PROD. About one? most proper,
For that's the duke.
PHŒ. Well shifted from thyself! [*Aside.*
PROD. I could have wish'd it between one and two,
His son and him.

° *Phœnix*] See note, p. 378.

PHŒ. I'll give you comfort then.
PROD. Prithee.
PHŒ. There was a villanous raven seen last night
Over the presence-chamber, in hard justle
With a young eaglet.
PROD. A raven? that was I: what did the raven?
PHŒ. Marry, my lord, the raven—to say truth
I left the combat doubtful.
PROD. So 'tis still,
For all is doubt till the deed crown the will.
Now bless thy loins with freedom, wealth, and honour;
Think all thy seed young lords, and by this act
Make a foot-cloth'd[p] posterity; now imagine
Thou see'st thy daughters with their trains born up,
Whom else despisèd want may curse to whoredom
And public shames which our state never threat:
She's never lewd that is accounted great.
PHŒ. I'll alter that court axiom, thus renew'd,
She's never great that is accounted lewd. [*Aside*

Enter several Nobles.

PROD. Stand close; the presence fills. Here here the place;
And at his rising, let his fall be base,
Beneath thy foot.
PHŒ. How for his guard, my lord?
PROD. My gold and fear keep[q] with the chief of them.
PHŒ. That's rarely well.

[p] *foot-cloth'd posterity*] i. e. make your descendants of great consequence, riding with *foot-cloths* (long housings) on their horses.
[q] Old eds. "keeps."

PROD. Bold, heedless slave, that dares attempt a deed
Which shall in pieces rend him! [*Aside.*

Enter LUSSURIOSO *and* INFESTO.

My lords both!
LUS. The happiness of the day!
PHŒ. Time my returning;
Treasons have still the worst, yet still are spurning.
[*Aside.*

Enter the DUKE *attended.*

PROD. The duke!
PHŒ. I ne'er was gladder to behold him.
ALL. Long live your grace!
DUKE. I do not like that strain:
You know my age affords not to live long.
PROD. Spoke truer than you think for. [*Aside.*
DUKE. Bestow that wish upon the prince our son.
PHŒ. Nay, he's not to live long neither. [*Aside.*
PROD. Him as the wealthy treasure of our hopes,
You as possession of our present comfort,
Both in one heart we reverence in one.
PHŒ. O treason of a good complexion! [*Aside.*
[*Horn winded within.*
DUKE. How now? what fresher news fills the court's ear?

Enter FIDELIO.

PROD. Fidelio!
FID. Glad tidings to your grace!
The prince is safe return'd, and in your court.
DUKE. Our joy breaks at our eyes; the prince is come!

PROD. Soul-quicking[p] news!—pale vengeance to my blood! [*Aside.*

FID. By me presenting to your serious view
A brief of all his travels. [*Delivers a paper.*

DUKE. 'Tis most welcome;
It shall be dear and precious to our eye.

PROD. He reads; I'm glad he reads.—
Now take thy opportunity, leave that place.

PHŒ. At his first rising let his fall be base.[q]

PROD. That must be alter'd now.

PHŒ. Which? his rising or his fall?

PROD. Art thou dull now?
Thou hear'st the prince is come.

DUKE. What's here?[r]

PROD. My lord?

DUKE [*reads*]. *I have got such a large portion of knowledge, most worthy father, by the benefit of my travel* ——

PROD. And so he has, no doubt, my lord.

DUKE [*reads*]. *That I am bold now to warn you of Lord Proditor's insolent treason, who has irreligiously*

DUKE. Let me admire heaven's wisdom in my son.

PHŒ. I confess it, he hir'd me ——

PROD. This is a slave:
'Tis forg'd against mine honour and my life;
For in what part of reason can't appear,
The prince being travell'd should know treasons here?
Plain counterfeit.

DUKE. Dost thou make false our son?

PROD. I know the prince will not affirm't.[8]

FID. He can
And will, my lord.

PHŒ. Most just, he may.

DUKE. A guard!

LUS. We cannot but in loyal zeal ourselves
Lay hands on such a villain.

DUKE. Stay you; I find you here too.
[*Attendants secure* PRODITOR.

LUS. Us, my lord?

DUKE [*reads*]. *Against Lussurioso and Infesto, who not only most riotously consume their houses in vicious gaming, mortgaging their livings to the merchant, whereby he with his heirs enter upon their lands; from whence this abuse comes, that in short time the son of the merchant has more lordships than the son of the nobleman, which else was never born to inheritance: but that which is more impious, they most adulterously train out young ladies to midnight banquets, to the utter defamation of their own honours, and ridiculous abuse of their husbands.*

LUS. How could the prince hear that?

PHŒ. Most true, my lord:
My conscience is a witness 'gainst itself;

[8] *affirm't*] Old eds. "affirme it."

For to that execution of chaste honour
I was both hir'd and led.

Lus. I hope the prince, out of his plenteous wisdom,
Will not give wrong to us: as for this fellow,
He's poor, and cares not to be desperate.

Enter Falso.

Fal. Justice, my lord! I have my niece stol'n from me:
Sh'as left her dowry with me, but she's gone:
I'd rather have had her love than her money, I.
This, this is one of them. Justice, my lord!
I know him by his face; this is the thief.

Prod. Your grace may now in milder sense perceive
The wrong done to us by this impudent wretch,
Who has his hand fix'd at the throat of law,
And therefore durst be desperate of his life.

Duke. Peace, you're too foul; your crime is in excess:
One spot of him makes not your ulcers less.

Prod. O!

Duke. Did your violence force away his niece?

Phœ. No, my good lord; I'll still confess what's truth;
I did remove her from her many wrongs,
Which she was pleas'd to leave, they were so vild.[1]

Duke. What are you nam'd?

Fal. Falso, my lord, Justice Falso;
I'm known by that name.

Duke. Falso? you came fitly;
You are the very next that follows here.

Fal. I hope so, my lord; my name is in all the records, I can assure your good grace.

[1] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, p. 94.

Enter NIECE *and* CASTIZA *behind.*

DUKE [*reads*]. *Against Justice Falso* ——

FAL. Ah!

DUKE [*reads*]. *Who, having had the honest charge of his niece committed to his trust by the last will and testament of her deceased father, and with her all the power of his wealth, not only against faith and conscience detains her dowry, but against nature and humanity assays to abuse her body.*

NIECE [*coming forward*]. I'm present to affirm it,
my lov'd lord.

FAL. How? what make I here?[t]

NIECE. Either I must agree
To loathed lust, or despis'd beggary.

DUKE. Are you the plaintiff here?

FAL. Ay, my good lord,
For fault of a better.

DUKE. Seldom comes a worse.—[*Reads*] *And moreover, not contained in*[u] *this vice only, which is odious too much, but, against the sacred use of justice, maintains three thieves to his men.*

FAL. Cuds me!

DUKE [*reads*]. *Who only take purses in their master's liberty, where if any one chance to be taken, he appears before him in a false beard, and one of his own fellows takes his examination.*

FAL. By my troth, as true as can be; but he shall not know on't. [*Aside.*

DUKE [*reads*]. *And in the end will execute justice so cruelly upon him, that he will not trust him in a prison, but commit him to his fellows' chamber.*

FAL. Can a man do nothing i' the country but

[t] *what make I here?*] i. e. what business have I here?
[u] *contained in*] i. e. restrained in, confined to.

'tis told at court? there's some busy informing knave abroad, a' my life. [*Aside.*

PHŒ. That this is true, and these, and more, my lord,
Be it, under pardon, spoken for mine own:
He the disease of justice, these of honour,
And this of loyalty and reverence,
The unswept venom of the palace.

PROD. Slave!

PHŒ. Behold the prince to approve it!
[*Discovers himself.*[v]

PROD. O, where?

PHŒ. Your eyes keep with your actions, both look wrong.

PROD. An infernal to my spirit!

ALL. My lord, the prince!

PROD. Tread me to dust, thou in whom wonder keeps![w]
Behold the serpent on his belly creeps.

PHŒ. Rankle not my foot; away!
Treason, we laugh at thy vain-labouring stings,[x]
Above the foot thou hast no power o'er kings!

DUKE. I cannot with sufficient joy receive thee,
And yet my joy's too much.

PHŒ. My royal father,
To whose unnatural murder I was hir'd,
I thought it a more natural course of travel,
And answering future expectation,
To leave far countries, and inquire mine own.

DUKE. To thee let reverence all her powers engage,

[v] *Discovers himself*] This stage-direction, which is not in the 1st ed., is given as part of the dialogue in ed. 1630,—"to approoue it discouers himselfe."

[w] *keeps*] i. e. dwells.

[x] *stings*] Old eds. "strings" and "string."

That art in youth a miracle to age!
State is but blindness; thou hadst piercing art:
We only saw the knee, but thou the heart.
To thee, then, power and dukedom we resign:
He's fit to reign whose knowledge can refine.
PHŒ. Forbid it my obedience!
DUKE. Our word's not vain:
I know thee wise, canst both obey and reign.
The rest of life we dedicate to heaven.
ALL. A happy and safe reign to our new duke!
PHŒ. Without your prayers safer and happier.—
Fidelio.
FID. My royal lord.
PHŒ. Here, take this diamond:[x]
You know the virtue on't; it can fetch vice.
Madam Castiza ——
FID. She attends, my lord. [*Exit.*
PHŒ. Place a guard near us.—
Know you yon fellow, lady?
CAS. [*coming forward*] My honour's evil!
PROD. Torment again![y]
PHŒ. So ugly are thy crimes,
Thine eye cannot endure 'em:
And that thy face may stand perpetually
Turn'd so from ours, and thy abhorred self
Neither to threaten wrack[z] of state or credit,
An everlasting banishment seize on thee!
PROD. O fiend!
PHŒ. Thy life is such it is too bad to end.

[x] *this diamond*] Which the Jeweller's Wife had given to Phœnix: see p. 391.

[y] *Torment again!*] Ed. 1630 has "Tormentagent:" qy. did the author write "Torment's agent?" Compare *The Old Law* (p. 31), where Evander calls the executioner "Agent for death."

[z] *wrack*] i. e. wreck.

PROD. May thy rule, life, and all that's in thee glad,
Have as short time as thy begetting had!

PHŒ. Away! thy curse is idle.

[*Exit* PRODITOR.

The rest are under reformation,
And therefore under pardon.

LUS. &c. Our duties shall turn edge upon our crimes.

FAL. 'Slid, I was afraid of nothing, but that for my thievery and bawdery I should have been turned to an innkeeper. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FIDELIO *with* JEWELLER'S WIFE.

My daughter! I am ashamed her worship should see me.

JEW. WIFE. Who would not love a friend at court? what fine galleries and rooms am I brought through! I had thought my Knight durst not have shewn his face here, I.

PHŒ. Now, mother of pride and daughter of lust, which is your friend now?

JEW. WIFE. Ah me!

PHŒ. I'm sure you are not so unprovided to be without a friend here: you'll pay enough for him first.

JEW. WIFE. This is the worst room that ever I came in.

PHŒ. I am your servant, mistress;[1] know you not me?

JEW. WIFE. Your worship is too great for me to know: I'm but a small-timbered woman, when I'm out of my apparel, and dare not venture upon greatness.

[1] *mistress*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "Master."

PHŒ. Do you deny me then? know you this purse?

JEW. WIFE. That purse? O death, has the Knight serv'd me so?

Given away my favours?

PHŒ. Stand forth, thou one of those
For whose close lusts the plague ne'er[a] leaves the city.
Thou worse than common! private, subtle harlot!
That dost deceive three with one feigned lip,
Thy husband, the world's eye, and the law's whip.
Thy zeal is hot, for 'tis to lust and fraud,
And dost not dread to make thy book thy bawd.
Thou'rt curse enough to husband's ill-got gains,
For whom the court rejects his gold maintains.
How dear and rare was freedom wont to be!
Now few but are by their wives' copies free,
And brought to such a head, that now we see
City and suburbs wear one livery!

JEW. WIFE. 'Tis 'long of those,[a] an't like your grace, that come in upon us, and will never leave marrying of our widows till they make 'em all as free as their first husbands.

PHŒ. I perceive you can shift a point well.

JEW. WIFE. Let me have pardon, I beseech your grace, and I'll peach 'em all, all the close women that are; and, upon my knowledge, there's above five thousand within the walls and the liberties.

PHŒ. A band! they shall be sent against the Turks;[b]
Infidels against infidels.

JEW. WIFE. I will hereafter live so modestly, I will not lie with mine own husband, nor come near a man in the way of honesty.

FAL. I'll be her warrant, my lord.

[a] *ne'er*] Old eds. "never."
[a] *those*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "these."
[b] *Turks*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "Turke."

PHŒ. You are deceiv'd; you think you're still a justice.

FAL. 'S foot, worse than I was before I kneeled! I am no justice now; I know I shall be some innkeeper at last.

JEW. WIFE. My father? 'tis mine own father.

PHŒ. I should have wonder'd else, lust being so like.

NIECE. Her birth was kin to mine; she may prove modest:
For my sake I beseech you pardon her.

PHŒ. For thy sake I'll do more.—Fidelio, hand her.
My favours on you both; next, all that wealth
Which was committed to that perjur'd's trust.

FAL. I'm a beggar now; worse than an innkeeper.

Enter TANGLE *mad.*

TAN. Your *mittimus* shall not serve: I'll set myself free with a *deliberandum;* with a *deliberandum*, mark you.

DUKE. What's he? a guard!

PHŒ. Under your sufferance,
Worthy father, his harm is to himself;
One that has lov'd vexation so much,
He cannot now be rid on't:
Has been so long in suits, that he's law-mad.

TAN. A judgment, I crave a judgment, yea! *nunc pro tunc, corruptione alicujus.* I peeped me a raven in the face, and I thought it had been my solicitor: O, the pens prick me!

Enter QUIETO.

PHŒ. And here comes he (wonder for temperance)
Will take the cure upon him.

QUI. A blessing to this fair assembly!

TAN. Away! I'll have none on't: give me an *audita querela*, or a *testificandum*, or a despatch in twelve terms: there's a blessing, there's a blessing!

PHŒ. You see the unbounded rage of his disease.

QUI. 'Tis the foul fiend, my lord, has got within him.
The rest are fair to this: this breeds in ink,
And to that colour turns the blood possess'd:
For instance, now your grace shall see him dress'd.

TAN. Ah ha! I rejoice then he's puzzled, and muzzled too:
Is't come to a *cepi corpus?*

QUI. Ah, good sir,
This is for want of patience!

TAN. That's a fool:
She never saw the dogs and the bears fight;[b]
A country thing.

QUI. This is for lack of grace.

TAN. I've other business, not so much idle time.

QUI. You never say your prayers.

TAN. I'm advised by my learned counsel.

QUI. The power of my charm come o'er thee,
Place by degrees thy wits before thee!
With silken patience here I bind thee,
Not to move till I unwind thee.

TAN. Yea! is my cause so muddy? do I stick, do I stick fast?

[b] *She never saw the dogs and the bears fight*] At Paris-Garden, in Southwark. Brathwait, (writing several years after this play was produced, though at what particular date is uncertain,) mentions it as one of the chief "sights" in London.

"Seven Hils there were in Rome, and so there be
Seven Sights in New-Troy crave our memorie:
1 Tombes, 2 Guild-Hall Giants, 3 Stage-plaies, 4 Bedlam poore,
5 Ostrich, 6 *Beare-garden*, 7 Lyons in the Towre."

Barnabees Journall, sig. L. 3. 1st ed. n. d. (*Sec. Part*, note.)

Advocate, here's my hand, pull; art made of flint?
Wilt not help out? alas, there's nothing in't!

PHŒ. O, do you sluice the vein now?

QUI. Yes, my honour'd lord.

PHŒ. Pray, let me see the issue.

QUI. I therefore seek to keep it.—Now burst out,
Thou filthy stream of trouble, spite, and doubt!

TAN. O, an extent, a proclamation, a summons, a recognisance, a tachment, and injunction! a writ, a seizure, a writ of 'praisement, an absolution, a *quietus est!*

QUI. You're quieter, I hope, by so much dregs.
—Behold, my lord!

PHŒ. This! why, it outfrowns ink.

QUI. 'Tis the disease's nature, the fiend's drink.

TAN. O sick, sick, signior Ply-fee, sick! lend me thy nightcap, O!

QUI. The balsam of a temperate brain
I pour into this thirsty vein,
And with this blessed oil of quiet,
Which is so cheap, that few men buy it,
Thy stormy temples I allay:
Thou shalt give up the devil, and pray;
Forsake his works, they're foul and black,
And keep thee bare in purse and back.
No more shalt thou in paper quarrel,
To dress up apes in good apparel.
He throws his stock and all his flock
Into a swallowing gulf,
That sends his goose unto his fox,
His lamb unto his wolf.
Keep thy increase,
And live at peace,
For war's[c] not equal to this battle:

[c] *war's*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "war."

That eats but men ; this men and cattle :
Therefore no more this combat choose,
Where he that wins does always lose ;
And those that gain all, with this curse receive it,
From fools they get it, to their sons they leave it.

TAN. Hail, sacred patience ! I begin to feel
I have a conscience now ; truth in my words,
Compassion in my heart, and, above all,
In my blood peace's music. Use me how you can,
You shall find me an honest, quiet man.
O, pardon, that I dare behold that face !
Now I've least[d] law I hope I have most grace.

PHŒ. We both admire the workman and his piece.
Thus when all hearts are tun'd to honour's strings,
There is no music to the quire of kings.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[d] *least*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "left."

MICHAELMAS TERM.

Michaelmas Terme. As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paules. At London, Printed for A. I. and are to be sould at the signe of the white horse in Paules Churchyard. An. 1607. 4to. Another ed., *newly corrected*, appeared 1630. 4to.

This play was licensed by Sir George Bucke, 15th May, 1607: see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 200.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EASY,
REARAGE,
SALEWOOD,
COCKSTONE, } *gentlemen.*
QUOMODO, *a woollen-draper.*
SHORTYARD,
FALSELIGHT, } *his attendants.*
SIM, *son to* QUOMODO.
ANDREW LETHE, *an adventurer, son to* MOTHER GRUEL.
HELLGILL, *a pander.*
Father to the Country Wench.
Judge.
DUSTBOX, *a scrivener.*
Tailor.
Drawer.
Boy.
Beadle.
Liverymen, Officers, &c.

THOMASINE, *wife to* QUOMODO, *afterwards married to* EASY.
SUSAN, *her daughter.*
THOMASINE'S *mother.*
MOTHER GRUEL.
Country Wench, seduced by LETHE.
MISTRESS COMINGS, *a tire-woman.*
WINEFRED, *maid to* THOMASINE.

INDUCTION.

Michaelmas Term.
The other Three Terms.
Boy, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

MICHAELMAS TERM.

INDUCTION.

Enter Michaelmas Term in a whitish cloak, new come up out of the country, a Boy bringing his gown after him.

MICH. T. Boy.

BOY. Here, sir.

MICH. T. Lay by my conscience;
Give me my gown; that weed is for the country:
We must be civil now, and match our evil:
Who first made civil black, he pleas'd the devil.
So:
Now know I where I am: methinks already
I grasp best part of the autumnian blessing
In my contentious fathom;[a] my hand's free:
From wronger and from wronged I have fee;
And what by sweat from the rough earth they draw
Is to enrich this silver harvest, law;
And so through wealthy variance and fat brawl,
The barn is made but steward to the hall.
Come they up thick enough?

BOY. O, like hops and harlots, sir.

MICH. T. Why dost thou couple them?

BOY. O very aptly; for as the hop well boiled will make a man not stand upon his legs, so the

[a] *fathom*] i. e. comprehension,—compass of thought or contrivance.—Old eds. "fadome."

harlot in time will leave a man no legs to stand upon.

MICH. T. Such another, and be my heir! I have no child,
Yet have I wealth would redeem beggary.
I think it be a curse both here and foreign,
Where bags are fruitful'st there the womb's most barren:
The poor has all our children, we their wealth.
Shall I be prodigal when my life cools,
Make those my heirs whom I have beggar'd, fools?
It would be wondrous; rather beggar more;
Thou shalt have heirs enow, thou keep'st a whore:
And here comes kindred too with no mean purses,
Yet strive to be still blest with clients' curses.

Music playing, enter the other three Terms, the first bringing in a fellow poor, which the other two advance,[b] *giving him rich apparel, a page, and a pander: he then goes out.*

MICH. T. What subtilty have we here? a fellow
Shrugging for life's kind benefits, shift and heat,
Crept up in three terms, wrapt in silk and silver,
So well appointed too with page and pander!
It was a happy gale that blew him hither.

FIRST T. Thou father of the Terms, hail to thee!

SEC. T. May much contention still keep with thee!

THIRD T. Many new fools come up and fee thee!

SEC. T. Let 'em pay dear enough that see thee!

FIRST T. And like asses use such men;
When their load's off, turn 'em to graze agen.[c]

[b] *advance*] Old eds. "aduanceth."

[c] *agen*] So the word is generally written by our early poets; and where the rhyme requires that spelling, it ought not to be modernised.

SEC. T. And may our wish have full effect,
Many a suit, and much neglect!
THIRD T. And as it hath been often found,
Let the clients' cups come round!
SEC. T. Help your poor kinsmen, when you ha' got 'em;
You may drink deep, leave us the bottom.
THIRD T. Or when there is a lamb fall'n in,
Take you the lamb, leave us the skin.
MICH. T. Your duty and regard hath mov'd us;
Never till now we thought you lov'd us.
Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt
You shall have suits come sixteen times about.
ALL THREE. We humbly thank the patron of our hopes. [*Exeunt.*
MICH. T. With what a vassal-appetite they gnaw
On our reversions, and are proud
Coldly to taste our meats, which eight returns
Serve in to us as courses!
One day our writs, like wild-fowl, fly abroad,
And then return o'er cities, towns, and hills,
With clients, like dried straws, between their bills;
And 'tis no few birds pick to build their neasts,[d]
Nor no small money that keeps drabs and feasts!
But, gentlemen, to spread myself open unto you, in cheaper terms I salute you; for ours have but sixpenny fees all the year long; yet we despatch you in two hours, without demur; your suits hang not long here after candles be lighted. Why we call this play by such a dear and chargeable title, *Michaelmas Term*, know it consents happily to our purpose, though perhaps faintly to the interpre-

[d] *neasts*] i. e. nests—for the sake of the rhyme. So Brome;

"That the tipling *feast*,
With the Doxie in the *neast*," &c.
A Jovial Crew, 1652 (acted 1641), sig. F. 4.

tation of many; for he that expects any great quarrels in law to be handled here will be fondly deceived; this only presents those familiar accidents which happened in town in the circumference of those six weeks whereof Michaelmas Term is lord. *Sat sapienti:* I hope there's no fools i' th' house. [*Exit with Boy.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Middle[c] *Aisle of St. Paul's.*

Enter REARAGE *meeting* SALEWOOD.

SALE. What, master Rearage?

REAR. Master Salewood? exceedingly well met in town. Comes your father up this term?

SALE. Why, he was here three days before the Exchequer gaped.

REAR. Fie, such an early termer?

SALE. He's not to be spoke withal; I dare not ask him blessing till the last of November.

REAR. And how looks thy little venturing cousin?

SALE. Faith, like a lute that has all the strings broke; nobody will meddle with her.

REAR. Fie, there are doctors enow in town will string her again, and make her sound as sweet as e'er she did. Is she not married yet?

[c] *The Middle*, &c.] The old eds. do not mark the place of action; but the circumstance of the "bills" (see p. 423) evidently shews that the poet intended this scene to lie in the middle aisle of St. Paul's. That *bills* (advertisements) used to be posted up there, and that persons of all descriptions were in the habit of resorting thither, both for business and amusement, might be proved by citations from various writers: it is sufficient to refer the reader to Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, act i. sc. 1.

SALE. Sh'as no luck; some may better steal a horse than others look on: I have known a virgin of five bastards wedded. Faith, when all's done, we must be fain to marry her into the north, I'm afraid.

REAR. But will she pass so, think you?

SALE. Pooh, any thing that is warm enough is good enough for them: so it come in the likeness, though the devil be in't, they'll venture the firing.

REAR. They're worthy spirits, i'faith. Heard you the news?

SALE. Not yet.

REAR. Mistress Difficult is newly fallen a widow.

SALE. Say true; is master Difficult, the lawyer, dead?

REAR. Easily dead, sir.

SALE. Pray, when died he?

REAR. What a question's that! when should a lawyer die but in the vacation? he has no leisure to die in the term-time; beside, the noise there would fetch him again.

SALE. Knew you the nature of his disease?

REAR. Faith, some say he died of an old grief he had, that the vacation was fourteen weeks long.

SALE. And very likely: I knew 'twould kill him at last; 't'as troubled him a long time. He was one of those that would fain have brought in the heresy of a fifth term; often crying, with a loud voice, O why should we lose Bartholomew week?

REAR. He savours; stop your nose; no more of him.

Enter COCKSTONE *meeting* EASY.

COCK. Young master Easy, let me salute you, sir. When came you?

EASY. I have but inn'd my horse since, master Cockstone.

COCK. You seldom visit London, master Easy;
But now your father's dead, 'tis your only course:
Here's gallants of all sizes, of all lasts;
Here you may fit your foot, make choice of those
Whom your affection may rejoice in.

EASY. You've[g] easily possess'd[h] me, I am free:
Let those live hinds that know not liberty!

COCK. Master Rearage?

EASY. Good master Salewood, I am proud of your society.

REAR. What gentleman might that be?

COCK. One master Easy; has good land in Essex;
A fair, free-breasted gentleman, somewhat
Too open—bad in man, worse in woman,
The gentry-fault at first:—he is yet fresh,
And wants the city powdering. But what news?
Is't yet a match 'twixt master Quomodo's
The rich draper's daughter and yourself?

REAR. Faith, sir, I am vildly[i] rivall'd.

COCK. Vildly? by whom?

REAR. One Andrew Lethe, crept to a little warmth,
And now so proud that he forgets all storms;
One that ne'er wore apparel, but, like ditches,
'Twas cast before he had it; now shines bright
In rich embroideries. Him master Quomodo affects,

[g] *You've*] Old eds. "*You* have."

[h] *possess'd*] i. e. persuaded, convinced: so Brome;

"My lord, I do presume I am unwelcome,
Because you are *possess'd* I never lov'd you."
The Queen and Concubine, p. 38.—*Five New Playes*, 1659.

[i] *vildly*] i. e. vilely: see note, p. 94.

The daughter him, the mother only me :
I rest most doubtful, my side being weakest.
COCK. Yet the mother's side
Being surer than the father's, it may prove,
Men plead for money best, women for love.
REAR. 'Slid, master Quomodo!
COCK. How then? afraid of a woollen-draper!
REAR. He warned me his house, and I hate he should see me abroad. [*They all retire.*

Enter QUOMODO, SHORTYARD,[j] *and* FALSELIGHT.

QUO. O my two spirits, Shortyard and Falselight, you that have so enricht me! I have industry for you both.
SHO. Then do you please us best, sir.
QUO. Wealthy employment.
SHO. You make me itch, sir.
QUO. You, Falselight, as I have directed you —
FAL. I am nimble.
QUO. Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek ;[k]
With subtle art beguile the honest eye :
Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight.
FAL. I never fail'd it yet.
QUO. I know thou didst not.—[*Exit* FALSELIGHT.
But now to thee, my true and secret Shortyard,
Whom I dare trust e'en with my wife ;
Thou ne'er didst mistress harm, but master good :
There are too few of thy name gentlemen,
And that we feel, but citizens abundance :

[j] *Shortyard*, &c.] Old eds. "with his two spirits, *Shortyard*," &c.— It should seem that these assistants of Quomodo's villany were more than mere mortal agents: vide the first speech of Shortyard in the 3d scene of act iii.
[k] *look sleek*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "looke, *seeke*."

Quo. Thine ear shall d
Know, then, I have not sp
Only for pleasure's sake :—
Who out of recreation culls
Dives into seasons, never w
Ne' rides but plots :—my
Essex ——
Sho. Most true.
Quo. Where I have seen
Sho. A woman ?
Quo. Pooh, a woman ! yet
That which she often treads o
Land, fair neat land.
Sho. What is the mark you
Quo. Why, the fairest to
twain,
I mean his title ; to murder his
Stifle his right in some detested
There are means and ways enov
Besides our deadly enmity, whic
They're busy 'bout our wives, w
Sho. Your revenge is more gl
To be a cuckold is but for one li
When land remains to you, your
Quo. Ah, sirrah, do we sting
gallant
Rode newly up before me.
Sho. I beseech his name.
Quo. Young master E
Sho. E

SHO. Happily!

QUO. Observe, take surely note of him; he's fresh and free: shift thyself speedily into the shape of gallantry:[m] I'll swell thy purse with angels.[n] Keep foot by foot with him, outdare his expenses, flatter, dice, and brothel to him; give him a sweet taste of sensuality; train him to every wasteful sin, that he may quickly need health, but especially money; ravish him with a dame or two,—be his bawd for once, I'll be thine for ever;—drink drunk with him, creep into bed to him, kiss him, and undo him, my sweet spirit.

SHO. Let your care dwell in me; soon shall it shine:
What subtilty's[o] in man that is not mine?

QUO. O my most cheerful spirit! go, despatch. [*Exit* SHORTYARD.
Gentry is the chief fish we tradesmen catch. [*Exit.*

EASY. What's here?

SALE. O, they are bills[p] for chambers.

EASY [*reads*]. *Against St. Andrew's, at a painter's house, there's a fair chamber ready furnished to be let; the house not only endued with a new fashion forepart, but, which is more convenient for a gentleman, with a very provident back door.*

SALE. Why, here's virtue still: I like that thing that's necessary as well as pleasant.

COCK. What news in yonder paper?

REAR. Hah! seek you for news? there's for you!

[m] *Observe . . . gallantry*] Qy. did the author mean this speech to open with two rhyming lines?

[n] *angels*] See note, p. 250.

[o] *subtilty's*] Old eds. "subtiltie is."

[p] *bills*] i. e. advertisements: see note, p. 418.

Enter LETHE, *who remains behind reading the bills.*

SALE. Who's this ?[q]
In the name of the black angels, Andrew Gruel!
REAR. No, Andrew Lethe.
SALE. Lethe?
REAR. Has forgot[r] his father's name,
Poor Walter Gruel, that begot him, fed him,
And brought him up.
SALE. Not hither.
REAR. No;
'Twas from his thoughts; he brought him up below.
SALE. But does he pass for Lethe?
REAR. 'Mongst strange eyes,

[q] *this*] Old eds. "tis."

[r] *Has forgot*, &c.] The next speech of Rearage concludes a couplet, which can only be rendered complete by the following awkward arrangement of the text;

> "Has forgot his father's
> Name, poor Walter Gruel, that begot him,
> Fed him, and brought him up."

But let me observe, that Middleton, when he introduces a couplet, does not always think it necessary that the first line should consist of as many feet as the second: compare the lines at the end of the fourth act of this play;

> "Delay not now; you've understood my love;
> I've a priest ready; this is the fittest season.
> No eye offends us: let this kiss
> Restore thee to more wealth, me to more bliss."

See also *The Phœnix*, p. 351, where my remark (note [w]) about the dropping out of part of the line was inconsiderate.

Nor is this somewhat slovenly style of writing peculiar to our author: in one of Brome's plays, a speech which consists of regular blank verse concludes with the following couplet;

> "So, now dye and sinke
> Into thy grave, to rid us of thy stinke."
> *The Sparagus Garden*, 1640, sig. H. 3. (acted 1635.)

That no more know him than he knows himself,
That's nothing now; for master Andrew Lethe,
A gentleman of most received parts,
Forgetfulness, lust, impudence, and falsehood,
And one especial courtly quality,
To wit, no wit at all. I am his rival
For Quomodo's daughter; but he knows it not.

SALE. Has spied us o'er his paper.

REAR. O, that's a warning
To make our duties ready.

COCK. Salute him? hang him!

REAR. Pooh, wish his health awhile; he'll be laid shortly:
Let him gorge venison for a time, our doctors
Will bring him to dry mutton. Seem respective,[s]
To make his pride swell like a toad with dew.

[LETHE *comes forward.*

SALE. Master Lethe.

REAR. Sweet master Lethe.

LET. Gentlemen, your pardon; I remember you not.

SALE. Why, we supt with you last night, sir.

LET. O, cry you mercy! 'tis so long ago,
I'd[t] quite forgot you; I must be forgiven.
Acquaintance, dear society, suits, and things,
Do so flow to me,
That had I not the better memory,
'Twould be a wonder I should know myself.
Esteem is made of such a dizzy metal;
I have receiv'd of many gifts o'er night,
Whom I've[u] forgot ere morning: meeting the men,
I wish'd 'em to remember me agen:[v]

[s] *respective*] i. e. respectful. [t] *I'd*] Old eds. "I had."
[u] *I've*] Old eds. here and in the next line but three, "I have."
[v] *agen*] See note, p. 416.

They do so; then if I forget agen,
I know what help'd before, that will help then:
This is my course; for memory I've been told
Twenty preserves; the best I find is gold;
Ay, truly! Are you not knights yet, gentlemen?

SALE. Not yet.

LET. No? that must be looked into; 'tis your own fault. I have some store of venison: where shall we devour it, gentlemen?

SALE. The Horn were a fit place.

LET. For venison fit:
The horn having chas'd it,
At the Horn we'll ——
Rhyme to that?

COCK. Taste it.

SALE. Waste it.

REAR. Cast it.

LET. That's the true rhyme indeed! we hunt our venison twice, I tell you; first out a' th' park, next out a' th' belly.

COCK. First dogs take pains to make it fit for men,
Then men take pains[w] to make it fit for dogs.

LET. Right.

COCK. Why, this [is] kindness; a kind gallant you,
And love to give the dogs more than their due:
We shall attend you, sir.

LET. I pray do so.

SALE. The Horn.

LET. Easily remember'd that, you know.
[*Exeunt all except* LETHE
But now unto my present business. The daughter yields, and Quomodo consents; only my mistress

[w] *pains*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "payne."

Quomodo, her mother, without regard runs full against me, and sticks hard. Is there no law for a woman that will run upon a man at her own apperil ?[x] Why should not she consent, knowing my state, my sudden fortunes ? I can command a custard, and other bake-meats, death of sturgeon :[y] I could keep house with nothing. What friends have I ! how well am I beloved ! e'en quite throughout the scullery. Not consent ? 'tis e'en as I have writ : I'll be hanged, and[z] she love me not herself, and would rather preserve me, as a private friend, to her own pleasures, than any way advance her daughter upon me to beguile herself. Then how have I relieved her in that point ? let me peruse this letter. [*Reads*]—*Good mistress Quomodo, or rather, as I hope ere the term end, mother Quomodo, since only your consent keeps aloof off,*[a] *and hinders the copulation of your daughter, what may I think, but that it is a mere affection in you, doating upon some small inferior virtue of mine, to draw me in upon yourself ? If the case stand so, I have comfort for you ; for this you may well assure yourself, that by the marriage of your daughter I have the better means and opportunity to yourself, and without the least suspicion.*—This is moving stuff, and that works best with a citizen's wife : but who shall I get to convey this now ? My page I ha' lent forth ; my pander I have employed about the country to look out

[x] *apperil*] i. e. peril : see Gifford's note — B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 137.

[y] *death of sturgeon*] There seems to be some corruption in the text here.

[z] *and*] i. e. if.

[a] *aloof off*] Lethe again uses this expression, act iii. sc. 1, "since only her consent kept *aloof off*, what might I think," &c.

some third sister, or entice some discontented gentlewoman from her husband, whom the laying out of my appetite shall maintain. Nay, I'll deal like an honourable gentleman, I'll be kind to women; that which I gather i' th' day, I'll put into their purses at night. You shall have no cause to rail at me; no, faith: I'll keep you in good fashion, ladies; no meaner men than knights shall ransom home your gowns and recover your smocks: I'll not dally with you.—Some poor[b] widow woman would come as a necessary bawd now! and see where fitly comes—

Enter MOTHER GRUEL.

my mother! Curse of poverty! does she come up to shame me, to betray my birth, and cast soil upon my new suit? Let her pass me; I'll take no notice of her,—scurvy murrey kersey![c]

MOTH. G. By your leave, and[d] like your worship ——

LET. Then I must proudly venture it.—To me, good woman?

MOTH. G. I beseech one word with your worship.

LET. Prithee, be brief then.

MOTH. G. Pray, can your worship tell me any tidings of one Andrew Gruel, a poor son of mine own?

LET. I know a gallant gentleman of the name one master Andrew Gruel, and well received amongst ladies.

MOTH. G. That's not he, then: he is no gentleman that I mean.

[b] *Some poor*, &c.] i. e. Would that some poor, &c.

[c] *scurvy murrey kersey*] Equivalent, perhaps, to poor piece of stuff.

[d] *and*] i. e. if.

LET. Good woman, if he be a Gruel, he's a gentleman i' th' mornings, that's a gentleman a' th' first; you cannot tell me.

MOTH. G. No, truly; his father was an honest, upright tooth-drawer.

LET. O my teeth!

MOTH. G. An't please your worship, I have made a sore journey out, all this vacant time, to come up and see my son Andrew. Poor Walter Gruel, his father, has laid his life, and left me a lone woman; I have not one husband in all the world: therefore my coming up is for relief, an't like your worship, hoping that my son Andrew is in some place about the kitchen.

LET. Kitchen! pooh, faugh!

MOTH. G. Or a serving-man to some knight of worship.

LET. O, let me not endure her! [*Aside.*]—Know you not me, good woman?

MOTH. G. Alas, an't please your worship, I never saw such a glorious suit since the hour I was kersened.[e]

LET. Good, she knows me not; my glory does disguise[f] me;
Beside, my poorer name being drench'd in Lethe,
She'll hardly understand me. What a fresh air can do!
I may employ her as a private drudge,
To pass my letters and secure my lust;
And ne'er be noted mine, to shame my blood,
And drop my staining birth upon my raiment.—
[*Aside.*
Faith, good woman, you will hardly get to the speech of master Andrew, I tell you.

[e] *kersened*] A vulgarism for christened.
[f] *disguise*] Old eds. "disquire."

MOTH. G. No? marry, hang him! and[f] like your worship, I have known the day when nobody cared to speak to him.

LET. You must take heed how you speak ill of him, I can tell you, now; he's so employed.

MOTH. G. Employed? for what?

LET. For his 'haviour, wisdom, and other virtues.

MOTH. G. He, virtues? no, 'tis well known his father was too poor a man to bring him up to any virtues; he can scarce write and read.

LET. He's the better regarded for that amongst courtiers, for that's but a needy quality.

MOTH. G. If it be so, then he'll be great shortly, for he has no good parts about him.

LET. Well, good woman, or mother, or what you will ——

MOTH. G. Alack the day! I know your worship scorns to call me mother; 'tis not a thing fit for your worship indeed, such a simple old woman as I am.

LET. In pity of thy long journey, there's sixpence British: tend upon me; I have business for you.

MOTH. G. I'll wait upon your worship.

LET. Two pole off at least.

MOTH. G. I am a clean old woman, an't like your worship.

LET. It goes not by cleanness here, good woman if you were fouler, so you were braver,[g] you migh come nearer. [*Exit*

MOTH. G. Nay, and[h] that be the fashion, I hop I shall get it shortly; there's no woman so old bu she may learn: and as an old lady delights in

[f] *and*] i. e. if.

[g] *braver*] i. e. more richly clad.

[h] *and*] i. e. if.

young page or monkey, so there are young courtiers will be hungry upon an old woman, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter HELLGILL[i] *and* COUNTRY WENCH.

HELL. Come, leave your puling and sighing.

COUN. W. Beshrew you now, why did you entice me from my father?

HELL. Why? to thy better advancement. Wouldst thou, a pretty, beautiful, juicy squall, live in a poor thrummed[j] house i' th' country, in such servile habiliments, and may well pass for a gentlewoman i' th' city? does not five hundred do so, thinkest thou, and with worse faces? O, now in these latter days, the devil reigning, 'tis an age for cloven creatures! But why sad now? yet indeed 'tis the fashion of any courtesan to be sea-sick i' th' first voyage; but at next she proclaims open wars, like a beaten soldier. Why, Northamptonshire lass, dost dream of virginity now? remember a loose-bodied gown,[k] wench, and let it go; wires

[i] *Hellgill*] Old eds. "Lethes Pandar:" his name, as we find afterwards, is Dick Hellgill.

[j] *thrummed*] Seems here to mean thatched: the father of the Country Wench, speaking of her (act ii. sc. 2), says,

"O, if she knew
The dangers that attend on women's lives,
She'd rather lodge under a poor *thatch'd roof*," &c.

Thrum is, properly, the tuft at the end of the warp in weaving.

[k] *a loose-bodied gown*] Is frequently mentioned as a common dress of courtesans: so Taylor, the water-poet;

"Her *loose gowne*, for her looser body fit."
A Whore, p. 111.—*Workes*, 1630.

and tires, bents and bums,[k] felts and falls, thou that shalt deceive the world, that gentlewomen indeed shall not be known from others. I have a master, to whom I must prefer thee after the aforesaid deckening; Lethe by name, a man of one most admired property; he can both love thee, and for thy better advancement, be thy pander himself; an excellent spark of humility.

Coun. W. Well, heaven forgive you! you train me up to't.

Hell. Why, I do acknowledge it, and I think I do you a pleasure in't.

Coun. W. And if I should prove a harlot now, I should be bound to curse you.

Hell. Bound? nay, and[l] you prove a harlot, you'll be loose enough.

Coun. W. If I had not a desire to go like a gentlewoman, you should be hanged ere you should get me to't, I warrant you.

Hell. Nay, that's certain, nor a thousand more of you; I know you are all chaste enough till one thing or other tempt you: deny[m] a satin gown and[n] you dare now?

Coun. W. You know I have no power to do't and that makes you so wilful; for what woman is there such a beast that will deny any thing[o] that is good?

Hell. True; they will not, most[p] dissembler.

[k] *bums*] i. e., perhaps, *bum-rolls*: "The ladies also extended their garments from the hips with foxes' tails and *bum-rolls* [stuffed cushions]," &c.—Strutt's *Dress and Habit* &c. vol. ii. p. 259.

[l] *and*] i. e. if.

[m] *deny*] i. e. refuse.

[n] *and*] i. e. if.

[o] *thing*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "things."

[p] *most*] i. e. greatest,—thorough.

COUN. W. No; and[q] she bear a brave mind, she will not, I warrant you.

HELL. Why, therefore take heart, faint not at all;
Women ne'er rise but when they fall:
Let a man break, he's gone, blown up;
A woman's breaking sets her up:
Virginity is no city trade,
You're out a' th' freedom when you're a maid:
Down with the lattice, 'tis but thin;
Let coarser beauties work within,
Whom the light mocks; thou art fair and fresh;
The gilded flies will light upon thy flesh.

COUN. W. Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you have won!

HELL. How easily soft women are undone!
So farewell wholesome weeds, where treasure pants;[r]
And welcome silks, where lie[s] disease and wants!
[*Aside.*
Come, wench; now flow thy fortunes in to bless thee;
I'll bring thee where thou shalt be taught to dress thee.

COUN. W. O, as soon as may be! I am in a swoon till I be a gentlewoman; and you know what flesh is man's meat till it be dressed?

HELL. Most certain, no more; a woman.
[*Exeunt.*

[q] *and*] i. e. if.

[r] *pants*] "Qy. haunts?" says a friend; but I believe the text is right: for the sake of the rhyme, *pants* is used in the forced sense of—breathes, exists, dwells.

[s] *lie*] Old eds. "lyes."

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Ordinary.[t]

REARAGE, SALEWOOD, LETHE, EASY, *and* SHORTYARD, *discovered at dice: Boy attending.*

REAR. Gentlemen, I ha' sworn I'll change the room. Dice? devils!

LET. You see I'm patient, gentlemen.

SALE. Ay, the fiend's in't! you're patient; you put up all.

REAR. Come, set me, gentlemen!

SHO. An Essex gentleman, sir.

EASY. An unfortunate one, sir.

SHO. I'm bold to salute you, sir: you know not master Alsup there?

EASY. O, entirely well.

SHO. Indeed, sir?

EASY. He's second to my bosom.

SHO. I'll give you that comfort then, sir, you must not want money as long as you are in town, sir.

EASY. No, sir?

SHO. I am bound in my love to him to see you furnished; and in that comfort I recover my salute again, sir.

EASY. Then I desire to be more dear unto you.

SHO. I rather study to be dear unto you. [*Aside.* —Boy, fill some wine.—I knew not what fair impressure[v] I received at first, but I began to affect your society very speedily.

[t] *An Ordinary*] In Middleton's days (and, I believe, long after,) gambling was carried on at ordinaries. The place of action is not marked in the old eds.

[v] *impressure*] Old eds. "impressier."

EASY. I count myself the happier.

SHO. To master Alsup, sir; to whose remembrance I could love to drink till I were past remembrance. [*Drinks.*

EASY. I shall keep Christmas with him, sir, where your health shall likewise undoubtedly be remembered; and thereupon I pledge you. [*Drinks.*] I would sue for your name, sir.

SHO. Your suit shall end in one term, sir; my name is Blastfield.

EASY. Kind master Blastfield, your dearer acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

REAR. Nay, come, will ye draw in, gentlemen? set me.

EASY. Faith, I'm scattered.

SHO. Sir, you shall not give out so meanly of yourself in my company for a million: make such privy to your disgrace! you're a gentleman of fair fortunes; keep me your reputation: set 'em all; there's crowns for you. [*Giving him money.*

EASY. Sir, you bind me infinitely in these courtesies.

SHO. You must always have a care of your reputation here in town, master Easy: although you ride down with nothing, it skills[w] not.

EASY. I'm glad you tell me that yet, then I'm indifferent.—Well, come; who throws? I set all these.

SHO. Why, well said.

SALE. This same master Lethe here begins to undo us again.

LET. Ah, sir, I came not hither but to win!

SHO. And then you'll leave us; that's your fashion.

LET. He's base that visits not his friends.

[w] *skills*] i. e. signifies.

SHO. But he's more base that carries out his winnings;
None will do so but those have base beginnings.
LET. It is a thing in use, and ever was.
I pass this time.
SHO. I wonder you should pass,
And that you're suffer'd.
LET. Tut, the dice are ours;
Then wonder not at those that have most powers.
REAR. The devil and his angels!
LET. Are these they?
Welcome, dear angels![x] where you're curs'd ne'er stay.
SALE. Here's luck!
EASY. Let's search him, gentlemen; I think he wears a smock.[y]
SHO. I knew the time he wore not half a shirt,
Just like a pea.
EASY. No? how did he for the rest?
SHO. Faith, he compounded with a couple of napkins at Barnet, and so trussed up the lower parts.
EASY. 'Twas a pretty shift, i'faith!
SHO. But master Lethe has forgot that too.
EASY. A mischief on't, to lose all! I could ——
SHO. Nay, but, good master Easy, do not do yourself that tyranny, I beseech you; I must not ha' you alter your body now for the purge of a little money: you undo me, and[z] you do.

[x] *angels*] See note, p. 250.

[y] *wears a smock*] Equivalent, I believe, to—is a knave: "the answer of a mad fellowe to his mistresse, who being called knaue by her, replied that it was not possible, for, said he, if you remember yourselfe, good mistresse, this is leape yeare, and then, as you know well, knaues *weare smockes.*"—*Treatise against Jud. Astrol.*, &c., by J. Chamber, 1601, p. 113. Compare too vol. iii. p. 81.

[z] *and*] i. e. if.

EASY. 'Twas all I brought up with me, I protest, master Blastfield; all my rent till next quarter.

SHO. Pox of money! talk not on't, I beseech you,—what said I to you? mass, I am out of cash myself too.—Boy.

BOY. Anon, sir.

SHO. Run presently to master Gum the mercer, and will[a] him to tell out two or three hundred pound for me, or more, according as he is furnished: I'll visit him i' th' morning, say.

BOY. It shall be said, sir. [*Going.*

SHO. Do you hear, boy?

BOY. Yes, sir.

SHO. If master Gum be not sufficiently ready, call upon master Profit the goldsmith.

BOY. It shall be done, sir. [*Going.*

SHO. Boy.

BOY. I knew[b] I was not sent yet; now is the time. [*Aside.*

SHO. Let them both rest till another occasion; you shall not need to run so far at this time; take one nigher hand; go to master Quomodo the draper, and will him to furnish me instantly.

BOY. Now I go, sir. [*Exit.*

EASY. It seems you're well known, master Blastfield, and your credit very spacious here i' th' city.

SHO. Master Easy, let a man bear himself portly, the whorsons will creep to him a' their bellies, and their wives a' their backs: there's a kind of bold grace expected throughout all the parts of a gentleman. Then for your observances, a man must not so much as spit but within line and fashion. I tell you what I ha' done: sometimes I carry my water all London over only to deliver it proudly

[a] *will*] i. e. desire. [b] *knew*] Old eds. "know."

at the Standard;[b] and do I pass altogether unnoted, think you? no, a man can no sooner peep out his head but there's a bow bent at him out of some watch-tower or other.

EASY. So readily, sir?

SHO. Push,[c] you know a bow's quickly ready, though a gun be long a-charging, and will shoot five times to his once. Come, you shall bear yourself jovially: take heed of setting your looks to your losses, but rather smile upon your ill luck, and invite 'em to-morrow to another breakfast of bones.

EASY. Nay, I'll forswear dicing.

SHO. What? peace, I am ashamed to hear you: will you cease in the first loss? shew me one gentleman that e'er did it. Fie upon't, I must use you to company, I perceive; you'd be spoiled else. Forswear dice! I would your friends heard you, i'faith!

EASY. Nay, I was but in jest, sir.

SHO. I hope so: what would gentlemen say of you? there goes a gull that keeps his money! I would not have such a report go on you for the world, as long as you are in my company. Why, man, fortune alters in a minute; I ha' known those have recovered so much in an hour, their purses were never sick after.

REAR. O, worse than consumption of the liver! consumption of the patrimony!

SHO. How now? Mark their humours, master Easy.

[b] *the Standard*] Of the Standard in Cheapside, which John Wells, mayor in the year 1430, first "caused to be made with a small cistern with fresh water," &c., an ample account will be found in Stow's *Survey of London*, b. iii. p. 34, ed. 1720.

[c] *Push*] See note, p. 29.

REAR. Forgive me, my posterity yet ungotten!

SHO. That's a penitent maudlin dicer.

REAR. Few know the sweets that the plain life allows:
Vild[d] son that surfeits of his father's brows!

SHO. Laugh at him, master Easy.

EASY. Ha, ha, ha!

SALE. I'll be damned, and[e] these be not the bones of some quean that cozened me in her life, and now consumes me after her death.

SHO. That's the true wicked, blasphemous, and soul-shuddering dicer, that will curse you all service-time, and attribute his ill luck always to one drab or other!

Enter HELLGILL.

LET. Dick Hellgill? the happy news.

HELL. I have her for you, sir.

LET. Peace: what is she?

HELL. Young, beautiful, and plump; a delicate piece of sin.

LET. Of what parentage?

HELL. O, a gentlewoman of a great house.

LET. Fie, fie.

HELL. She newly came out of a barn—yet too good for a tooth-drawer's son. [*Aside.*

LET. Is she wife or maid?

HELL. That which is daintiest, maid.

LET. I'd rather she'd been a wife.

HELL. A wife, sir? why?

LET. O, adultery is a great deal sweeter in my mind.

HELL. Diseases gnaw thy bones! [*Aside.*
I think she has deserv'd to be a wife, sir.

[d] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, p. 94. [e] *and*] i. e. if.

LET. That will move well.

HELL. Her firstlings shall be mine:
Swine look but for the husks: the meat be thine.

Re-enter Boy.

SHO. How now, boy?

BOY. Master Quomodo takes your worship's greeting exceeding kindly, and in his commendations returns this answer, that your worship shall not be so apt to receive it as he willing to lend it.

SHO. Why, we thank him, i'faith.

EASY. Troth, and you ha' reason to thank him, sir; 'twas a very friendly answer.

SHO. Push,[f] a gentleman that keeps his days even here i' th' city, as I myself watch to do, shall have many of those answers in a twelvemonth, master Easy.

EASY. I promise you, sir, I admire your carriage, and begin to hold a more reverend respect of you.

SHO. Not so, I beseech you; I give my friends leave to be inwards[g] with me.—Will you walk, gentlemen?

LET. We're for you.—
Present her with this jewel, my first token.
[*Giving jewel to* HELLGILL

Enter Drawer.

DRA. There are certain countrymen without inquiring for master Rearage and master Sale wood.

REAR. Tenants?

SALE. Thou revivest us, rascal.

[f] *Push*] See note, p. 29. [g] *inward*] i. e. intimate.

REAR. When's our next meeting, gentlemen?
SHO. To-morrow night;
This gentleman, by me, invites you all.—
Do you not, master Easy?
EASY. Freely, sir.
SALE. We do embrace your love.—A pure, fresh gull. [*Aside.*
SHO. Thus make you men at parting dutiful,
And rest beholding[h] to you; 'tis the slight,[i]
To be remember'd when you're out of sight.
EASY. A pretty virtue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter the Country Wench's Father.

FATH. Where shall I seek her now? O, if she knew
The dangers that attend on women's lives,
She'd[j] rather lodge under a poor thatch'd roof
Than under carved ceilings! She was my joy,
And all content that I receiv'd from life,
My dear and only daughter.
What says the note she left? let me again
With staider grief peruse it.
[*Reads.*] *Father, wonder not at my so sudden departure, without your leave or knowledge. Thus, under pardon, I excuse it: had you had knowledge of it, I know you would have sought to restrain it, and hinder me from what I have long desired. Being now*

[h] *beholding*] Is often used for *beholden* by our early writers.
[i] *slight*] i. e. contrivance, artifice.
[j] *She'd*] Old eds. "She would."

happily preferred to a gentleman's service in London, about Holborn, if you please to send, you may hear well of me.

As false as she is disobedient!
I've made larger inquiry, left no place
Where gentry keeps[k] unsought, yet cannot hear;
Which drives me most into a shameful fear.
Woe worth th' infected cause that makes me visit
This man-devouring city! where I spent
My unshapen youth, to be my age's curse,
And surfeited away my name and state
In swinish riots, that now, being sober,
I do awake a beggar: I may hate her:
Whose youth voids wine, his age is curs'd with water.
O heavens, I know the price of ill too well!
What the confusions are in whom they dwell,
And how soon maids are to their ruins won,
One minute, and eternally undone;
So in mine may it: may it not be thus!
Though she be poor, her honour's precious.
May be my present form, and her fond[l] fear,
May chase her from me, if her eye should get me;
And therefore, as my love and wants advise,
I'll serve, until I find her, in disguise.
Such is my care to fright her from base evils,
I leave calm state to live amongst you, devils.

[*Exit*

[k] *keeps*] i. e. dwells.
[l] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

SCENE III.

QUOMODO'S *Shop*.

Enter THOMASINE[m] *and* MOTHER GRUEL.

THO. Were these fit words, think you, to be sent to any citizen's wife,—to enjoy the daughter, and love the mother too for a need? I would foully scorn that man that should love me only for a need, I tell you. And here the knave writes again, that by the marriage of my daughter, 'a has the better means and opportunity to myself: he lies in his throat, like a villain; he has no opportunity of me for all that; 'tis for his betters to have opportunity of me, and that he shall well know. A base, proud knave! 'a has forgot how he came up and brought two of his countrymen to give their words to my husband for a suit of green kersey; 'a has forgot all this: and how does he appear to me when his white satin suit's on, but like a maggot crept out of a nutshell—a fair body and a foul neck: those parts that are covered of him look[n] indifferent well, because we cannot see 'em; else, for all his cleansing, pruning, and paring, he's not worthy a broker's daughter; and so tell him.

MOTH. G. I will indeed, forsooth.

THO. And as for my child, I hope she'll be ruled in time, though she be foolish yet, and not

[m] *Thomasine*] Here, and in a subsequent stage-direction, the old eds. designate her "*Quomodoes Wife*," but in all the other stage-directions, and in all the prefixes to her speeches, "*Thomasine*."

[n] *look*] Old eds. "lookes."

be carried away with a cast of manchets,[6] a bottle of wine, or a custard:[7] and so, I pray, certify him.

MOTH. G. I'll do your errand effectually.

THO. Art thou his aunt,[8] or his ——

MOTH. G. Alas, I am a poor drudge of his!

THO. Faith, and[9] thou wert his mother, he would make thee his drudge, I warrant him.

MOTH. G. Marry, out upon him! sir-reverence[10] of your mistress-ship.

THO. Here's somewhat for thy pains: fare thee well. [*Giving money.*

MOTH. G. 'Tis more than he gave me since I came to him. [*Exit.*

Enter QUOMODO *and* SUSAN.

QUO. How now? what prating have we here! whispers! dumbshows! Why, Thomasine, go to my shop is not altogether so dark[1] as some of my neighbours', where a man may be made cuckold at one end, while he's measuring with his yard at t'other.

THO. Only commendations sent from master Lethe, your worshipful son-in-law that should be.

QUO. O, and that you like not! he that can make us rich in custom, strong in friends, happy

[6] *a cast of manchets*] i. e. a couple of small loaves, or rolls of fine white bread. "A cast of hawks" (a not unfrequent expression) occurs in our author's *Spanish Gipsy*, act ii, scene 2.

[7] *a custard*] Appears, from several passages in our old writers, to have been a common love-present.

[8] *aunt*] i. e. procuress—in which sense the word often occurs.

[9] *and*] i. e. if. [10] *sir-reverence*] See note, p. 171.

[1] *my shop is not altogether so dark*, &c.] See note, p. 482.

in suits; bring us into all the rooms a' Sundays, from the leads to the cellar; pop us in with venison till we crack again, and send home the rest in an honourable napkin: this man you like not, forsooth.

Sus. But I like him, father.

Quo. My blessing go with thy liking!

Sus. A number of our citizens hold our credit by't, to come home drunk, and say, we ha' been at court: then how much more credit is't to be drunk there indeed!

Quo. Tut, thy mother's a fool.—Pray, what's master Rearage, whom you plead for so?

Tho. Why, first, he is a gentleman.

Quo. Ay, he's often first a gentleman that's last a beggar.

Sus. My father tells you true: what should I do with a gentleman? I know not which way to lie with him.

Quo. 'Tis true, too. Thou knowest, beside, we undo gentlemen daily.

Tho. That makes so few of 'em marry with our daughters, unless it be one green fool or other. Next, master Rearage has land and living; t'other but his walk i' th' street, and his snatching diet: he's able to entertain you in a fair house of his own; t'other in some nook or corner, or place us behind the cloth,[u] like a company of puppets: at his house you shall be served curiously, sit down and eat your meat with leisure; there we must be glad to take it standing, and without either salt, cloth, or trencher, and say we are befriended too.

Quo. O, that gives a citizen a better appetite than his garden.

[u] *cloth*] i. e. hangings.

Sus. So say I, father; methinks it does me most good when I take it standing: I know not how all women's minds are.

Enter FALSELIGHT.

Quo. Faith, I think they are all of thy mind for that thing.—How now, Falselight?

Fal. I have descried my fellow Shortyard, alias Blastfield, at hand with the gentleman.

Quo. O my sweet Shortyard!—Daughter, get you up to your virginals.[a] [*Exit* SUSAN.]—By your leave, mistress Quomodo ——

Tho. Why, I hope I may sit i' th' shop, may I not?

Quo. That you may, and welcome, sweet honeythigh, but not at this season: there's a buck to be struck.

Tho. Well, since I'm so expressly forbidden, I'll watch above i' th' gallery, but I'll see your knavery. [*Aside, and exit.*

Quo. Be you prepared as I tell you.

Fal. You ne'er feared me. [*Retires.*[b]

Quo. O that sweet, neat, comely, proper, delicate, parcel of land! like a fine gentlewoman i' th' waist, not so great as pretty, pretty; the trees in summer whistling, the silver waters by the banks harmoniously gliding. I should have been a scholar; an excellent place for a student; fit for my son that lately commenced at Cambridge, whom now I have placed at inns of court. Thus we that seldom get lands honestly, must leave our heirs to inherit our knavery: but, whist; one turn about my shop, and meet with 'em.

[a] *virginals*] See note, p. 278.

[b] *Retires*] Old eds. "Exit:" but presently, when called by Quomodo, he replies, "I'm ne'er out a' the shop, sir."

Enter EASY *and* SHORTYARD.

EASY. Is this it, sir?

SHO. Ay; let me see; this is it; sign of Three Knaves; 'tis it.

QUO. Do you hear, sir? what lack you,[x] gentlemen? see good kerseys or broadcloths here; I pray come near—master Blastfield!

SHO. I thought you would know me anon.

Enter THOMASINE *above.*

QUO. You're exceeding welcome to town, sir: your worship must pardon me; 'tis always misty weather in our shops here; we are a nation the sun ne'er shines upon. Came this gentleman with you?

SHO. O, salute him fairly; he's a kind gentleman, a very inward[y] of mine.

QUO. Then I cry you mercy, sir; you're especially welcome.

EASY. I return you thanks, sir.

QUO. But how shall I do for you now, master Blastfield?

SHO. Why, what's the matter?

QUO. It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

SHO. How, master Quomodo? pray, say not so; 'slud, you undo me then.

QUO. Upon my religion, master Blastfield, bonds lie forfeit in my hands; I expect the receipt of a thousand every hour, and cannot yet set eye of a penny.

[x] *what lack you*] Was the constant address of shopkeepers to customers. In 1628, Alexander Gill was brought before the council for saying, among other things, that the king was only fit to stand in a shop and cry *what do you lack?*

[y] *inward*] i. e. intimate acquaintance.

Sno. That's strange, methinks.

Quo. 'Tis mine own pity that plots against me, master Blastfield; they know I have no conscience to take the forfeiture, and that makes 'em so bold with my mercy.

Easy. I am sorry for this.

Quo. Nevertheless, if I might entreat your delay but the age of three days, to express my sorrow now, I would double the sum, and supply you with four or five hundred.

Sno. Let me see; three days?

Quo. Ay, good sir, and[a] it may be possible.

Easy. Do you hear, master Blastfield?

Sno. Hah?

Easy. You know I've already invited all the gallants to sup with me to-night.

Sno. That's true, i'faith.

Easy. 'Twill be my everlasting shame if I have no money to maintain my bounty.

Sno. I ne'er thought upon that.—I looked still when that should come from him. [*Aside.*]—We have strictly examined our expenses; it must not be three days, master Quomodo.

Quo. No? then I'm afraid 'twill be my grief, sir.

Easy. Master Blastfield, I'll tell you what you may do now.

Sno. What, good sweet bedfellow?[a]

Easy. Send to master Gum,[b] or master Profit the mercer and goldsmith.

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

[a] *bedfellow*] It was formerly common for men (even those of the highest rank) to sleep together; and the custom was still prevalent in the time of Cromwell: see the notes of Steevens and Malone on Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. sc. 2, and Clarendon's *Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. vii. p. 34, ed. 1826.

[b] *Gum*] Old eds. here, and afterwards in this scene, "Goome:" but see p. 437.

Sho. Mass, that was well remembered of thee.—I perceive the trout will be a little troublesome ere he be catched. [*Aside.*]—Boy.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here, sir.

Sho. Run to master Gum, or master Profit, and carry my present occasion of money to 'em.

Boy. I run, sir. [*Exit.*

Quo. Methinks, master Blastfield, you might easily attain to the satisfaction of three days: here's a gentleman, your friend, I dare say will see you sufficiently possessed till then.

Easy. Not I, sir, by no means: master Blastfield knows I'm further in want than himself: my hope rests all upon him; it stands upon the loss of my credit to-night, if I walk[c] without money.

Sho. Why, master Quomodo, what a fruitless motion have you put forth! you might well assure yourself this gentleman had it not, if I wanted it: why, our purses are brothers; we desire but equal fortunes: in a word, we're man and wife; they can but lie together, and so do we.

Easy. As near as can be, i'faith.

Sho. And, to say truth, 'tis more for the continuing of this gentleman's credit in town, than any incitement from mine own want only, that I covet to be so immediately furnished: you shall hear him confess as much himself.

Easy. 'Tis most certain, master Quomodo.

Re-enter Boy.

Sho. O, here comes the boy now.—How now, boy? what says master Gum or master Profit?

[c] *walk*] i. e. depart.

Boy. Sir, they're both walked forth this frosty morning to Brainford,[d] to see a nurse-child.

Sho. A bastard be it! spite and shame!

Easy. Nay, never vex yourself, sweet master Blastfield.

Sho. Bewitched, I think.

Quo. Do you hear, sir? you can persuade with him?

Easy. A little, sir.

Quo. Rather than he should be altogether destitute, or be too much a vexation to himself, he shall take up a commodity[e] of cloth of me, tell him.

Easy. Why, la! by my troth, 'twas kindly spoken.

Quo. Two hundred pounds' worth, upon my religion, say.

Sho. So disastrously!

Easy. Nay, master Blastfield, you do not hear what master Quomodo said since, like an honest, true citizen, i'faith; rather than you should grow diseased[f] upon't, you shall take up a commodity of two hundred pounds' worth of cloth.

Sho. The mealy moth consume it! would he ha' me turn pedlar now? what should I do with cloth?

Quo. He's a very wilful gentleman at this time, i'faith: he knows as well what to do with it as I

[d] *Brainford*] A common corruption of Brentford.

[e] *take up a commodity of cloth*] Many passages in our early writers might be cited to shew how common a custom it was for needy gallants to take up *commodities*, i. e. wares which they were to convert into ready money. Brown paper (which Quomodo presently mentions,) was an article frequently taken up; see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act iv. sc. 3; and ginger, pins, packthread, &c. &c., are also found in the strange list of *commodities*.

[f] *grow diseased*] i. e. become uneasy.

myself, i-wis.[g] There's no merchant in town but will be greedy upon't, and pay down money upo' th' nail; they'll despatch it over to Middleburgh presently, and raise double commodity by exchange: if not, you know 'tis term-time, and Michaelmas term too, the drapers' harvest for foot-cloths,[h] riding-suits, walking-suits, chamber-gowns, and hall-gowns.

EASY. Nay, I'll say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

QUO. Nay, take me with you[i] again ere you go, sir: I offer him no trash, tell him, but present money, say: where[j] I know some gentlemen in town ha' been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks' hoods and brown paper.[k]

EASY. O horrible! are there such fools in town?

QUO. I offer him no trash, tell him; upon my religion, you may say.—Now, my sweet Shortyard; now the hungry fish begins to nibble; one end of the worm is in his mouth, i'faith. [*Aside.*

THO. Why stand I here (as late our graceless dames,[l]
That found no eyes), to see that gentleman
Alive, in state and credit, executed,

[g] *i-wis*] i. e. certainly, truly. There can be no doubt that the word is an adverb.

[h] *foot-cloths*] See note, p. 396.

[i] *take me with you*] i. e. understand me fully.

[j] *where*] i. e. whereas.

[k] *brown paper*] See note, p. 450.

[l] *as late our graceless dames*] The allusion here is probably to the execution of Sir Everard Digby, who, for his share in the gunpowder plot, was drawn, hanged, and quartered, at the west end of St. Paul's Church, 30th January, 1606: see Stow's *Annales*, p. 882, ed. 1631.

Help to rip up himself does all he can?
Why am I wife to him that is no man?
I suffer in that gentleman's confusion. [*Aside.*

Easy. Nay, be persuaded in that, master Blastfield; 'tis ready money at the merchant's: beside, the winter season and all falls in as pat as can be to help it.

Sho. Well, master Easy, none but you could have persuaded me to that.—Come, would you would despatch then, master Quomodo: where's this cloth?

Quo. Full and whole within, all of this piece, of my religion, master Blastfield. Feel't; nay, feel't, and spare not, gentlemen, your fingers and your judgment.

Sho. Cloth's good.

Easy. By my troth, exceeding good cloth; a good wale[1] 't'as.

Quo. Falselight.

Fal. I'm ne'er out a' the shop, sir.

Quo. Go, call in a porter presently, to carry away the cloth with the star-mark.—Whither will you please to have it carried, master Blastfield?

Sho. Faith, to master Beggarland, he's the only merchant now; or his brother, master Stilliard-down; there's little difference.

Quo. You've happened upon the money-men, sir; they and some of their brethren, I can tell you, will not stick to offer thirty thousand pound to be cursed still: great monied men, their stocks lie in the poors' throats. But you'll see me sufficiently discharged, master Blastfield, ere you depart?

Sho. You have always found me righteous in that.

[1] *wale*] i. e. texture; properly, the ridge of threads.

Quo. Falselight.

Fal. Sir?

Quo. You may bring a scrivener along with you.

Fal. I'll remember that, sir. [*Exit.*

Quo. Have you sent for a citizen, master Blastfield?

Sho. No, faith, not yet.—Boy.

Easy. What must you do with a citizen, sir?

Sho. A custom they're bound to a' late by the default of evil debtors; no citizen must lend money without two be bound in the bond; the second man enters but for custom sake.

Easy. No? and must he needs be a citizen?

Sho. By th' mass, stay; I'll learn that.—Master Quomodo ——

Quo. Sir?

Sho. Must the second party, that enters into bond only for fashion's sake, needs be a citizen? what say you to this gentleman for one?

Quo. Alas, sir! you know he's a mere stranger to me: I neither am sure of his going or abiding; he may inn here to-night, and ride away to-morrow: although I grant the chief burden lies upon you, yet we are bound to make choice of those we know, sir.

Sho. Why, he's a gentleman of a pretty living, sir.

Quo. It may be so; yet, under both your pardons, I'd rather have a citizen.

Easy. I hope you will not disparage me so: 'tis well known I have three hundred pound a-year in Essex.

Sho. Well said; to him thyself, take him up roundly.

Easy. And how doubtfully soe'er you account

of me, I do not think but I might make my bond pass for a hundred pound i' th' city.

Quo. What, alone, sir?

Easy. Alone, sir? who says so? perhaps I'd send down for a tenant or two.

Quo. Ay, that's another case, sir.

Easy. Another case let it be then.

Quo. Nay, grow not into anger, sir.

Easy. Not take me into a bond! as good as you shall, goodman goosecap.

Quo. Well, master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the gentleman, I'm content for once; but we must not make a practice on't.

Easy. No, sir, now you would, you shall not.

Quo. Cuds me, I'm undone! he's gone again. [*Aside.*

Sho. The net's broke. [*Aside.*

Tho. Hold there, dear gentleman! [*Aside.*

Easy. Deny me that small courtesy! 'S foot, a very Jew will not deny it me.

Sho. Now must I catch him warily. [*Aside.*

Easy. A jest indeed! not take me into a bond, quo'[m] they.

Sho. Master Easy, mark my words: if it stood not upon the eternal loss of thy credit against supper ——

Easy. Mass, that's true.

Sho. The pawning of thy horse for his own victuals ——

Easy. Right, i'faith.

Sho. And thy utter dissolution amongst gentlemen for ever ——

Easy. Pox on't!

[m] *quo'*] i. e. quoth.

SHO. Quomodo should hang, rot, stink ——

QUO. Sweet boy, i'faith! [*Aside.*

SHO. Drop, damn.

QUO. Excellent Shortyard! [*Aside.*

EASY. I forgot all this: what meant I to swagger before I had money in my purse?—How does master Quomodo? is the bond ready?

QUO. O sir!

Enter DUSTBOX.

EASY. Come, we must be friends; here's my hand.

QUO. Give it the scrivener: here he comes.

DUST. Good day, master Quomodo; good morrow, gentlemen.

QUO. We must require a little aid from your pen, good master Dustbox.

DUST. What be the gentlemen's names that are bound, sir?

QUO. [*while* DUSTBOX *writes.*] Master John Blastfield, esquire, i' th' wold[n] of Kent: and—what do they call your bedfellow's[o] name?

SHO. Master Richard Easy; you may easily hit on't.

QUO. Master Richard Easy, of Essex, gentleman, both bound to Ephestian Quomodo, citizen and draper, of London; the sum, two hundred pound.—What time do you take, master Blastfield, for the payment?

SHO. I never pass my month, you know.

QUO. I know it, sir: October sixteenth to-day; sixteenth of November, say.

EASY. Is it your custom to return so soon, sir?

SHO. I never miss you.

[n] *wold*] Old eds. "wilde."
[o] *bedfellow's*] See note, p. 448.

Enter FALSELIGHT, *disguised as a Porter, sweating.*

FAL. I am come for the rest of the same price,[p] master Quomodo.

QUO. Star-mark; this is it: are all the rest gone?

FAL. They're all at master Stilliarddown's by this time.

EASY. How the poor rascal's all in a froth!

SHO. Push,[q] they're ordained to sweat for gentlemen: porters' backs and women's bellies bear up the world.

[*Exit* FALSELIGHT *with the remainder of the cloth.*

EASY. 'Tis true, i'faith; they bear men and money, and that's the world.

SHO. You've found it, sir.

DUST. I'm ready to your hands, gentlemen.

SHO. Come, master Easy.

EASY. I beseech you, sir.

SHO. It shall be yours, I say.

EASY. Nay, pray, master Blastfield.

SHO. I will not, i'faith.

EASY. What do you mean, sir?

SHO. I should shew little bringing up, to take the way of a stranger.

EASY. By my troth, you do yourself wrong though, master Blastfield.

SHO. Not a whit, sir.

EASY. But to avoid strife, you shall have your will of me for once.

SHO. Let it be so, I pray.

QUO. [*while* EASY *signs the bond.*] Now I begin to set one foot upon the land: methinks I am

[p] *price*] Qy. "piece:" see p. 452.
[q] *Push*] See note, p. 29.

felling of trees already: we shall have some Essex logs yet to keep Christmas with,[r] and that's a comfort.

THO. Now is he quartering out; the executioner Strides over him: with his own blood he writes: I am no dame that can endure such sights.

[*Aside, and exit above.*

SHO. So, his right wing is cut; will not fly far Past the two city hazards, Poultry and Wood-street.[s] [*Aside.*

EASY. How like you my Roman hand, i'faith?

DUST. Exceeding well, sir, but that you rest too much upon your R, and make your ease too little.

EASY. I'll mend that presently.

DUST. Nay, 'tis done now, past mending. [SHORT-YARD *signs the bond.*]—You both deliver this to master Quomodo as your deed?

SHO. We do, sir.

QUO. I thank you, gentlemen.

SHO. Would the coin would come away now! we have deserved for't.

Re-enter FALSELIGHT *disguised as before.*[t]

FAL. By your leave a little, gentlemen.

SHO. How now? what's the matter? speak.

FAL. As fast as I can, sir: all the cloth's come back again.

QUO. How?

[r] *logs yet to keep Christmas with*] The bringing in and burning of the log, a huge piece of fire-wood, was (at least in the country) an important ceremony on Christmas eve. It was lighted with a piece of the last year's brand: see the poem entitled *Ceremonies for Christmasse* in Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 309, ed. 1648.

[s] *Poultry and Wood-street*] See note, p. 392.

[t] *before*] Old eds. "*with the clooth*:" but see his first speech as Idem, p. 460.

SHO. What's the news?

FAL. The passage to Middleburgh is stops, and therefore neither master Stilliarddown nor master Beggarhead, nor any other merchant, will deliver present money upon't.

QUO. Why, what hard luck have you, gentlemen? [*Exit* FALSELIGHT.

EASY. Why, master Blastfield!

SHO. Pish!

EASY. You're so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell how to speak to you.

SHO. Why, what would you say?

EASY. We must make somewhat on't now, sir.

SHO. Ay, where? how? the best is, it lies all upon my neck.—Master Quomodo, can you help me to any money for't? speak.

QUO. Troth, master Blastfield, since myself is so unfurnished, I know not the means how: there's one i' th' street, a new setter up; if any lay out money upon't, 'twill be he.

SHO. His name?

QUO. Master Idem: but you know we cannot give but greatly to your loss, because we gain and live by't.

SHO. 'S foot, will he give any thing?

EASY. Ay, stand upon that.

SHO. Will he give any thing? the brokers will give nothing: to no purpose.

QUO. Falselight.

Re-enter FALSELIGHT *above.*

FAL. Over your head, sir.

QUO. Desire master Idem to come presently, and look upo' th' cloth.

FAL. I will, sir. [*Exit above.*

SHO. What if he should offer but a hundred pound?

EASY. If he want twenty on't, let's take it.

SHO. Say you so?

EASY. Master Quomodo, he[t] will have four or five hundred pound for you of his own within three or four days.

Enter THOMASINE.

SHO. 'Tis true, he said so indeed.

EASY. Is that your wife, master Quomodo?

QUO. That's she, little Thomasine.

EASY. Under your leave, sir, I'll shew myself a gentleman.

QUO. Do, and welcome, master Easy.

EASY. I have commission for what I do, lady, from your husband. [*Kisses her.*

THO. You may have a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from myself.

Enter SIM.

EASY. You teach me the best law, lady.

THO. Beshrew my blood, a proper springall[u] and a sweet gentleman. [*Aside, and exit.*

QUO. My son, Sim Quomodo:—here's more work for you, master Easy; you must salute him too,—for he's like to be heir of thy land, I can tell thee. [*Aside.*

SIM. *Vim, vitam, spemque salutem.*

QUO. He shews you there he was a Cambridge man, sir; but now he's a Templar: has he not good grace to make a lawyer?

EASY. A very good grace to make a lawyer.

SHO. For indeed he has no grace at all. [*Aside.*

QUO. Some gave me counsel to make him a divine ——

[t] *he*] i. e. Quomodo: so ed. 1630. First ed. "we."

[u] *a proper springall*] i. e. a handsome youth. Old eds. "*a proper*, springfull."

Easy. Fie, fie.

Quo. But some of our livery think it an unfit thing, that our own sons should tell us of our vices: others to make him a physician; but then, being my heir, I'm afraid he would make me away: now, a lawyer they're all willing to, because 'tis good for our trade, and increaseth the number of cloth gowns; and indeed 'tis the fittest for a citizen's son, for our word is, What do ye lack?[t] and their word is, What do you give?

Easy. Exceeding proper.

Re-enter Falselight *disguised as* Idem.

Quo. Master Idem, welcome.

Fal. I have seen the cloth, sir.

Quo. Very well.

Fal. I am but a young setter up; the uttermost I dare venture upon't is threescore pound.

Sho. What?

Fal. If it be for me so, I am for it; if not, you have your cloth, and I have my money.

Easy. Nay, pray, master Blastfield, refuse not his kind offer.

Sho. A bargain then, master Idem, clap hands.—He's finely cheated! [*Aside.*]—Come, let's all to the next tavern, and see the money paid.

Easy. A match.

Quo. I follow you, gentlemen; take my son along with you. [*Exeunt all but* Quomodo.]—Now to my keys: I'm master Idem, he[u] must fetch the money. First have I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound, and my two hundred pounds' worth a' cloth again for threescore pound. Admire me, all you students at inns of cozenage. [*Exit.*

[t] *What do ye lack*] See note, p. 447.

[u] *he*] i. e. he who.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Country Wench's Lodging.

The Country Wench[x] *discovered, dressed gentlewoman-like, in a new-fashioned gown: the Tailor points*[y] *it; while* MISTRESS COMINGS, *a tirewoman,*[z] *is busy about her head:* HELLGILL *looking on.*

HELL. You talk of an alteration: here's the thing itself. What base birth does not raiment make glorious? and what glorious births do not rags make infamous? Why should not a woman confess what she is now, since the finest are but deluding shadows, begot between tirewomen and tailors? for instance, behold their parents!

MIS. C. Say what you will, this wire becomes you best.—How say you, tailor?

TAI. I promise you 'tis a wire would draw me from my work seven days a-week.

COUN. W. Why, do you work a' Sundays, tailor?

TAI. Hardest of all a' Sundays, because we are most forbidden.

COUN. W. Troth, and so do most of us women; the better day the better deed, we think.

MIS. C. Excellent, exceeding, i'faith! a narrow-eared wire sets out a cheek so fat and so full: and if you be ruled by me, you shall wear your hair still like a mock-face behind: 'tis such an Italian world, many men know not before from behind.

[x] To her speeches in this scene, and in all the subsequent scenes where she appears, is prefixed "*Curt.*" i. e. courtesan; and in the stage-directions after this scene, she is called "*Courtesan*" or "*Harlot.*"

[y] *the tailor points it*] When this play was written, women's gowns were usually made by men.

[z] *tirewoman*] i. e. cap-maker, milliner.

Tai. How like you the sitting of this gown now, mistress Comings?

Mis. C. It sits at marvellous good ease and comely discretion.

Hell. Who would think now this fine sophisticated squal came out of the bosom of a barn, and the loins of a hay-tosser?

Coun. W. Out, you saucy, pestiferous pander! I scorn that, i'faith.

Hell. Excellent! already the true phrase and style of a strumpet. Stay; a little more of the red, and then I take my leave of your cheek for four and twenty hours.—Do you not think it impossible that her own father should know her now, if he saw her?

Coun. W. Why, I think no less: how can he know me, when I scarce know myself?

Hell. 'Tis right.

Coun. W. But so well you lay wait for a man for me!

Hell. I protest I have bestowed much labour about it; and in fit time, good news I hope.

Enter Hellgill's *Servant** *bringing in the Country Wench's Father disguised.*

Ser. I've found one yet at last, in whose preferment I hope to reap credit.

Coun. W. Is that the fellow?

Ser. Lady, it is.

Coun. W. Art thou willing to serve me, fellow?

Fath. So please you, he that has not the heart to serve such a mistress as your beautiful self, deserves to be honoured for a fool, or knighted for a coward.

* *Hellgill's Servant*] Old eds: "One."

COUN. W. There's too many of them already.

FATH. 'Twere sin then to raise the number.

COUN. W. Well, we'll try both our likings for a month, and then either proceed or let fall the suit.

FATH. Be it as you have spoke, but 'tis my hope A longer term.

COUN. W. No, truly; our term ends once a-month: we should get more than the lawyers, for they have but four terms a-year, and we have twelve, and that makes 'em run so fast to us in the vacation.

FATH. A mistress of a choice beauty! Amongst such imperfect creatures I ha' not seen a perfecter. I should have reckoned the fortunes of my daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a service; whereas now I rest doubtful whom or where she serves. [*Aside.*

COUN. W. There's for your bodily advice, tailor; and there's for your head-counsel [*giving money to the Tailor and to* MISTRESS COMINGS]; and I discharge you both till to-morrow morning again.

TAI. At which time our neatest attendance.

MIS. C. I pray, have an especial care, howsoever you stand or lie, that nothing fall upon your hair to batter your wire.

COUN. W. I warrant you for that. [*Exit* MIS. C. *with Tailor.*]—Which gown becomes me best now, the purple satin or this?

HELL. If my opinion might rule over you ——

Enter LETHE, REARAGE, *and* SALEWOOD.

LET. Come, gallants, I'll bring you to a beauty shall strike your eyes into your hearts: what you see, you shall desire, yet never enjoy.

REAR. And that's a villanous torment.

SALE. And is she but your underput, master Lethe?

Let. No more of my credit; and a gentlewoman of a great house, noble parentage, unmatchable education, my plain pung. I may grace her with the name of a courtesan, a backslider, a prostitution or such a toy;[b] but when all comes to all, 'tis but a plain pung. Look you, gentlemen, that's she: behold her!

Coun. W. O my beloved strayer! I consume in thy absence.

Let. La, you now! You shall not say I'll be proud to you, gentlemen; I give you leave to salute her.—I'm afraid of nothing now, but that she'll utterly disgrace 'em, turn tail to 'em, and place their kisses behind her. No, by my faith she deceives me; by my truth, sh'as kissed 'em both with her lips. I thank you for that music masters. 'Slid, they both court her at once; and see, if she ha' not the wit to stand still and let 'em! I think if two men were brewed into one there is that woman would drink 'em up both.

[*Aside.*

Rear. A coxcomb! he a courtier?

Coun. W. He says he has a place there.

Sale. So has the fool, a better place than he and can come where he dare not shew his head.

Let. Nay, hear you me, gentlemen ——

Sale. I protest you were the last man we spoke on: we're a little busy yet; pray, stay there awhile; we'll come to you presently.

Let. This is good, i'faith: endure this, and be a slave for ever! Since you neither savour of good breeding nor bringing up, I'll slice your ham strings, but I'll make you shew mannerly. [*Aside.*—Pox on you, leave courting: I ha' not the heart to hurt an Englishman, i'faith, or else ——

[b] *toy*] See note, p. 378.

SALE. What else?

LET. Prithee, let's be merry; nothing else.—Here, fetch some wine.

COUN. W. Let my servant go for't.

LET. Yours? which is he?

FATH.[c] This, sir.—But I scarce like my mistress now: the loins can ne'er be safe where the flies be so busy.

Wit, by experience bought, foils wit at school:
Who proves a deeper knave than a spent fool?
[*Aside.*

I am gone for your worship's wine, sir. [*Exit.*

HELL. Sir, you put up too much indignity; bring company to cut your own throat. The fire is not yet so hot, that you need two screens before it; 'tis but new kindled yet: if 'twere risse[d] to a flame, I could not blame you then to put others before you; but, alas, all the heat yet is comfortable; a cherisher, not a defacer!

LET. Prithee, let 'em alone; they'll be ashamed on't anon, I trow, if they have any grace in 'em.

HELL. I'd fain have him quarrel, fight, and be assuredly killed, that I might beg his place, for there's ne'er a one void yet. [*Aside.*

Enter SHORTYARD *and* EASY.

COUN. W. You'll make him mad anon.

SALE. 'Tis to that end.

SHO. Yet at last master Quomodo is as firm as his promise.

EASY. Did I not tell you still he would?

SHO. Let me see; I am seven hundred pound in bond now to the rascal.

[c] *Fath.*] Old eds. "Sho."

[d] *risse*] i. e. risen.—Ed. 1630, "rissen:" but the other form frequently occurs.

EAST. Nay, you're no less, master Blastfield: [illegible] By my troth, I must needs confess, sir, you [illegible] uncommonly kind to me since I [illegible] [illegible] but master Alsup shall know on't.

SHO. That's my ambition, sir.

EAST. I beseech you, sir,—

STAY. [illegible] Lethe's [illegible]: see, we have catch'd him.

LET. Master Blastfield and master Easy? you're kind gentlemen both.

SHO. Is that the beauty you famed so?

LET. The same.

SHO. Who be those so industrious about her?

LET. Rearage and Salewood: I'll tell you the unmannerliest trick of 'em that ever you heard in your life.

SHO. Prithee, what's that?

LET. I invited 'em hither to look upon her: brought 'em along with me; gave 'em leave to salute her in kindness: what do they but mos saucily fall in love with her, very impudently cour her for themselves, and, like two crafty attorneys finding a hole in my lease, go about to defeat m of my right?

SHO. Ha' they so little conscience?

LET. The most uncivilest part that you hav seen! I know they'll be sorry for't when the have done; for there's no man but gives a sig after his sin of women; I know it by myself.

SHO. You parcel of a rude, saucy, and unman nerly nation ——

LET. One good thing in him, he'll tell 'em on roundly. [*Asid*

SHO. Cannot a gentleman purchase a little fire t thaw his appetite by, but must you, that have bee daily singed in the flame, be as greedy to beguil

him on't? How can it appear in you but maliciously, and that you go about to engross hell to yourselves? heaven forbid that you should not suffer a stranger to come in! the devil himself is not so unmannerly. I do not think but some of them rather will be wise enough to beg offices there before you, and keep you out; marry, all the spite will be, they cannot sell 'em again.

EASY. Come, are you not to blame? not to give place,—
To us, I mean.

LET. A worse and[e] worse disgrace!

COUN. W. Nay, gentlemen, you wrong us both then: stand from me; I protest I'll draw my silver bodkin upon you.

SHO. Clubs, clubs![f]—Gentlemen, stand upon your guard.

COUN. W. A gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then, I perceive; there would be no civility in her chamber else. Though it be my hard fortune to have my keeper there a coward, the thing that's kept is a gentlewoman born.

SHO. And, to conclude, a coward, infallible of your side: why do you think, i'faith, I took you to be a coward? do I think you'll turn your back to any man living? you'll be whipt first.

EASY. And then indeed she turns her back to some man living.

SHO. But that man shews himself a knave, for he dares not shew his own face when he does it; for some of the common council in Henry the Eighth's days thought it modesty at that time that one vizzard should look upon another.

[e] *and*] Old eds. "*and* a."

[f] *Clubs, clubs*] Was the cry which called forth the London apprentices when any fray arose.

EASY. 'Twas honestly considered of 'em, i'faith.

Enter MOTHER GRUEL.

SHO. How now? what piece of stuff comes here?

LET. Now, some good news yet to recover my repute, and grace me in this company. [*Aside.*] —Gentlemen, are we friends among ourselves?

SHO. United.

Re-enter Father with wine.

LET. Then here comes Rhenish to confirm our amity.—Wagtail, salute them all; they are friends.

COUN. W. Then, saving my quarrel, to you all.

SHO. To's all. [*They drink.*

COUN. W. Now beshrew your hearts, and[8] you do not.

SHO. To sweet master Lethe.

LET. Let it flow this way, dear master Blast-

REAR. And not for love?—This makes for me his rival:
Bear witness. [*To* SALEWOOD.

LET. The father does elect me for the man,
The daughter says the same.

SHO. Are you not well?

LET. Yes, all but for the mother; she's my sickness.

SHO. Byrlady,[h] and the mother[i] is a pestilent, wilful, troublesome sickness, I can tell you, if she light upon you handsomely.

LET. I find it so: she for a stranger pleads,
Whose name I ha' not learn'd.

REAR. And e'en now he called me by it. [*Aside.*

LET. Now, as my letter told her, since only her consent kept aloof off,[j] what might I think on't but that she merely[k] doted upon me herself?

SHO. Very assuredly.

SALE. This makes still for you.

SHO. Did you let it go so, i'faith?

LET. You may believe it, sir.—Now, what says her answer?

SHO. Ay, her answer.

MOTH. G. She says you're a base, proud knave, and[l] like your worship.

LET. How!

SHO. Nay, hear out her answer, or there's no goodness in you.

MOTH. G. You ha' forgot, she says, in what pickle your worship came up, and brought two of your friends to give their words for a suit of green kersey.

[h] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 365.
[i] *mother*] See note, p. 186.
[j] *aloof off*] See note, p. 427.
[k] *merely*] i. e. absolutely.
[l] *and*] i. e. if.

LET. Drudge, peace, or ——

SHO. Shew yourself a gentleman: she had the patience to read your letter, which was as bad as this can be: what will she think on't? not hear her answer!—Speak, good his drudge.

MOTH. G. And as for her daughter, she hopes she'll be ruled by her in time, and not be carried away with a cast of manchets,[m] a bottle of wine, and a custard; which once made her daughter sick, because you came by it with a bad conscience.

LET. Gentlemen, I'm all in a sweat.

SHO. That's very wholesome for your body: nay you must keep in your arms.

MOTH. G. Then she demanded of me whether I was your worship's aunt[n] or no?

LET. Out, out, out!

MOTH. G. Alas, said I, I am a poor drudge o his! Faith, and[o] thou wert his mother, quoth she he'd make thee his drudge, I warrant him. Marry out upon him, quoth I, an't like your worship.

LET. Horror, horror! I'm smothered: let m go; torment me not. [*Exit*

SHO. And[p] you love me, let's follow him, gen tlemen.

REAR. *and* SALE. Agreed. [*Exeunt*

SHO. I count a hundred pound well spent t pursue a good jest, master Easy.

EASY. By my troth, I begin to bear that min too.

SHO. Well said, i'faith: hang money! good jest are worth silver at all times.

[m] *cast of manchets*, &c.] See notes, p. 444.
[n] *aunt*] See note, p. 444.
[o] *and*] i. e. if.
[p] *and*] i. e. if.

EASY. They're worth gold, master Blastfield.

[*Exeunt all except Country Wench and her Father.*

COUN. W. Do you deceive me so? Are you toward marriage, i'faith, master Lethe? it shall go hard but I'll forbid the banes:[q] I'll send a messenger into your bones, another into your purse, but I'll do't. [*Exit.*

FA. Thou fair and wicked creature, steept in art!
Beauteous and fresh, the soul the foulest part.
A common filth is like a house possest,
Where, if not spoil'd, you'll come out 'fraid at least.
This service likes[r] not me: though I rest poor,
I hate the basest use to screen a whore.
The human stroke ne'er made him; he that can
Be bawd to woman never leapt from man;
Some monster won his mother.
I wish'd my poor child hither; doubled wrong!
A month and such a mistress were too long.
Yet here awhile in others' lives I'll see
How former follies did appear in me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter EASY *and Boy.*

EASY. Boy.

BOY. Anon, sir.

EASY. Where left you master Blastfield, your master, say you?

[q] *banes*] i. e. bans.

"Whenere my heart Love's warmth but entertaines,
O Frost! O Snow! O Haile forbid the *Banes*."

HERRICK's *Hesperides*, p. 42. ed. 1648.

[r] *likes*] i. e. pleases.

Boy. An hour since I left him in Paul's,[s] sir :— but you'll not find him the same man again nex time you meet him. [*Aside*

Easy. Methinks I have no being without hi company; 'tis so full of kindness and delight: hold him to be the only companion in earth.

Boy. Ay, as companions go now-a-days, tha help to spend a man's money. [*Aside*

Easy. So full of nimble wit, various discours pregnant apprehension, and uncommon entertain ment! he might keep company with any lord fr his grace.

Boy. Ay, with any lord that were past it. [*Aside*

Easy. And such a good, free-hearted, hones affable kind of gentleman.—Come, boy, a heavine will possess me till I see him. [*Ex*

Boy. But you'll find yourself heavier then, by seven hundred pound weight. Alas, poor bir that cannot keep the sweet country, where they f at pleasure, but must needs come to London have their wings clipt, and are fain to go hoppin home again! [*Ex*

SCENE III.

A Street near St. Paul's.

Enter Shortyard *and* Falselight *disguised as a Sergeant and a Yeoman.*

Sho. So, no man is so impudent to deny tha spirits[t] can change their shapes, and soonest of into sergeants, because they are cousin-germans spirits; for there's but two kind of arrests

[s] *in Paul's*] See note, p. 418.
[t] *spirits*] See note, p. 421.

doomsday,—the devil for the soul, the sergeant for the body; but afterward the devil arrests body and soul, sergeant and all, if they be knaves still and deserve it. Now, my yeoman Falselight.

FAL. I attend you, good sergeant Shortyard.

SHO. No more master Blastfield now. Poor Easy, hardly beset!

FAL. But how if he should go to prison? we're in a mad state then, being not sergeants.

SHO. Never let it come near thy belief that he'll take prison, or stand out in law, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of master Blastfield, kind master Blastfield, worshipful master Blastfield; and at the last ——.

BOY [*within*]. Master Shortyard, master Falselight!

SHO. The boy? a warning-piece.[u] See where he comes.

Enter EASY *and Boy.*

EASY. Is not in Paul's.

BOY. He is not far off sure, sir.

EASY. When was his hour, sayst thou?

BOY. Two, sir.

EASY. Why, two has struck.

BOY. No, sir, they are now a-striking.

SHO. Master Richard Easy of Essex, we arrest you.

EASY. Hah?

BOY. Alas, a surgeon! he's hurt i' th' shoulder. [*Exit.*

SHO. Deliver your weapons quietly, sir.

EASY. Why, what's the matter?

[u] *a warning-piece*] So old eds.: but qy. "a warning: peace!"

Sno. You're arrested at the suit of master Quomodo.

Easy. Master Quomodo?

Sno. How strange you make it! You're a landed gentleman, sir, I know;[v] 'tis but a trifle, a bond of seven hundred pound.

Easy. La, I knew[w] you had mistook; you should arrest
One master Blastfield; 'tis his bond, his debt.

Sno. Is not your name there?

Easy. True, for fashion's sake.

Sno. Why, and 'tis for fashion's sake that we arrest you.

Easy. Nay, and[x] it be no more, I yield to that. I know master Blastfield will see me take no injury as long as I'm in town, for master Alsup's sake.

Sno. Who's that, sir?

Easy. An honest gentleman in Essex.

Sno. O, in Essex? I thought you had been in London, where now your business lies: honest from Essex will be a great while a-coming, sir; you should look out an honest pair of citizens.

Easy. Alas, sir, I know not where to find 'em!

Sno. No? there's enow in town.

Easy. I know not one, by my troth; I am a mere stranger for these parts: master Quomodo is all, and the honestest that I know.

Sno. To him then let's set forward.—Yeoman Spiderman, cast an eye about for master Blastfield.

Easy. Boy.—Alas, the poor boy was frighted away at first!

[v] *know*] So ed. 1630.—First ed. "knew."
[w] *knew*] Old eds. "know."
[x] *and*] i. e. if.

Sho. Can you blame him, sir? we that daily fray away knights, may fright away boys, I hope.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Quomodo's *Shop.*

Enter Quomodo *and Boy;* Thomasine *watching above.*

Quo. Ha! have they him, sayst thou?
Boy. As sure as ——
Quo. The land's mine: that's sure enough, boy.
Let me advance thee, knave, and give thee a kiss:
My plot's so firm, I dare it now to miss.
Now shall I be divulg'd a landed man
Throughout the livery: one points, another whispers,
A third frets inwardly; let him fret and hang!
Especially his envy I shall have
That would be fain, yet cannot be a knave;
Like an old lecher[y] girt in a[z] furr'd gown,
Whose mind stands stiff, but his performance down.
Now come my golden days in. Whither is the worshipful master Quomodo and his fair bedfellow rid forth? To his land in Essex. Whence come[a] those goodly load[s] of logs? From his land in Essex. Where grows this pleasant fruit, says one citizen's wife in the row? At master Quomodo's orchard in Essex. O, O, does it so? I thank you for that good news, i'faith.
Boy. Here they come with him, sir. [*Exit.*
Quo. Grant me patience in my joys, that being so great, I run not mad with 'em!

[y] *lecher*] Old eds. "leather."
[z] *a*] So ed. 1630. Not in first ed.
[a] *come*] Old eds. "comes."

Enter SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as before, bringing in* EASY.

SHO. Bless master Quomodo!

QUO. How now, sergeants? who ha' you brought me here?—Master Easy!

EASY. Why, la you now, sergeants; did I not tell you you mistook?

QUO. Did you not hear me say, I had rather ha' had master Blastfield, the more sufficient man a great deal?

SHO. Very true, sir; but this gentleman lighting into our hands first ——

QUO. Why did you so, sir?

SHO. We thought good to make use of that opportunity, and hold him fast.

QUO. You did well in that, I must needs say, for your own securities: but 'twas not my mind, master Easy, to have you first; you must needs think so.

EASY. I dare swear that, master Quomodo.

QUO. But since you are come to me, I have no reason to refuse you; I should shew little manners in that, sir.

EASY. But I hope you spake not in that sense, sir, to impose the bond upon me?

QUO. By my troth, that's my meaning, sir; you shall find me an honest man; you see I mean what I say. Is not the day past, the money untendered? you'd ha' me live uprightly, master Easy?

EASY. Why, sir, you know master Blastfield is the man

QUO. Why, sir, I know master Blastfield is the [illegible] but is he any more than one man? Two [illegible] more bond to me, or I'm foully cozened.

[illegible] You know my entrance was but for [illegible] sake

Quo. Why, I'll agree to you: you'll grant 'tis the fashion likewise, when the bond's due, to have the money paid again.

Sho. So we told him, sir, and that it lay in your worship's courtesy to arrest which you please.

Quo. Marry, does it, sir—these fellows know the law—beside, you offered yourself into bond to me, you know, when I had no stomach to you: now beshrew your heart for your labour! I might ha' had a good substantial citizen, that would ha' paid the sum roundly, although I think you sufficient enough for seven hundred pound: beside the forfeiture, I would be loath to disgrace you so much before sergeants.

Easy. If you would ha' the patience, sir, I do not think but master Blastfield is at carrier's to receive the money.

Quo. He will prove the honester man then, and you the better discharged. I wonder he should break with me; 'twas never his practice. You must not be angry with me now, though you were somewhat hot when you entered into bond; you may easily go in angrily, but you cannot come out so.

Easy. No, the devil's in't for that!

Sho. Do you hear, sir? a' my troth, we pity you: ha' you any store of crowns about you?

Easy. Faith, a poor store; yet they shall be at their service that will strive to do me good.—We were both drunk last night, and ne'er thought upon the bond. [*Aside.*

Sho. I must tell you this, you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very gull a' the city: should you offer him money, goods, or lands now, he'd rather have your body in prison, he's a' such a nature.

Easy. Prison! we're undone then!

Sho. He's a' such a nature, look; let him owe any man a spite, what's his course? he will lend him money to-day, a' purpose to 'rest him to-morrow.

Easy. Defend me!

Sho. Has at least sixteen at this instant proceeded in both the counters;[a] some bachelors,[b] some masters, some doctors of captivity of twenty years' standing; and he desires nothing more than imprisonment.

Easy. Would master Blastfield would come away!

Sho. Ay, then things would not be as they are. What will you say to us, if we procure you two substantial subsidy citizens to bail you, spite on's heart, and set you at liberty to find out master Blastfield?

Easy. Sergeant, here, take all; I'll be dear to you, do but perform it.

Sho. Much![c]

Fal.[d] Enough, sweet sergeant; I hope I understand thee.

Sho. I love to prevent the malice of such a rascal; perhaps you might find master Blastfield to-night.

Easy. Why, we lie together, man; there's the jest on't.

Sho. Fie: and you'll seek to secure your bail, because they will be two citizens of good account, you must do that for your credit sake.

Easy. I'll be bound to save them harmless.

[a] *proceeded in both the counters*] See note, p. 392.
[b] *bachelors*] So ed. 1630.—First ed. "batchler."
[c] *Much*] See note, p. 257.
[d] *Fal.*] Qy. *Easy?*

Sho. A pox on him, you cut his throat then: no words.

Easy. What's it you require me, master Quomodo?

Quo. You know that before this time, I hope, sir; present money, or present imprisonment.

Sho. I told you so.

Easy. We ne'er had money of you.

Quo. You had commodities, an't please you.

Easy. Well, may I not crave so much liberty upon my word, to seek out master Blastfield?

Quo. Yes, and[d] you would not laugh at me: we are sometimes gulls to gentlemen, I thank 'em; but gentlemen are never gulls to us, I commend 'em.

Sho. Under your leave, master Quomodo, the gentleman craves the furtherance of an hour; and it sorts well with our occasion at this time, having a little urgent business at Guildhall; at which minute we'll return, and see what agreement is made.

Quo. Nay, take him along with you, sergeant.

Easy. I'm undone then!

Sho. He's your prisoner; and being safe in your house at your own disposing, you cannot deny him such a request: beside, he hath a little faith in master Blastfield's coming, sir.

Quo. Let me not be too long delayed, I charge you.

Easy.[e] Not an hour, i'faith, sir.

[*Exeunt* Shortyard *and* Falselight.

Quo. O master Easy, of all men living I never dreamed you would ha' done me this injury! make me wound my credit, fail in my commodities, bring[f]

[d] *and*] i. e. if. [e] *Easy*] Qy. *Fal.*?
[f] *bring*] So ed. 1630.—First ed. "ring."

my state [illegible] for the breaking of your day to me [illegible] my day to others.

EASY. [illegible] of that still which is no fault of [illegible] master Quomodo.

QUO. O what's a man but his honesty, master Easy? and that's a fault amongst most of us all. Mark [illegible]. I'll give you good counsel now. As often as you give your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, and take the charge on't, too: for as the one, the bigger it grows, the more cost it requires, so the other, the longer it lies, the more charges it puts you to. Only here's the difference: a child must be broke, and a bond must not: the more you break children, the more you keep 'em under; but the more you break bonds, the more they'll leap in your face; and therefore, to conclude, I would never undertake to be gossip[1] to that bond which I would not see well brought up.

EASY. Say you so, sir? I'll think upon your counsel hereafter for't.

QUO. Ah fool, thou shouldest ne'er ha' tasted such wit, but that I know 'tis too late! [Aside

THO. The more I grieve. [Aside

QUO. To put all this into the compass of a little hoop-ring,—

Make this account, come better days or worse,
So many bonds abroad, so many boys at nurse.

EASY. A good medicine for a short memory but since you have entered so far, whose childre are desperate debts, I pray?

QUO. Faith, they are like the offsprings of stole lust, put to the hospital: their fathers are not t be found; they are either too far abroad, or to close within: and thus for your memory's sake,—

[1] *gossip*] i. e. sponsor.

The desperate debtor hence derives his name,
One that has neither money, land, nor fame;
All that he makes prove bastards, and not bands:[g]
But such as yours at first are born to lands.

EASY. But all that I beget hereafter I'll soon disinherit, master Quomodo.

QUO. In the meantime, here's a shrewd knave will disinherit you. [*Aside.*

EASY. Well, to put you out of all doubt, master Quomodo, I'll not trust to your courtesy; I ha' sent for bail.

QUO. How? you've cozened me there, i'faith!

EASY. Since the worst comes to the worst, I have those friends i' th' city, I hope, that will not suffer me to lie for seven hundred pound.

QUO. And you told me you had no friends here at all: how should a man trust you now?

EASY. That was but to try your courtesy, master Quomodo.

QUO. How unconscionably he gulls himself! [*Aside.*]—They must be wealthy subsidy-men, sir, at least forty pound i' th' king's books, I can tell you, that do such a feat for you.

Re-enter SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT, *disguised as wealthy citizens in satin suits.*

EASY. Here they come, whatsoe'er they are.

QUO. Byrlady,[h] alderman's deputies!—I am very sorry for you, sir; I cannot refuse such men.

SHO. Are you the gentleman in distress?

EASY. None more than myself, sir.

QUO. He speaks truer than he thinks; for if he

[g] *bands*] Old eds. "bonds:" the words were formerly used indiscriminately: see note, p. 245.

[h] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 365.

knew the hearts that owe[1] those faces! A dark shop's good for somewhat.[2] [*Aside.*

Easy. That was all, sir.

Sho. And that's enough; for by that means you have made yourself liable to the bond, as well as that Basefield.

Easy. Blastfield, sir.

Sho. O, cry you mercy; 'tis Blastfield indeed.

Easy. But, under both your worships' favours, I know where to find him presently.

Sho. That's all your refuge.

Re-enter Boy.

Boy. News, good news, master Easy!

Easy. What, boy?

Boy. Master Blastfield, my master, has received a thousand pound, and will be at his lodging at supper.

Easy. Happy news! Hear you that, master Quomodo?

Quo. 'Tis enough for you to hear that; you're the fortunate man, sir.

Easy. Not now, I beseech your good worships.

Sho. Gentleman, what's your t'other name?

Easy. Easy.

Sho. O, master Easy. I would we could rather pleasure you otherwise, master Easy; you should soon perceive it. I'll speak a proud word: we have pitied more gentlemen in distress than any two citizens within the freedom; but to be bail to

[1] *owe*] i. e. own.

[2] *a dark shop's good for somewhat*] The city tradesmen were frequently twitted about the darkness of their shops. "What should the city do with honesty? . . . . Why are your wares gumm'd; *your shops dark*," &c.—Brome's *City Wit*, act i. sc. 1. (*Five New Plays*, 1653.)

seven hundred pound action is a matter of shrewd weight.

EASY. I'll be bound to secure you.

SHO. Tut, what's your bond, sir?

EASY. Body, goods, and lands, immediately before master Quomodo.

SHO. Shall we venture once again, that have been so often undone by gentlemen?

FAL. I have no great stomach to't; it will appear in us more pity than wisdom.

EASY. Why should you say so, sir?

SHO. I like the gentleman's face well; he does not look as if he would deceive us.

EASY. O, not I, sir!

SHO. Come, we'll make a desperate voyage once again; we'll try his honesty, and take his single bond, of body, goods, and lands.

EASY. I dearly thank you, sir.

SHO. Master Quomodo ——

QUO. Your worships.

SHO. We have took a course to set your prisoner free.

QUO. Your worships are good bail; you content me.

SHO. Come, then, and be a witness to a recullisance.[k]

QUO. With all my heart, sir.

SHO. Master Easy, you must have an especial care now to find out that Blastfield.

EASY. I shall have him at my lodging, sir.

SHO. The suit will be followed against you else; master Quomodo will come upon us, and forsake you.

[k] *recullisance*] i. e. (I suppose) recognisance: *cullisen* frequently occurs as a corruption of *cognisance*: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 36.

EAST. I know that, sir.

SIM. Well, since I see you have such a good mind to be honest, I'll leave some greater affairs, and sweat with you to find him myself.

EAST. Here then my misery ends:
A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's.
[*Exeunt.*

THEO. Thou art deceiv'd; thy misery but begins:
To beguile goodness is the cure of sins.
My love is such unto thee, that I die
As often as thou drink'st up injury;
Yet have *no* means to warn thee from't, for he
That sows in craft does reap in jealousy.
[*Exit above.*

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter REARAGE *and* SALEWOOD.

REAR. Now the letter's made up and all; it wants but the print of a seal, and away it goes to master Quomodo. Andrew Lethe is well whipt in't; his name stands in a white sheet here, and does penance for him.

SALE. You have shame enough against him, if that be good.

REAR. First, as a contempt of that reverend ceremony he has in hand, to wit, marriage.

SALE. Why do you say, to wit, marriage, when you know there's none will marry that's wise?

REAR. Had it not more need then to have wit to put to't, if it be grown to a folly?

SALE. You've won; I'll give't you.

REAR. 'Tis no thanks now: but, as I was saying, as a foul contempt to that sacred ceremony, he most audaciously keeps a drab in town, and, to

be free from the interruption of blue beadles[k] and other bawdy officers, he most politicly lodges her in a constable's house.

SALE. That's a pretty point, i'faith.

REAR. And so the watch, that should fetch her out, are her chiefest guard to keep her in.

SALE. It must needs be; for look, how the constable plays his conscience, the watchmen will follow the suit.

REAR. Why, well then.

Enter EASY, *and* SHORTYARD *disguised as before.*[l]

EASY. All night from me? he's hurt, he's made away!

SHO. Where shall we seek him now? you lead me fair jaunts, sir.

EASY. Pray, keep a little patience, sir; I shall find him at last, you shall see.

SHO. A citizen of my ease and substance to walk so long a-foot!

EASY. You should ha' had my horse, but that he has eaten out his head, sir.

SHO. How? would you had me hold him by the tail, sir, then?

EASY. Manners forbid! 'tis no part of my meaning, sir. O, here's master Rearage and master Salewood: now we shall hear of him presently. —Gentlemen both.

SALE. Master Easy? how fare you, sir?

[k] *blue beadles*] The dress formerly worn by beadles was blue: so Taylor, the water-poet;

> "The very *blue-coate Beadles* get their trash
> By whips and rods, and the fine firking lash."
> *Anagrams and Satyrs*, p. 254—*Workes*, 1630.

[l] *as before*] See p. 481.

EAST. Very well in health. Did you see master Blastfield this morning?

SALE. I was about to move it to you.

REAR. We were all three in a mind then.

SALE. I ha' not set eye on him these two days.

REAR. I wonder he keeps so long from us, i'faith.

EAST. I begin to be sick.

SALE. Why, what's the matter?

EAST. Nothing in troth, but a great desire I had to have seen him.

REAR. I wonder you should miss on't lately; you're his bedfellow.[m]

EAST. I lay alone to-night, i'faith, I do not know how. O, here comes master Lethe; he can despatch me.—

Enter LETHE.

Master Lethe.

LET. What's your name, sir? O, cry you mercy, master Easy.

EAST. When parted you from master Blastfield, sir?

LET. Blastfield's an ass: I have sought him these two days to beat him.

EAST. Yourself all alone, sir?

LET. Ay, and three more. [*Exit.*

SHO. I am glad I am where I am, then; I perceive 'twas time of all hands. [*Aside.*

REAR. Content, i'faith; let's trace him.

[*Exit with* SALEWOOD.

SHO. What, have you found him yet? neither? what's to be done now? I'll venture my body no further for any gentleman's pleasure: I know not

[m] *bedfellow*] See note, p. 448.

how soon I may be called upon, and now to overheat myself ——

EASY. I'm undone!

SHO. This is you that slept with him! you can make fools of us; but I'll turn you over to Quomodo for't.

EASY. Good sir ——

SHO. I'll prevent mine own danger.

EASY. I beseech you, sir ——

SHO. Though I love gentlemen well, I do not mean to be undone for 'em.

EASY. Pray, sir, let me request you, sir; sweet sir, I beseech you, sir —— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

QUOMODO'S *Shop.*

Enter QUOMODO, SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *disguised as before,*[n] *after whom* EASY *follows hard.*

SHO. Made fools of us! not to be found!

QUO. What, what?

EASY. Do not undo me quite, though, master Quomodo.

QUO. You're very welcome, master Easy: I ha' nothing to say to you; I'll not touch you; you may go when you please; I have good bail here, I thank their worships.

EASY. What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

SHO. Gentlemen! 'slid, they were born to undo us, I think: but, for my part, I'll make an oath

[n] *disguised as before*] See p. 481.—Old eds. "*his disguised spirits*:" see note, p. 421.

before master Quomodo here, ne'er to do gentl
men good while I live.

Fast. I'll not be long behind you.

Sun. Away! if you had any grace in you, y
would be ashamed to look us i' th' face, i-wis:[o]
wonder with what brow you can come amongst u
I should seek my fortunes far enough, if I we
you; and neither return to Essex, to be a shame
my predecessors, nor remain about London, to
a mock to my successors.

Quo. Subtle Shortyard! [*Asid*

Sun. Here are his lands forfeited to us, mast
Quomodo; and to avoid the inconscionable troub
of law, all the assurance he made to us we willing
resign to you.

Quo. What shall I do with rubbish? give
money: 'tis for your worships to have land, th
keep great houses; I should be hoisted.

Sun. But, master Quomodo, if you would b
conceive it aright, the land would fall fitter to y
than to us.

Easy. Curtsying about my land! [*Asid*

Sun. You have a towardly son and heir, as
hear.

Quo. I must needs say, he is a Templar indee

Sun. We have neither posterity in town, n
hope for any abroad: we have wives, but t
marks have been out of their mouths these twen
years; and, as it appears, they did little go
when they were in. We could not stand about
sir; to get riches and children too, 'tis more th
one man can do: and I am of those citizens' min
that say, let our wives make shift for childr
and[p] they will, they get none of us; and I cann

[o] *i-wis*] See note, p. 451. [p] *and*] i. e. if.

think, but he that has both much wealth and many children has had more helps coming in than himself.

Quo. I am not a bow wide[q] of your mind, sir: and for the thrifty and covetous hopes I have in my son and heir, Sim Quomodo, that he will never trust his land in wax and parchment, as many gentlemen have done before him ——

Easy. A by-blow for me. [*Aside.*

Enter Thomasine.

Quo. I will honestly discharge you, and receive it in due form and order of law, to strengthen it for ever to my son and heir, that he may undoubtedly enter upon't without the let[r] or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoever.

Sho. 'Tis so assured unto you.

Quo. Why, then, master Easy, you're a free man, sir; you may deal in what you please, and go whither you will.—Why, Thomasine, master Easy is come from Essex; bid him welcome in a cup of small beer.

Tho. Not only vild,[s] but in it tyrannous. [*Aside.*

Quo. If it please you, sir, you know the house; you may visit us often, and dine with us once a-quarter.

Easy. Confusion light on you, your wealth, and heir!
Worm gnaw your conscience as the moth your ware!
I am not the first heir that robb'd or begg'd. [*Exit.*

Quo. Excellent, excellent, sweet spirits![t]

[*Exit* Thomasine.

[q] *a bow wide*] A term in archery—when the arrow flew a bow-length wide (on one side or other) of the mark.

[r] *let*] i. e. hinderance.

[s] *vild*] See note, p. 94.

[t] *spirits*] See note, p. 421.

Sho. Landed master Quomodo!

Quo. Delicate Shortyard, commodious Falselight,
Hug and away, shift, shift:
'Tis slight,[u] not strength, that gives the greatest lift.
[*Exeunt* Shortyard *and* Falselight.
Now my desires are full,—for this time.
Men may have cormorant wishes, but, alas,
A little thing, three hundred pound a-year,
Suffices nature, keeps life and soul together!
I'll have 'em lopt[v] immediately; I long
To warm myself by th' wood.
A fine journey in the Whitsun holydays, i'faith, to ride down with a number of citizens and their wives, some upon pillions, some upon side-saddles, I and little Thomasine i' th' middle, our son and heir, Sim Quomodo, in a peach-colour taffeta jacket, some horse-length, or a long yard before us;—there will be a fine show on's, I can tell you;—where we citizens will laugh and lie down,[w] get all our wives with child against a bank, and get up again. Stay; hah! hast thou that wit, i'faith? 'twill be admirable: to see how the very thought of green fields puts a man into sweet inventions! I will presently possess Sim Quomodo of all the land; I have a toy[x] and I'll do't: and because I see before mine eyes that most of our heirs prove notorious rioters after our deaths, and that cozenage in the father wheels about to folly in the son, our posterity commonly foiled at the same weapon at which we played rarely; and being the world's

[u] *slight*] See note, p. 441.

[v] *I'll have 'em lopt*, &c.] Something seems to have dropt out before these words.

[w] *laugh and lie down*] See note, p. 269.

[x] *toy*] See note, p. 378.

beaten[y] word,—what's got over the devil's back (that's by knavery) must be spent under his belly (that's by lechery): being awake in these knowings, why should not I oppose 'em now, and break Destiny of her custom, preventing that by policy, which without it must needs be destiny? And I have took the course: I will forthwith sicken, call for my keys, make my will, and dispose of all; give my son this blessing, that he trust no man, keep his hand from a quean and a scrivener, live in his father's faith, and do good to nobody: then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide conscience, and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life that which I know I shall do when I die; take on[z] for my gold, my lands, and my writings, grow worse and worse, call upon the devil, and so make an end. By this time I have indented with a couple of searchers,[a] who, to uphold my device, shall fray them out a' th' chamber with report of sickness; and so, la, I start up, and recover again! for in this business I will trust, no, not my spirits,[b] Falselight and Shortyard, but, in disguise, note the condition of all; how pitiful my wife takes my death, which will appear by November in her eye, and the fall of the leaf in her body, but especially by the cost she bestows upon my funeral, there shall I try her love and regard; my daughter's marrying to my will and liking; and my son's affection after my disposing: for, to conclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to know what would become of it after my decease. [*Exit.*

[y] *beaten*] i. e. trite.

[z] *take on*] i. e. grieve bitterly.

[a] *searchers*] i. e. persons appointed officially to examine bodies, and report the cause of death.

[b] *spirits*] See note, p. 421.

SCENE II.

The Country Wench's Lodging.

Enter Country Wench and Father.

Fa. Though I be poor, 'tis my glory to live honest.

Coun. W. I prithee, do not leave me.

Fa. To be bawd!
Hell has not such an office.
I thought at first your mind had been preserv'd
In virtue and in modesty of blood;
That such a face had not been made to please
Th' unsettled appetites of several men;
Those eyes turn'd up through prayer, not through lust:
But you are wicked, and my thoughts unjust.

Coun. W. Why, thou art an unreasonable fellow, i'faith. Do not all trades live by their ware, and yet called honest livers? do they not thrive best when they utter most, and make it away by the great[c]? is not whole-sale the chiefest merchandise? do you think some merchants could keep their wives so brave[d] but for their whole-sale? you're foully deceived and[e] you think so.

Fa. You are so glu'd to punishment and shame,
Your words e'en deserve whipping.
To bear the habit of a gentlewoman,
And be in mind so distant!

Coun. W. Why, you fool you, are not gentlewomen sinners? and there's no courageous sinner amongst us but was a gentlewoman by the mother's side, I warrant you: besides, we are not always

[c] *the great*] i. e. the gross.
[d] *brave*] i. e. richly dressed.
[e] *and*] i. e. if.

bound to think those our fathers that marry our mothers, but those that lie with our mothers; and they may be gentlemen born, and born again for ought we know, you know.

FA. True:
Corruption may well be generation's first;
We're bad by nature, but by custom worst.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

QUOMODO's *Shop.*

THO. [*within*] O, my husband![f]
SIM. [*within*] My father, O, my father!
FAL. [*within*] My sweet master, dead!

Enter SHORTYARD *and Boy.*

SHO. Run, boy; bid 'em ring out; he's dead, he's gone.

BOY. Then is as arrant a knave gone as e'er was called upon. [*Exit.*

SHO. The happiest good that ever Shortyard felt!
I want to be express'd, my mirth is such.
To be struck now e'en when his joys were high!
Men only kiss their knaveries, and so die;
I've often mark'd it.
He was a famous cozener while he liv'd,
And now his son shall reap't;[g] I'll ha' the lands,
Let him study law after; 'tis no labour
To undo him for ever: but for Easy,

[f] Immediately before these exclamations the old eds. have a stage-direction (a warning for the bell-ringer and performers to be in readiness), "*A Bell Toales, a Confused crie within.*" The bell, of course, does not toll till the Boy has been sent to "bid 'em ring out."

[g] *reap't*] Old eds. "reape it."

Only good confidence did make him foolish,
And not the lack of sense; that was not it:
'Tis worldly craft beats down a scholar's wit.
For this our son and heir now, he
From his conception was entail'd an ass,
And he has kept it well, twenty-five years now:
Then the slightest art will do't; the lands lie fair:
No sin to beggar a deceiver's heir. [*Exit.*

[*Bell tolls.*

Enter THOMASINE *and* WINEFRED *in haste.*

THO. Here, Winefred, here, here, here: I have always found thee secret.

WIN. You shall always find me so, mistress.

THO. Take this letter and this ring ——

[*Giving them.*

WIN. Yes, forsooth.

THO. O, how all the parts about me shake!—inquire for one master Easy, at his old lodging i' the Blackfriars.

WIN. I will indeed, forsooth.

THO. Tell him, the party that sent him a hundred pound t'other day to comfort his heart, has likewise sent him this letter and this ring, which has that virtue to recover him again for ever, say: name nobody, Winefred.

WIN. Not so much as you, forsooth.

THO. Good girl! thou shalt have a mourning-gown at the burial of mine honesty.

WIN. And I'll effect your will a' my fidelity.

[*Exit.*

THO. I do account myself the happiest widow that ever counterfeited weeping, in that I have the leisure now both to do that gentleman good and do myself a pleasure; but I must seem like a hanging moon, a little waterish awhile.

Enter REARAGE *and Country Wench's Father.*

REAR. I entertain both thee and thy device;
'Twill put 'em both to shame.

FA. That is my hope, sir;
Especially that strumpet.

REAR. Save you, sweet widow!
I suffer for your heaviness.

THO. O master Rearage, I have lost the dearest husband that ever woman did enjoy!

REAR. You must have patience yet.

THO. O, talk not to me of patience, and[h] you love me, good master Rearage.

REAR. Yet, if all tongues go right, he did not use you so well as a man mought.[i]

THO. Nay, that's true indeed, master Rearage; he ne'er used me so well as a woman might have been used, that's certain; in troth, 't'as been our greatest falling out, sir; and though it be the part of a widow to shew herself a woman for her husband's death, yet when I remember all his unkindness, I cannot weep a stroke, i'faith, master Rearage: and, therefore, wisely did a great widow in this land comfort up another; Go to, lady, quoth she, leave blubbering; thou thinkest upon thy husband's good parts when thou sheddest tears; do but remember how often he has lain from thee, and how many naughty slippery turns he has done thee, and thou wilt ne'er weep for him, I warrant thee. You would not think how that counsel has wrought with me, master Rearage; I could not dispend another tear now, and[j] you would give me ne'er so much.

[h] *and*] i. e. if.
[i] *mought*] i. e. might.
[j] *and*] i. e. if.

have the hospital boys ;[l] I perceive little Thomasine will bestow cost of me.
I'll listen to the common censure[m] now,
How the world tongues me when my ear lies low.

Enter the Livery, &c.

First Liveryman. Who, Quomodo? merely enrich'd by shifts
And cozenages, believe it.

Quo. I see the world is very loath to praise me;
'Tis rawly friends with me: I cannot blame it,
For what I've[n] done has been to vex and shame it.
Here comes my son, the hope, the landed heir,
One[o] whose rare thrift will say, men's tongues you lie,
I'll keep by law what was got craftily.

Enter Sim.

Methinks I hear him say so:
He does salute the Livery with good grace
And solemn gesture. [*Aside.*
O my young worshipful master, you have parted from a dear father, a wise and provident father!

Sim. Art thou grown an ass now?

Quo. Such an honest father ——

Sim. Prithee, beadle, leave thy lying; I am scarce able to endure thee, i'faith: what honesty didst thou e'er know by my father, speak? Rule your tongue, beadle, lest I make you prove it; and then I know what will become of you: 'tis the scurviest

[l] *the hospital boys*] Compare Brome: "He is indeed my brother, and has been one of the true blew *Boyes of the Hospitall; one of the sweet singers to the City Funeralls* with a two penny loafe under his arme." *The City Wit*, act iii. sc. 1.—(*Five New Playes*, 1653.)

[m] *censure*] i. e. opinion. [n] *I've*] Old eds. "I have."

[o] *One*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "Ont."

thing i' th' earth to belie the dead so, and he's a beastly son and heir that will stand by and hear his father belied to his face; he will ne'er prosper, I warrant him. Troth, if I be not ashamed to go to church with him, I would I might be hanged; I hear[o] such filthy tales go on him. O, if I had known he had been such a lewd[p] fellow in his life, he should ne'er have kept me company!

Quo. O, O, O! [*Aside.*

Sim. But I am glad he's gone, though 'twere long first: Shortyard and I will revel it, i'faith; I have made him my rent-gatherer already.

Quo. He shall be speedily disinherited, he gets not a foot, not the crown of a mole-hill: I'll sooner make a courtier my heir, for teaching my wife tricks, than thee, my most neglectful son.
O, now the corse; I shall observe yet farther.
[*Aside.*

A coffin brought in,[q] *followed by* Thomasine, Susan, Thomasine's *Mother, and other mourners.*

O my most modest, virtuous, and remembering wife! she shall have all when I die, she shall have all. [*Aside.*

Enter Easy.

Tho. Master Easy? 'tis: O, what shift shall I make now? [*Aside.*]—O!

[*Falls down in a feigned swoon, while the coffin is carried out; the mourners, except* Thomasine's *Mother, following it.*

[o] *hear*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "feare."

[p] *lewd*] i. e. vile, base.

[q] *A coffin brought in,* &c.] The stage-direction in the old eds. is, "*A counterfet Coarse brought in, Tomazin and al the mourners equally counterfeit:*" but we find there (see next page) a subsequent stage-direction, "*Pointing after the* coffin."

Quo. Sweet wife, she swoons: I'll let her alone, I'll have no mercy at this time; I'll not see her, I'll follow the corse. [*Aside, and exit.*

Easy. The devil grind thy bones, thou cozening rascal!

T.'s Moth.[r] Give her a little more air; tilt up her head.—Comfort thyself, good widow; do not fall like a beast for a husband: there's more than we can well tell where to put 'em, good soul.

Tho. O, I shall be well anon.

T.'s Moth. Fie, you have no patience, i'faith: I have buried four husbands, and never offered 'em such abuse.

Tho. Cousin,[s] how do you?

Easy. Sorry to see you ill, coz.

Tho. The worst is past, I hope. [*Pointing after the coffin.*

Easy. I hope so too.

Tho. Lend me your hand, sweet coz; I've[t] troubled you.

T.'s Moth. No trouble indeed, forsooth.—Good cousin, have a care of her, comfort her up as much as you can, and all little enough, I warrant ye. [*Exit.*

Tho. My most sweet love!

Easy. My life is not so dear.

[r] *T.'s Moth.*] The old eds. (which do not mark her entrance) merely prefix "*Moth.*" to her speeches.

[s] *cousin*] i. e. kinsman, relation: in Shakespeare, Olivia calls her uncle Toby *cousin* (*Twelfth Night*); and the king says,

"But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my son."

I suspect that the word was sometimes used (and perhaps is so in the present passage) as a familiar address to a person who was not related to the speaker.

[t] *I've*] Old eds. "I have."—The line is the second of a couplet.

Tim. I've[y] always pitied you.
East. You've shewn it here,
And given the desperate hope.
Tim. Delay not now; you've understood my love;
I've a priest ready; this is the fittest season.
No eye offends us: let this kiss[z]
Restore thee to more wealth, me to more bliss.
East. The angels have provided for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Quomodo's *Shop.*

Enter Shorttard *with writings.*[a]

Sim. I have not scope enough within my breast
To keep my joys contain'd: I'm Quomodo's heir;
The lands, assurances, and all are mine:
I've[b] tript his son's heels up above the ground
His father left him: had I not encouragement?
Do not I know, what proves the father's prey,
The son ne'er looks on't, but it melts away?
Do not I know, the wealth that's got by fraud,
Slaves share it, like the riches of a bawd?
Why, 'tis a curse unquenchable, ne'er cools;
Knaves still commit their consciences to fools,
And they betray who ow'd 'em. Here's all the bonds,
All Easy's writings: let me see. [*Reads.*

[y] *I've*] Old eds. "I have." [z] *I've*] Old eds. "I have."
[z] *No eye offends us: let this kiss*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see note, p. 424.
[a] *with writings*] The old eds. add, "*having counsel'd Sim Quomodo.*"
[b] *I've*] Old eds. "I have."

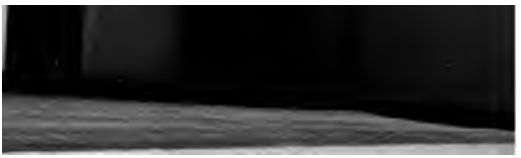
Enter THOMASINE *and* EASY.[a]

THO. Now my desires wear crowns.
EASY. My joys exceed:
Man is ne'er healthful till his follies bleed.
THO. O,
Behold the villain, who in all those shapes
Confounded your estate!
EASY. That slave! that villain!
SHO. So many acres of good meadow ——
EASY. Rascal!
SHO. I hear you, sir.
EASY. Rogue, Shortyard, Blastfield, sergeant, deputy, cozener!
SHO. Hold, hold!
EASY. I thirst the execution of his ears.
THO. Hate you that office.
EASY. I'll strip him bare for punishment and shame.
SHO. Why, do but hear me, sir; you will not think
What I've[a] done for you.
EASY. Given his son my lands!
SHO. Why, look you, 'tis not so; you're not told true:
I've cozen'd him again merely for you,
Merely for you, sir; 'twas my meaning then
That you should wed her, and have all agen.[b]
A' my troth, it's true, sir: look you then here, sir:
[*Giving the writings.*
You shall not miss a little scroll, sir. Pray, sir,

[a] *Enter Thomasine*, &c.] Old eds. "*Enter Quomodoes wife marryed to Easie:*" see note, p. 443.

[a] *I've*] Old eds. here and in the next line but two, "I have."

[b] *agen*] See note, p. 416.



Let not the city know me for a knave;
There be richer men would envy my preferment,
If I should be known before 'em.

EASY. Villain, my hate to more revenge is drawn[c]:
When slaves are found, 'tis their base art to fawn.—
Within there!

Enter Officers[c] with FALSELIGHT *bound.*

SHO. How now? fresh warders!

EASY. This is the other, bind him fast.—Have I found you,
Master Blastfield? [*Officers bind* SHORTYARD.

SHO. This is the fruit of craft:
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead, so does hit
The arrow of our fate; wit destroys wit;
The head the body's bane and his own bears.—
You ha' corn enough, you need not reap mine ears,
Sweet master Blastfield!

EASY. I loathe his voice; away!

[*Exeunt Officers with* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT.

THO. What happiness was here! but are you sure you have all?

EASY. I hope so, my sweet wife.

THO. What difference there is in husbands! not only in one thing but in all.

EASY. Here's good deeds and bad deeds; the writings that keep my land[d] to me, and the bonds that gave it away from me.

[c] *Enter Officers*, &c.] The old eds. have no stage-direction here. From the words which presently follow, "This is the other," it seems that Falselight had been previously taken into custody; and as they both afterwards make their appearance together at the justice's house, I have thought it best to despatch them thither in company.

[d] *lands*] Old eds. "lands."

These, my good deeds, shall to more safety turn,
And these, my bad, have their deserts and burn.
I'll see thee again presently: read there. [*Exit.*

THO. Did he want all, who would not love his care? [*Reads the writings.*

Enter QUOMODO *disguised as before.*[e]

QUO. What a wife hast thou, Ephestian Quomodo! so loving, so mindful of her duty; not only seen to weep, but known to swoon! I knew a widow about Saint Antling's[f] so forgetful of her first husband, that she married again within the twelvemonth; nay, some, byrlady,[g] within the month: there were sights to be seen! Had they my wife's true sorrows, seven [months] nor seven years would draw 'em to the stake. I would most tradesmen had such a wife as I: they hope they have; we must all hope the best: thus in her honour,—

A modest wife is such a jewel,
Every goldsmith cannot shew it:
He that's honest and not cruel
Is the likeliest man to owe[h] it—

and that's I: I made it by myself; and coming to her as a beadle for my reward this morning, I'll see how she takes my death next her heart. [*Aside.*

THO. Now, beadle.

QUO. Bless your mistresship's eyes from too many tears, although you have lost a wise and worshipful gentleman.

[e] *as before*] See p. 496.

[f] *Saint Antling's*] For an account of the church and parish so called, see Stow's *Survey of London:* "First you have the fair Parish Church of St. Anthonines, in Budge Row (more vulgarly known by the name of St. Antlins)," &c.—B. iii. p. 15, &c. ed. 1720.

[g] *byrlady*] See note, p. 365.

[h] *owe*] i. e. own.

Tho. You come for your due, beadle, here i' th' house!

Quo. Most certain; the hospital money, and mine own poor forty pence.

Tho. I must crave a discharge from you, beadle.

Quo. Call your man; I'll heartily set my hand to a memorandum.

Tho. You deal the truelier.

Quo. Good wench still. [*Aside.*

Tho. George!

Enter Servant.

here is the beadle come for his money; draw a memorandum that he has received all his due he can claim here i' th' house after this funeral.

Quo. [*Aside, while the Servant writes the memorandum*] What politic directions she gives him, all to secure herself! 'tis time, i'faith, now to pity her: I'll discover myself to her ere I go; but came it off with some lively jest now, that were admirable. I have it: after the memorandum is written and all, I'll set my own name to't, Ephestian Quomodo: she'll start, she'll wonder how Ephestian Quomodo came hither,[1] that was buried yesterday: you're beset,[2] little Quomodo.

Tho. [*running over the memorandum*] Nineteen, twenty,—five pound, one, two, three [shillings], and fourpence.

Quo. [*signing it*] So; we shall have good sport when 'tis read. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Easy, *as* Thomasine *is giving the money to* Quomodo.

Easy. How now, lady? paying away money so fast?

[1] *hither*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "thether."

[2] *beset*] i. e. perplexed, embarrassed.

THO. The beadle's due here, sir.

QUO. Who's this ?[k]
'Tis Easy! what makes Easy in my house?
He is not my wife's overseer, I hope.
[*Aside.*

EASY. What's here?

QUO. He makes me sweat! [*Aside.*

EASY [*reads*]. *Memorandum, that I have received of Richard Easy all my due I can claim here i' th' house, or any hereafter for me: in witness whereof I have set to mine own hand,* EPHESTIAN QUOMODO.

QUO. What have I done! was I mad? [*Aside.*

EASY. *Ephestian Quomodo?*

QUO. Ay; well, what then, sir? get you out of my house first,
You master prodigal Had-land;[l] away!

THO. What, is the beadle drunk or mad?
Where are my men to thrust him out a' doors?

QUO. Not so, good Thomasine, not so.

THO. This fellow must be whipt.

QUO. Thank you, good wife.

EASY. I can no longer bear him.

THO. Nay, sweet husband.

QUO. Husband? I'm undone, beggared, cozened, confounded for ever! married already? [*Aside.*] —Will it please you know me now, mistress Harlot and master Horner? who am I now?
[*Discovers himself.*

THO. O, he's as like my t'other husband as can be!

[k] *Who's this? 'Tis*] First ed. "*Whose? tis.*" Ed. 1630, "*Whose? this.*"

[l] *Had-land*] Is given as two distinct words in the old eds.: but compare our author's *Trick to catch the Old One*, act i. sc. 2, where the Host says to Witgood, "what's the news, bully *Had-land?*"

Quo. I'll have judgment; I'll bring you before a judge: you shall feel, wife, whether my flesh be dead or no; I'll tickle you, i'faith, i'faith. [*Exit.*

Tho. The judge that he'll solicit knows me well.

Easy. Let's on then, and our grievances first tell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Rearage *and* Susan.

Rear. Here they come.

Sus. O, where?

Enter Officers[m] *with* Lethe *and Country Wench in custody;* Salewood, Hellgill, *and* Mother Gruel.

Let. Heart of shame!
Upon my wedding morning so disgrac'd!
Have you so little conscience, officers,
You will not take a bribe?

Coun. W. Master Lethe, we may lie together lawfully hereafter, for we are coupled together before people enow, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Officers with* Lethe *and Country Wench, &c.*

Rear. There goes the strumpet!

Sus. Pardon my wilful blindness, and enjoy me;
For now the difference appears too plain
'Twixt[n] a base slave and a true gentleman.

[m] *Enter Officers*, &c.] The only stage-direction of the old eds. in this scene is, "*Enter Lethe with Officers, taken with his Harlot:*" that the additions which I have made to it are necessary, the following scene will shew.

[n] '*Twixt*] Old eds. "Betwixt."

REAR. I do embrace thee in the best of love.—
How soon affections fail, how soon they prove!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Judge's House.

Enter Judge, EASY *and* THOMASINE *in talk with him:* SHORTYARD *and* FALSELIGHT *in the custody of Officers.*

JUD. His cozenages are odious: he the plaintiff!
Not only fram'd deceitful in his life,
But so to mock his funeral!
EASY. Most just:
The Livery all assembled, mourning weeds
Throughout his house e'en down to his last servant,
The herald richly hir'd to lend him arms
Feign'd from his ancestors (which I dare swear knew
No other arms but those they labour'd with),
All preparations furnish'd, nothing wanted
Save that which was the cause of all, his death,—
If he be living!
JUD. 'Twas an impious part.
EASY. We are not certain yet it is himself,
But some false spirit that assumes his shape,
And seeks still to deceive me.

Enter QUOMODO.

QUO. O, are you come?—
My lord, they're here.—Good morrow, Thomasine.
JUD. Now, what are you?
QUO. I'm[o] Quomodo, my lord, and this my wife;
Those my two men, that are bound wrongfully.

[o] *I'm*] Old eds. "I am."

Jud. How are we sure you're he?
Quo. O, you cannot miss, my lord!
Jud. I'll try you:
Are you the man that liv'd the famous cozener?
Quo. O no, my lord!
Jud. Did you deceive this gentleman of his right,
And laid nets o'er his land?
Quo. Not I, my lord.
Jud. Then you're not Quomodo, but a counterfeit.—
Lay hands on him, and bear him to the whip.
Quo. Stay, stay a little,
I pray.—Now I remember me, my lord,
I cozen'd him indeed; 'tis wondrous true.
Jud. Then I dare swear this is no counterfeit:
Let all doubts cease; this man is Quomodo.
Quo. Why, la, you now, you would not believe this?
I am found what I am.
Jud. But setting these thy odious shifts apart,
Why did that thought profane enter thy breast,
To mock the world with thy supposed death?
Quo. Conceive you not that, my lord? a policy.
Jud. So.
Quo. For having gotten the lands, I thirsted still
To know what fate would follow 'em ——
Jud. Being ill got.
Quo. Your lordship apprehends me.
Jud. I think I shall anon.
Quo. And thereupon,
I, out of policy, possess'd my son,
Which since I have found lewd;[p] and now intend
To disinherit him for ever.
Not only this was in my death set down,

[p] *lewd*] See note, p. 498.

But thereby a firm trial of my wife,
Her constant sorrows, her rememb'ring virtues;
All which are dews; the shine of a next morning
Dries 'em up all, I see't.
JUD. Did you profess wise cozenage, and would dare
To put a woman to her two days' choice,
When oft a minute does it?
QUO. Less, a moment,
The twinkling of an eye, a glimpse, scarce something does it.[q]
Your lordship yet will grant she is my wife?
THO. O heaven!
JUD. After some penance and the dues of law,
I must acknowledge that.
QUO. I scarce like
Those dues of law.
EASY. My lord,
Although the law too gently 'lot his wife,
The wealth he left behind he cannot challenge.
QUO. How?
EASY. Behold his hand against it.
[*Shewing writings.*
QUO. He does devise all means to make me mad,
That I may no more lie with my wife
In perfect memory; I know't: but yet
The lands will maintain me in my wits;
The land[s] will do so much for me.
JUD. [*reads*] *In witness whereof I have set to mine own hand,* EPHESTIAN QUOMODO.
'Tis firm enough your own, sir.

[q] *does it*] These words ought perhaps to be thrown out.—In several parts of this scene the corruption of the text has affected the metre.

Quo. A jest, my lord; I did I knew not what.
Jud. It should seem so: deceit is her own foe;
Craftily gets, and childishly lets go.
But yet the lands are his.
Quo. I warrant ye.
Easy. No, my good lord, the lands know the right heir;
I am their master once more.
Quo. Have you the lands?
Easy. Yes, truly, I praise heaven.
Quo. Is this good dealing?
Are there such consciences abroad? How,
Which way could he come by 'em?
Sho. My lord,
I'll quickly resolve[r] you that it comes to me.
This cozener, whom too long I call'd my patron,
To my thought dying, and the fool his son
Possess'd of all, which my brain partly sweat for,
I held it my best virtue, by a plot
To get from him what for him was ill got ——
Quo. O beastly Shortyard!
Sho. When, no sooner mine,
But I was glad more quickly to resign.
Jud. Craft once discover'd shews her abject line.
Quo. He hits me every where; for craft once known
Does teach fools wit, leaves the deceiver none.
My deeds have cleft me, cleft me! [*Aside.*

Enter Officers with Lethe *and the Country Wench;* Rearage, Susan, Salewood, Hellgill, *and* Mother Gruel.

First Off. Room there.

[r] *resolve*] i. e. convince, satisfy.

Quo. A little yet to raise my spirit,
Here master Lethe comes to wed my daughter:
That's all the joy is left me.—Hah! who's this?
Jud. What crimes have those brought forth?
Sale.[s] The shame of lust:
Most viciously on this his wedding morning
This man was seiz'd in shame with that bold strumpet.
Jud. Why, 'tis she he means to marry.
Let. No, in truth.
Jud. In truth you do:
Who for his wife his harlot doth prefer,
Good reason 'tis that he should marry her.
Coun. W. I crave it on my knees; such was his vow at first.
Hell. I'll say so too, and work out mine own safety.— [*Aside.*
Such was his vow at first indeed, my lord,
Howe'er his mood has chang'd him.
Let. O vild[t] slave!
Coun. W. He says it true, my lord.
Jud. Rest content,
He shall both marry and taste punishment.
Let. O, intolerable! I beseech your good lordship, if I must have an outward punishment, let me not marry an inward, whose lashes[u] will ne'er out, but grow worse and worse. I have a wife stays for me this morning with seven hundred pound in her purse: let me be speedily whipt and be gone, I beseech your lordship.

[s] *Sale.*] Old eds. "*Gent.*:" for which I have substituted *Salewood*, who, as we may gather from act iii. sc. 5 (see p. 484), was privy to the design of exposing Lethe.
[t] *vild*] See note, p. 94.
[u] *lashes*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "lastes."

Sale.[v] He speaks no truth, my lord: behold the virgin,
Wife to a well-esteemed gentleman,
Loathing the sin he follows.

Let. I was betray'd: yes, faith.

Real. His own mother,[w] my lord,
Which he confess'd through ignorance and disdain,
His name so chang'd to abuse the world and her.

Let. Marry a harlot, why not? 'tis an honest man's fortune. I pray, did not one of my countrymen marry my sister? why, well then, if none should be married but those that are honest, where should a man seek a wife after Christmas? I pity that gentleman that has nine daughters to bestow, and seven of 'em seeded already; they will be good stuff by that time.
I do beseech your lordship to remove
The punishment: I am content to marry her.

Jus. There's no removing of your punishment —

Let. O, good my lord!

Jus. Unless one here assembled,
Whom you have most unnaturally abus'd,
Beget your pardon.

Let. Who should that be?
Or who would do't that has been so abus'd?
A troublesome penance!—Sir ——

Quo. Knave in your face! leave your mocking, Andrew; marry your quean, and be quiet.

Let. Master Easy ——

Easy. I'm sorry you take such a bad course, sir.

Let. Mistress[x] Quomodo ——

[v] *Sale.*] See note, p. 510.

[w] *His own mother*, &c.] Before this speech something seems wanting.

[x] *Mistress*] So ed. 1630. First ed. "Maister."

THO. Inquire my right name again[y] next time; now go your ways like an ass as you came.

LET. Mass, I forget my mother all this while; I'll make her do't at first.—Pray, mother, your blessing for once.

MOTH. G. Call'st me mother? out, I defy[z] thee, slave!

LET. Call me slave as much as you will, but do not shame me now: let the world know you are my mother.

MOTH. G. Let me not have this villain put upon me, I beseech your lordship.

JUD. He's justly curs'd: she loathes to know him now,
Whom he before did as much loathe to know.—
Wilt thou believe me, woman?

MOTH. G. That's soon done.

JUD. Then know him for a villain; 'tis thy son.

MOTH. G. Art thou Andrew, my wicked son Andrew?

LET. You would not believe me, mother.

MOTH. G. How art thou changed! Is this suit fit for thee, a tooth-drawer's son? This country has e'en spoiled thee since thou camest hither: thy manners [were] better than thy clothes, but now whole clothes and ragged manners: it may well be said that truth goes naked; for when thou hadst scarce a shirt, thou hadst more truth about thee.

JUD. Thou art thine own affliction, Quomodo. Shortyard, we banish thee; it is our pleasure.[a]

[y] *again*] i. e. against. [z] *defy*] i. e. reject, renounce.

[a] *Shortyard, we banish thee; it is our pleasure*] Old eds. "*Shortyard we banish*, 'tis *our pleasure*."—I may remark that, though the guilty are deservedly punished, the judge administers justice somewhat arbitrarily in this scene, which is evidently supposed to pass in a private dwelling.

SHO. Henceforth no woman shall complain for measure.

JUD. And that all error from our works may stand,

We banish Falselight evermore the land.

Exeunt omnes.

END OF VOL. I.

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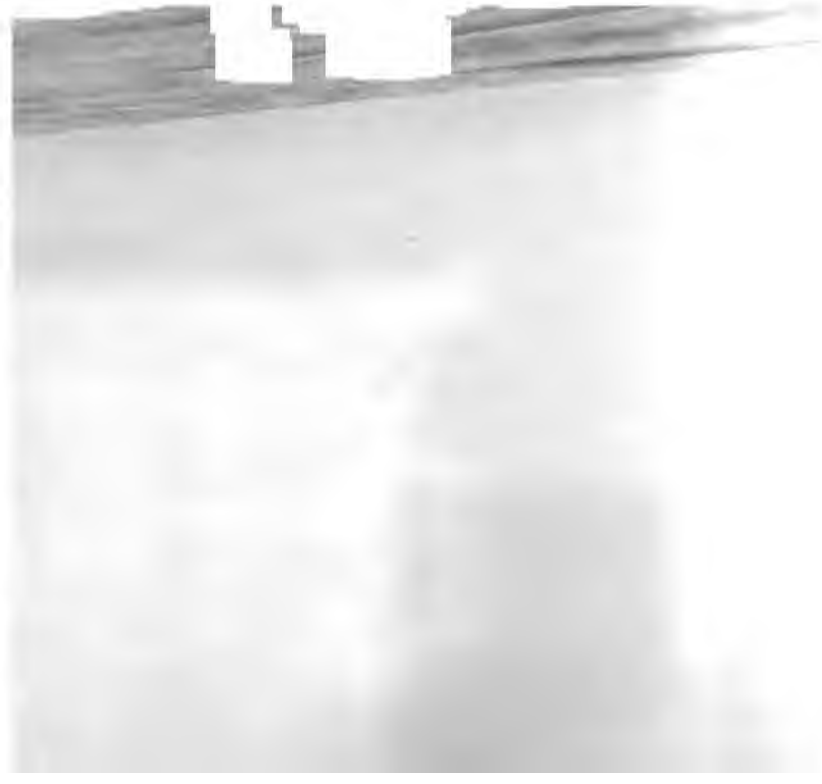

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